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S C E N E S

IN

M Y N A T I V E L A N D.

SCENES
IN
MY NATIVE LAND.

BY
MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY,

AUTHORESS OF "PLEASANT MEMORIES OF PLEASANT LANDS."

"Then, the green hills around look so very pleasant in the sunshine, with *homes* nestling among them, like dimples in a smiling face."—MRS. L. M. CHILD.

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SCENES
IN
MY NATIVE LAND



NIAGARA.

Up to the Table-Rock, where the great flood
Reveals its fullest glory. To the verge
Of its appalling battlement draw near,
And gaze below. Or if thy spirit fail,
Creep stealthily, and snatch a trembling glance
Into the dread abyss.

What there thou see'st
Shall dwell for ever in thy secret soul,
Finding no form of language.

The vexed deep,
Which from the hour that Chaos heard the voice
"Let there be light," hath known nor pause, nor rest,
Communeth through its misty cloud with Him
Who breaks it on the wheel of pitiless rock,
Yet heals it every moment. Bending near,
'Mid all the terror, as an angel-friend,
The rainbow walketh in its company
With perfect orb full-rounded. Dost thou cling
Thus to its breast, a Comforter, to give
Strength in its agony, thou radiant form,
Born of the trembling tear-drop, and the smile
Of sun, or glimmering moon?

Yet from a scene
So awfully sublime, our senses shrink,

And fain would shield them at the solemn base
Of the tremendous precipice, and glean
Such hallowed thoughts as blossom in its shade.

This is thy building, Architect Divine !
Who heav'dst the pillars of the Universe.
Up, without noise, the mighty fabric rose,
And to the clamour of the unresting gulf
For ever smiting on its ear of rock
With an eternal question, answereth nought.
Man calls his vassals forth, with toil and pain ;
Stone piled on stone, the pyramid ascends,
Yet ere it reach its apex-point, he dies,
Nor leaves a chiselled name upon his tomb.
The vast cathedral grows, with deep-groined arch,
And massy dome, slow reared, while race on race
Fall like the ivy sere, that climbs its walls,
The imperial palace towers, the triumph arch,
And the tall fane that tells a hero's praise
Uplift their crowns of fretwork haughtily.
But lo ! the Goth doth waste them, and his herds
The Vandal pastures mid their fallen pride.
But thou, from age to age, unchanged hast stood,
Even like an altar to Jehovah's name,
Silent, and stedfast, and immutable.
Niagara and the storm-cloud !

To the peal
Of their united thunder, rugged rocks
Amazed reverberate, through depths profound
Streams the red lightning, while the loftiest trees
Bow, and are troubled. Shuddering earth doth hide
In midnight's veil ; and even the ethereal mind

Which hath the seed of immortality
Within itself,—not undismayed, beholds
This fearful tumult of the elements.

Old Ocean meets the tempest and is wroth,
And in his wrath destroys. The wrecking ship,
The sea-boy stricken from the quaking mast,
The burning tear wrung from many a home,
To which the voyager returns no more,
Attest the fury of his vengeful mood.
But thou, Niagara, know'st no passion-gust;
Thy mighty bosom, from the sheeted rain,
Spreads not itself to sudden boastfulness,
Like the wild torrent in its shallow bed.
Thou art not angry, and thou changest not.
Man finds in thee no emblem of himself:
The cloud depresseth him, the adverse blast
Rouseth the billows of his discontent,
The wealth of summer-showers inflates his pride,
And with the simple faith and love of Him
Who made him from the dust, he mingleth much
Of his own vain device. Perchance, even here,
Neath all the sternness of thy strong rebuke,
Light fancies fill him, and he gathereth straws
Or plaiteth rushes, or illusive twines
Garlands of hope, more fragile still than they.

But in one awful voice, that ne'er has known
Change or inflection since the morn of time,
Thou utterest forth that One Eternal Name,
Which he who graves not on his inmost soul
Will find his proudest gatherings, as the dross
That *cannot profit*.

Thou hast ne'er forgot
Thy lesson, or been weary, day or night,
Nor with its simple, elemental thought
Mixed aught of discord.

Teacher, sent from God
We bow us to thy message, and are still.

Oh ! full of glory, and of majesty,
With all thy terrible apparel on,
High-priest of Nature, who within the veil,
Mysterious, unapproachable dost dwell,
With smoke of incense ever streaming up,
And round thy breast, the folded bow of heaven,
Few are our words before thee.

For 'tis meet
That even the mightiest of our race should stand
Mute in thy presence, and with childlike awe,
Disrobed of self, adore his God through thee.

“ Deep calleth unto deep, at the noise of thy waterspouts.” Most appositely did the poet Brainerd in his beautiful apostrophe to Niagara, quote from inspired Minstrel, “ deep calleth unto deep.” So and significant also was its Indian appellation, “ water-thunderer.” To the wandering son of forest,

“ Whose untutored mind
Saw God in clouds, or heard him in the wind,”

it forcibly suggested the image of that Great Spirit who in darkness and storm sends forth from the clouds a mighty voice.

The immense volume of water, which distinguishes Niagara from all other cataracts, is seldom fully realized by the casual visitant. Transfixed by his emot-

he forgets that he sees the surplus waters of these vast inland seas, Superior, Huron, Michigan, and Erie, arrested in their rushing passage to the ocean by a fearful barrier of rock, 160 feet in height. He scarcely recollects that the tributaries to this river or strait cover a surface of 150,000 miles. Indeed how can he bow his mind to aught of arithmetical computation, when in the presence of this monarch of floods.

Niagara river flows from south to north, and is two miles in width when it issues from Lake Erie. It is majestic and beautiful in its aspect, and spreads out at Grand Island to a breadth of three miles, like a mirrored lake. At the Falls it is less than a mile broad, and after emerging from its terrible abyss flows on of a dark green or violet colour, until it reaches the whirlpool. There, compressed to between 500 and 600 feet, it rushes upon a bed of sharp rocks, boiling and breaking with great volocity and suction. After many curves, it regains its original course, and having cleared itself of every conflict and trouble, glides with a placid loveliness to the bosom of Ontario. Altogether it is a most noble river. Sprinkled with many islands, of a depth of 200 or 300 feet, and in some places unfathomable, it flows between banks sometimes 500 feet in height, having a descent of nearly 350 feet from its efflux at Erie, to its junction with Ontario. Not like those streams, which at some seasons run low in their channels, and at others swollen with a "little brief authority," inundate the surrounding country, it preserves the uniform characteristics of power and majesty.

The Rapids commence about three quarters of a mile above the Falls. The river, after passing Grand

and Navy Islands, becomes suddenly compressed and opposed by ledges of rugged rocks. Over a succession of these it leaps with impetuosity. The total descent is not more than sixty feet, but the effect is grand and imposing. It is more picturesque on the American shore, where the water is less deep, and the conflict more palpable.

These Rapids are exceedingly beautiful, and it is desirable to secure an apartment overlooking them, where the traveller, in the intervals of exploration, may contemplate them from his window. They are an appropriate preparation for the grandeur of the principal cataract, a preface to a volume of unutterable wonders.

The intersection of the river at the termination of the Rapids, by Goat Island, gives to Great Britain and America a distinct, though unequal partnership in this glorious cataract. The former, or great Horse-shoe Fall, has far greater breadth and quantity of water. The latter has somewhat more height, and is surpassingly graceful, though less terrific than its compeer. The intervention of Luna, or, as it is sometimes called, Prospect Island, causes another subdivision on the American side, and forms the Central or Crescent Fall, a cascade of surpassing beauty. The Great Fall, on the Canadian shore, is 2100 feet in extent, and 158 in height; the American 164 in height, and, including the Crescent Fall, has a breadth of more than 1000 feet. In comparing the British and American Falls, we cannot do better than to use the words of an English traveller, the Rev. Dr. Reed: "The character of one is beautiful, inclining to the sublime, that of the other sublime, inclining to the *beautiful*."

A bridge of 150 feet, constructed with immense labour and peril, connects the main land of the American shore with Bath Island, from whence a shorter one of about thirty yards gives access to Goat Island. This extends half a mile in length, and a quarter in breadth, and is one of the most delightful spots that can be imagined. It is covered with lofty and magnificent trees, and in its rich mould a great variety of wild plants and flowers find nutriment. It is an unspeakable luxury here to sit in solitary meditation, at once lulled and solemnized by the near voice of the everlasting torrent. It seems the most fascinating of all the haunts in this vicinity; the one where we earliest linger, and latest depart. We take leave of it, as from a being of intelligence to whom we have given our heart. It has shielded us, when our senses were awe-stricken and overpowered, like the cliff where the prophet was hidden when that majesty passed by which none can "see and live."

Embellishments have been spoken of for this island, rustic temples and winding gravel-walks. It would be a pity to see them here: a desecration to remove for them one of those trees, which for ages have struck their roots deep in the soil, every green leaf baptized by the spray of the cataract. Modern decoration would but detract from its solemn beauty. A few seats placed here and there, beneath the deep umbrage, or at those points of view, where the sight of the falling waters best blend with their thunder-hymn, might be a convenience, as would also some improvements for the sake of those of weak nerves, in the carriage-drive around its shores.

At the entrance of this sweet and sacred solitude, a

neat cottage, with a fine garden attracts the eye, where flowers, fruits, and other refreshments may be obtained from a worthy couple, natives of Caledonia's romantic clime. It was pleasant to perceive the restrictions of a board placed over the gate, that the hallowed day of rest would be exempted from this traffic. Here, and at other places in the neighbourhood, is a great variety of Indian fancy-work, in beads, bark, and porcupine quills, from whence keepsakes for friends at home may be readily selected. The vicinity of the Tuscaroras, Senecas, and Oneidas, with the industry of their females, keeps the market well supplied for its various purchasers.

The village of Niagara possesses sufficient accommodations in its large hotels, for the throngs of visitors who resort thither during the summer. It has two churches, several mills, and about 600 inhabitants. A descent of 200 feet by a staircase brings you to the Ferry, which conducts to the Canadian shore. At the base of the first flight of steps is a delightful view of the American Fall. The beauty and grace of the watery column, so fleecy, so sparkling, so flecked with the brightest emerald hue, surpass all description.

The view from the boat while crossing the Ferry is unique and impressive. It gives the first strong idea of the greater magnificence that awaits you. You are encompassed by an amphitheatre of towering rocks and hills. Fragments of rainbows and torrents of mist hover around you. A stupendous column rises whose base is in the fathomless depth, whose head wrapt in cloud, seems to join earth and heaven. It strikes you as a living personification of His power

who poured it "from the hollow of his hand." You tremble at its feet. With a great voice of thunder it warns you not to approach. The winds spread out their wings and whelm you in a deluge of spray. You are sensible of the giant force of the tide, bearing up the boat, which like an egg-shell is tossed upon its terrible bosom. You feel like an atom in the great creation of God. You glance at the athletic sinews of the rowers, and wonder if they are equal to their perilous task. But the majesty of the surrounding scene annihilates selfish apprehension, and ere you are aware, the little boat runs smoothly to her haven, and you stand on the Canadian shore.

Hitherto, all you have seen will convey but an imperfect impression of the grandeur and sublimity that are unfolded on the summit of Table-Rock. This is a precipice nearly 160 feet in height, with flat, smooth, altar-shaped surface. As you approach this unparapeted projection, the unveiled glory of Niagara bursts upon the astonished senses. We borrow the graphic delineation of a gentleman,* who nearly forty years since was a visitant of this scene, and thus describes it from the summit of Table-Rock:

"On your right hand, the river comes roaring forward with all the agitation of a tempestuous ocean, recoiling in waves and whirlpools, as if determined to resist the impulse which is forcing it downward to the gulf. When within a few yards, and apparently at the moment of sweeping away, it plunges headlong into what seems a bottomless pit, for the vapour is so thick at the foot of the precipice that the torrent is completely lost to the view.

* *D. Wadsworth Esq.*

“The commencement of the rapids is so distant, and so high above your head, as entirely to exclude all view of the still water, or the country beyond. Thus as you look up the river, which is two miles wide above the falls, you gaze upon a boundless and angry sea, whose troubled surface forms a rough and ever-moving outline upon the distant horizon. This part of the stream is called the great Horse-shoe Fall, though in shape it bears more resemblance to an Indian bow, the centre curve of which, retreating up the river, is hid by the volume of vapour which rises in that spot, except when a strong gust of wind occasionally pressing it down, displays for a moment the whole immense *wall of water*. This branch of the river falls much less broken than the eastern one, and being like all the large lakes, exactly of the colour of ocean water, appears in every direction of the most brilliant green, or whiter than snow. The face of Goat Island makes an angle with it, and approaches more nearly to a parallel with the western bank; when the second division of the river appears bending still more towards you, so as to bring the last range of falls nearly parallel with the course of the river, and almost facing you. These falls are more beautiful though not so terrific as the great one. Still they appear much higher, as they do not, like that, pour over in a vast arch, but are precipitated so perpendicularly as to appear an entire sheet of foam from the top to the bottom. Seen from the Table-Rock, the tumbling green waters of the rapids, which persuade you that an ocean is approaching, the brilliant colour of the water, the frightful gulf, and headlong torrent at your feet, the white column rising from its centre, and often reaching to the clouds, the black

wall of rock frowning from the opposite island, and the long curtain of foam descending from the other shore, interrupted only by one dark shaft, form altogether one of the most beautiful as well as awful scenes in nature. The effect of all these objects is much heightened by being seen from a dizzy and fearful pinnacle, upon which you seem suspended over a fathomless abyss of vapour, whence ascends the deafening uproar of the greatest cataract in the world; and by reflecting that this powerful torrent has been rushing down, and this grand scene of stormy magnificence been in the same dreadful tumult for ages and will continue so for ages to come."

The view from the foot of the Table-Rock is, if possible, still more impressive. Standing on a level with the margin of the river, and gazing upward, you obtain a more overwhelming idea of the majesty of the flood, which seems to be falling from the heavens. You better realize the height of the precipice and the tremendous force of the torrent. Skirting the base of the Table-Rock, you arrive at the point of entrance behind the vast sheet of water, which those who desire to traverse, provide themselves with fitting apparel, which is here kept for that purpose. This magnificent cavern is often tenanted by rushing winds, which drive the spray with blinding fury in the face of the approaching pilgrim. Clad in rude garments, and cap of oil-cloth, with coarse shoes,—the most unpicturesque of all figures,—he approaches, striking his staff among the loose fragments that obstruct his way. The path is slippery and perilous; the round, wet stones betray his footing, and sometimes cold, slimy, and wriggling eels coil around *his ankles*. Respiration is at first dif-

ficult, almost to suffocation. But the aiding hand and encouraging voice of the guide are put in requisition and almost ere he is aware, he reaches Termination-Rock, beyond which all progress is hazardous. This exploit entitles him to a certificate, obtained at the house where his garb was provided, and signed by the guide. But should he fail of attaining this honour, by a too precipitate retreat from this cavern of thunders he is still sure of a magnificent shower-bath.

From the Pavilion Hotel, which occupies the site of another of that name, destroyed by fire a few years since, is a striking prospect of the Horse-shoe Fall and of the river above it. The deep flood rolls on in majesty, yet reluctantly, like a monarch to his overthrow. You almost believe that it is a creature of intelligence, striving to avoid some impending calamity. It seems to turn aside, and to gather itself up as if to escape the plunge. Like our own frail race, it would fain draw back from the adversity in which is its glory. But enforced to the dreaded leap, it makes the plunge with an appalling majesty, amid the quaking earth and thundering skies.

The carriage-road from the Ferry to the Clifton House was cut through a precipitous rock, with great labour and expense. It is perfectly safe, but those who choose rather to trust to their feet, will be rewarded, especially on the descending path, with such wild and bold scenery, as might content them to forego the sight of the mountain-passes of Switzerland. From the piazza and windows of the Clifton House are commanding views of both the Falls. That on the American side is here surpassingly beautiful.

Conveniences are here furnished for pleasant drives

on the fine roads in her Majesty's dominions. Most travellers are induced to go to Drummondville, and visit the spot where the sanguinary battle of Lundy's Lane was fought on July 25th, 1814. A soldier, who was in that engagement, if he does not exactly, like Goldsmith's veteran,

"Shoulder his crutch and tell how fields were won,"

is still prompt and happy to point out every locality where the hosts were arrayed, where the conflict raged most furiously, and where the earth drank the deepest draughts of the blood of her sons. He also guides to the burial-ground, where officers and soldiers rest peacefully in death's embrace, and recites with peculiar emphasis, a poetical epitaph on the fallen brave.

On the bank of the river a burning spring is shown, which emits a stream of sulphuretted hydrogen gas, which being confined and ignited by the touch of a candle, sends forth through a tube a brilliant volume of flame. This might doubtless be rendered useful for lighting houses, were there any in its neighbourhood. But its position is isolated, and the slight tenement thrown over it was filled with a close, unpleasant atmosphere, which one would think must be insalubrious to the man who exhibited it to strangers. A draught from the spring, which was presented us, was cold, and strongly sulphureous.

Between the Clifton-House and the Pavilion is a Museum, whose contents display taste and perseverance; a Camera-Obscura, which gives a miniature and prismatic view of the Falls, and also the nucleus of a menagerie. One of its principal curiosities were a pair of immense white Owls, who fixed their large round

eyes upon the company with imperturbable gravity, and if determined, by an extra show of wisdom, to prove their claim to the patronage of Minerva. Their captivity seemed neither so irksome nor so contradictory to nature as that of a Bald Eagle on the American side, who wears his chain with such a sad, abject demeanour, as to pain the beholder. Methinks the kind of birds should be left free to soar at will, in the dominion of the monarch of cataracts. Some of the most majestic Eagles have been found in this region. Numbers of smaller birds are often seen sporting on the verge of the mighty cataract, and dipping their wings in its tinted mist, with a strange enthusiasm of delight. Do they exult in the terrific shower-bath, which man may not approach? or listen with transport to that glorious thunder-hymn, which makes their loudest warblings like the breath of the ephemeron?

There is a variety of objects and collections of curiosities on both the Canadian and American side, soliciting the attention of travellers; which, though they must dwindle into insignificance in the presence of the everlasting torrent, furnish agreeable resources for intervals of weariness. For the senses are sometimes wearied, the eye aches with splendour, and the foot shrinks from climbing; but the mind is never satiated. There is a perpetual change of beauty and glory, an excitement that never subsides,—a fascination that grows deeper and more pervading every day that you remain.

Not one, unless impelled by necessity, should make a short stay at Niagara. A week scarcely suffices for its more prominent features. It should be seen not only at morn, at noon-day, and the sun-setting, but

darkness, and beneath the exquisite tinting of the lunar-bow. It is desirable so to arrange the excursion, as to meet there the summer-moon at its full. Those who have journeyed there in winter pronounce the scenery to be gorgeous beyond all powers of the imagination.

The lover of Nature's magnificence will scarcely be satisfied without repeated visits to Niagara. The mind is slow in receiving the idea of great magnitude. It requires time and repetition to expand and deepen the perceptions that overwhelm it. This educating process is peculiarly necessary among scenery, where the mind is continually thrown back upon its Author, and the finite, trying to take hold of the Infinite, falters and hides itself in its own nothingness.

It is impossible for Niagara to disappoint, unless through the infirmity of the conception that fails to grasp it. Its resources are inexhaustible. It can never expend itself, because it points always to God. More unapproachable than the fathomless ocean, man cannot launch a bark upon its bosom, or bespeak its service in any form. He may not even lay his hand upon it and live. Upon its borders he can dream, if he will, of gold-gathering, and of mill-privileges; but its perpetual warning is, "Hence, ye profane!"

Let none, who have it in their power to change their places at will, omit a pilgrimage to Niagara. The facilities of travelling render it now a very different exploit from what it was in the days of our fathers, who were forced to cut away with their axes the branches intercepting the passage of the rocky roads. Those whose hearts respond to whatever is beautiful and sublime in creation, *should* pay their homage to this

mighty cataract. No other scenery so powerfully combines these elements.

Let the gay go thither to be made thoughtful, the religious to become more spiritually-minded. let not the determined trifler linger here to pursue revels. Frivolity seems an insult to the majesty presides here. Folly and dissipation are surely out of place. The thunder-hymn of the mighty flood proves them. Day and night it seems to repeat enforce the words of inspiration: "The Lord his holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before Him."

FIRST CHURCH AT JAMESTOWN, VIRGINIA.

ROLL on, proud River, toward the waiting main,
 And glow, gay shores, in summer's fostering smile ;
 Your blended beauties strive to lure in vain
 The traveller's eye from yon deserted pile.

For there, in solitary state it stands,
 While drooping foliage robes its mouldering frame,
 The earliest temple reared by Christian hands
 To teach a pagan realm Jehovah's name.

Hail, ancient fane ! where first was heard to flow
 That hallowed praise which heavenly choirs repeat,
 While the stern savage staid his lifted bow,
 From echo's voice to learn the cadence sweet.

Here, her frail babe the matron-exile brought ;
 Here, the glad lover led his trusting bride,
 And in thy solemn ritual forgot
 The far cathedral, once their childhood's pride.

Were language thine, what scenes couldst thou describe,
 When the New World came forth to meet the Old,
 The simple welcome of the red-browed tribe,
 The *high-born Saxon*, dignified and cold ;

The plumed chieftain, at his council-fire,
The dauntless hunter on the wind-swept hill,
The watchful soldier, and the patriot-sire,
Guarding the infant colony from ill.

The grim gold-searcher, full of venal dreams,
With microscopic eye and restless soul,
Hoarding the yellow earth that lined the streams,
Till meagre famine on his reverie stole.

Perchance, Powhatan here, in regal pride,
His warriors marshalled and his banners waved,
Or Pocahontas, moved with pity, sighed,
O'er the pale victim, by her firmness saved.

Now, all are swept away. From care and toil,
Virginia's sires have sought their mouldering bed
And the untutored owners of the soil,
Like their own arrow 'mid the forest, fled.

But thou, Old Church, by hoary Time revered,
And spared by tempests in their ruthless rage,
To hoar antiquity a friend endeared,
Art still the beacon of a buried age.

And when the pomp and pageantry of earth,
Shall fleet and shrivel in the day of ire,
The meek devotion that in thee had birth,
Shall soar unchanging, never to expire.

The voyager upon the noble and beautiful James River, perceives, about fifty miles from its mouth, the ruins of an ancient edifice. It stands upon a slight elevation, and were it mantled and festooned with luxuriant ivy, like the decaying structures of the Mother Land, would present a picturesque appearance. Still, as the first Christian temple ever reared in this new-found world, its associations are vivid and sacred. While we gaze upon it, the mists of more than two centuries fleet away, and the past stands before us.

Lofty forests ascend, and tangled thickets usurp the place of the velvet meads. The snowy sails of a stranger bark glitter in the morning sun. The first Christian vessel that ever explored these waters, approaches the shore, and, in the words of an old historian, is "moored to the trees, in six fathom water, in the great river of Powhatan, on the 13th day of May, 1607." Then the Saxon race, whose birthright is to rule, laid the foundation of their first permanent dominion in the clime which Columbus, one hundred and fifteen years before, had discovered. Smith, who has been justly called the "soul of the infant colony," changed the name of the broad river to "James," in honour of his sovereign, and guiding the exploring party through the trackless wilds, suddenly presented himself before Powhatan, the great monarch of the country, while encompassed by his warriors and savage court. He describes his rude palace as "pleasantly situated on a hill, having before it three fertile isles, around it many corn-fields, and strong by nature." What a strange interview, when the red-browed rulers of the land first gazed upon the faces, costumes, and weapons, so new and strange, and heard the tones of

an unknown language, which was to have the mastery in these realms when their own barbarous articulations should be a forgotten sound.

In the settlement at Jamestown lowly roof-trees rise like the mushroom. A rude palisade surrounds them. In the midst is this temple to Jehovah, over whose ruins, as we linger, the pictured records of its early ritual unfold themselves. We see the masses of fresh wild flowers with which it was daily decked, and hear the filial petition for a blessing on "England, the sweet mother country," which mingled with the morning and evening prayer. We see the pulpit, with its hour-glass, on the sacred day reminding the man of God of the fitting limits of his discourse, and that the patience of his auditors could scarcely be expected to outrun the measure of its sands. We see the chair of state for the Governor, with its cushion of green velvet, and the board "on which he kneeleth, covered with a great cloth." Gathered as a congregation, we see the thoughtful statesman, the high-born cavalier, the hardy soldier, the restless adventurer, the care-worn matron, and the blooming maiden. Change and hardship mark traces upon all, and on more than one brow sits the frown of disappointment. But in the worship of a high and holy Being the soul uplifts itself and is strengthened. The disunited feel the influence of the Gospel of Peace, and the meek-hearted gather solace from the hopes of another life. The hallowed chant breaks forth, and earth's sorrows are forgotten, while the startled Indian stays his bended bow and listens through the parted foliage to a strain so passing sweet, which first taught these unshorn forests the praise of God.

Four years slowly notch their chronicles and pass away. A throng hasten toward the consecrated house. The captain of the watch "shuts the ports and places centinels, the bell having tolled the last time, and all the houses of the town been searched, to command every one, of what quality soever, the sick and hurt excepted, to repair to church." What occasions this unwonted zeal of purpose and celerity of movement? An event is to take place for which the prayers of faithful hearts have long ascended to the Father of Mercies. The first Christian convert from the heathen tribes is to receive the baptismal vow. And that convert is the young daughter of their king. The first lamb led by the hand of young Virginia to the fold of the Great Shepherd, approaches timidly and with tears the simple font hewn from the oak of her native forests. Near her is her favourite and noble-hearted brother, while an elder sister, clasping her infant son to her bosom, regards with intense curiosity a deed, to their comprehension, so wrapped in mystery. Plumed chieftains of her nation, and nobles of her own kindred blood, stand like bronze statues, with their eyes fixed upon the princess. She kneels, confesses her faith in the Redeemer, and receives upon her brow that seal which her future life never dishonoured. High honour was it to thee, Old Church! thus to have garnered the first fruits of the wilderness,—to have laid upon heaven's altar the first consecrated rose from these western forests.

This era in the history of our country has been illustrated by the spirited pencil of Chapman, and placed, by order of Congress with other national pictures, in the *Rotunda of the Capitol* at Washington.

Yet one more scene in the ancient church of Jamestown. Around the rough pine columns are wreaths and knots of the earliest spring flowers; for April has fully justified her appellation of the "bud-opener." She has also decked the earth in the brightest verdure, and filled the air with the music of countless birds. The pulpit, covered with its rich, embroidered cloth, displays the arms of young Virginia quartered with the initials of Britain's king.

Sir Thomas Dale, the wise and stately Governor, is there, in his court-costume, with pages and standard-bearer. Other attendants in livery, halberdiers with their armour, and stately officers, the chivalry of England, are in his train. Colonists of all ranks,—the tillers of the soil, the mechanic, the adventurer, are there. Mothers and daughters, youths and children, in their best attire, swell the throng. On every brow is a cheering expectation.

Ranged on the opposite side of the area, rise the tall and plumed chieftains of the forest, gathering around their king, the majestic Powhatan. His fiery, eagle-eye is at rest, and expresses complacence. Nearest him, is his son, the prince Nantiquas, styled by a historian of that day, "the most manliest, comeliest, boldest spirit ever seen in a savage." Here and there, the red-browed females, their raven locks decorated with feathers, are mingled amid groups of painted warriors.

In the chancel, where a profusion of the richest blossoms breathe fragrance, stood the clergyman in his robes, the Rev. Mr. Hunt, so often designated as the "morning-star of the church." His features and demeanour evince the meekness which had so often

earthed peace upon the dissensions of the colonists, and bound them together as brethren, in Jesus' name. A bridal group approached the altar. The forest-princess, on whose forehead he had shed the drops of baptismal dedication, bends timidly before him. At her side is a high-born cavalier of England. Mutual love urges them thus to seek the indissoluble vow. The mother of the king,—her haughty and warlike uncle,—with head towering above all the people,—comes forward at the appointed moment, and gives her hand to her destined husband.

Breathless interest pervades the whole assembly. Whate'er the proud king of thirty nations, is satisfied. Still his lip trembles, when the darling of his heart transfers her fealty to another. The colonists regard the gentle bride as the hostage of peace, and rejoice in an event which will relieve them from the perils of vague warfare.

The hallowed rite proceeds. The mystic ring is pressed upon the slender finger of the forest-princess. The Old World weds the New. The benediction is uttered by the tearful ardour of many hearts. For the native strangers could not but remember, that in all their sorrows she had been an unchangeable friend. They could not but remember, that amid her sportive childhood her firmness had saved their endangered champion from the death-stroke; that when they stricken with famine, she brought them corn with her own hands; that she dared, at the deepest midnight, the trackless wild, to warn them of a conspiracy which must have wrought their extermination. They remembered that she was now their sister in the faith,

and that in invoking the smile of heaven upon her, they were blessing the tutelary angel of the colony.

Sir Thomas Dale, in his dispatches to the English government, dated June 18th, 1614, thus notices these transactions, with his characteristic zeal and piety. "The daughter of Powhatan I caused to be carefully instructed in the Christian religion, who, after she had made good progress therein, publicly renounced the idolatry of her country, openly confessed the true faith, and was, at her desire, baptized. She is since married to an English gentleman of good understanding; another knot to bind our peace the stronger. The king, her father, gave approbation to it, and her uncle gave her, in the church, to her husband. She lives civilly and lovingly with him, and will, I trust, increase in goodness as the knowledge of God increaseth in her. She will go unto England with me, and were it but for the gaining of this one soul, I would think my time, toil, and present stay, well spent."

Two years afterwards, Pocahontas, or the Lady Rebecca,—by which name she was called after her baptism,—accompanied Mr. Rolfe to his native land, taking with them their infant son. They sailed in the same ship with the Governor, and arrived at Plymouth in June, 1616.

Marked attentions were paid the forest-princess, not only by her husband's relatives, but by Anna, the queen of James the First, and several of the nobility. Her profusion of black, glossy hair, and her manners, simple, yet dignified and self-possessed, were admired at court; while her gentleness and piety won her many true friends. Purchas, in his Pilgrim remarks,

only did she accustom herself to civility, but married herself as the daughter of a king; and was highly respected, both by the company in which I was, and by divers persons of high estate and quality; trusting, in their hopeful zeal, through her to introduce Christianity. I was present when the Bishop of London entertained her with festival, state, and beyond what, in his great hospitality, he afforded to ladies. About to return to Virginia, she came, to her end and grave, having given great satisfaction of her Christian sincerity, as the first of Virginian conversion, leaving among us a memory and hope of a blessed resurrection, her pining to see and enjoy in heaven, what here she heard and believed, of her beloved Saviour."

Older walls! so fruitful in legendary lore, so adorned with pictures of the past, ye deserve the care of the traveller, and the kind care of those who surround. For the sake of the images you restore and the sacred rites you have witnessed, you should be protected from the further disruption of the fabric, and clothed with a robe of the richest mantle of leaves.

As has been well said, that "a fine landscape without vegetation is like a fair woman without a heart. It is in that we see regular features or a brilliant complexion, unless the soul, looking through the eyes, be the essence of beauty. This constitutes the charm of travelling in a classic clime. The mountains must be richer, or the mountains more lofty, but the dell and stream are consecrated: therefore a new country must be inferior to the old. Its loftiest mountains lead but to the labours of the colonist, or

his wars upon the wild beasts that were there before him."

Our own country furnishes an exception to the closing remarks of this accomplished writer. Though of comparatively recent date, many of its associations are as lofty and spirit-stirring as those which strike more deeply into the dimness of antiquity. Those of the venerable structure which we contemplate are mingled with the chivalry of the Old World, and the royalty of the New,—with rites that stayed the effusion of blood, and linked contending races in amity—that gathered the first soul from the bondage of idols to the worship of the true God, and girded it to run faithfully the way of eternal life.

Old Church!—first herald of salvation to the western wild,—thou hast fallen by the way, but thy ruins are precious in our eyes. Blessed is the young land whose cradle-memories are like thine.

FALLS OF THE YANTIC,

AT NORWICH, CONNECTICUT.

HILLS, rocks, and waters! here ye lie,
 And o'er ye spreads the same blue sky,
 As when in early days,
 My childish feet your cliffs essayed,
 My wondering eye your depths surveyed,
 Where the vexed torrent stays.

O'er bolder scenes mine age hath strayed
 By floods that make your light cascade
 Seem as an infant's play;
 Yet dearer is it still to me,
 Than all their boasted pageantry
 That charms the traveller's way.

For here, enchanted, side by side,
 With me would many a playmate glide
 When school-day's task was o'er,
 Who deemed this world, from zone to zone,
 Had nought of power or wonder known
 Like this resounding shore.

Light-hearted group ! I see ye still,
For Memory's pencil, at her will,
Doth tint ye bright and rare,
Red lips, from whence glad laughter rang,
Elastic limbs that tireless sprang,
And curls of sunny hair.

I will not ask, if change or care
Have coldly marred those features fair,
For by myself, I know
We cannot till life's evening keep
The flowers that on its dewy steep,
At earliest dawn did blow.

Yet lingering round this hallowed spot,
I call them, though they answer not,
For some have gone their way,
To sleep that sleep which none may break,
Until the resurrection wake.
The prisoners from their clay.

But thou, most fair and fitful stream,
First prompter of my musing dream,
Still lovingly dost smile,
And heedless of the conflict hoarse
With the rude rocks that bar thy course,
My lonely walk beguile.

Still thou art changed, my favourite scene !
For man hath stolen thy cliffs between,
And torn thy grassy sod,
And bade the intrusive mill-wheel dash,
And many a ponderous engine crash,
Where Nature dreamed of God.

Yet to the spot, where first we drew
Our breath, we turn unchanged and true,
As to a nurse's breast ;
And count it, even till hoary age
The Mecca of our pilgrimage,
Of all the earth most blest.

And so, thou Cataract, strangely wild,
My own loved Yantic's wayward child,
That still dost foam and start ;
Though slight thou art, I love thee well,
And pleased the lay thy praise doth tell,
Which gushes from the heart.

Norwich, the semi-capital of the County of New London, is one of the most picturesque towns in New England. It has been said by travellers to exhibit strong features of resemblance to the scenery of Scotland. It is situated between three rivers, the Yantic, Shetucket, and Quinnebou, all of them wild and rapid, having their sources in a mountainous country, and uniting to form the Thames. The Yantic derives its principal origin from Gardiner's Lake, a fine sheet of water, washing the borders of Bozrah, Montville, and Colchester. Issuing from this lake, and enlarged by a tributary stream from Lebanon, it pursues a winding course to the south-east, affording valuable facilities for mills and manufactories, till it arrives within a mile of its junction with the Shetucket. Then suddenly arrested by a disordered mass of primitive rocks, it is precipitated over a parapet ten or twelve feet high upon another bed of rocks below. There the channel

is contracted to a narrow space, and rendered dark by two frowning cliffs, upon either of which, like a perpendicular wall, towers to a height of a hundred feet. Through this chasm flows the broken stream. The beetling cliffs, the constricted channel, the confused mass of granite, and the foaming river, as it struggles through its difficulties into the broad placid basin below, are all striking features of this scene. The surrounding landscape is diversified and impressive. It is overlooked on all sides by high hills and heavy woods. The river is plunged into a dell between high banks, which it pursues its way, gradually subside into green cultivated slopes, upon whose breast many a graceful plantation arises to give a cheerful interest to the scene. At the distance of a mile, you see the bridge spans its mouth, and groups of buildings, form a part of the contiguous city.

In the immediate vicinity of the Falls, several manufacturing establishments, and a thriving village have sprung up. Much of the water has been diverted from the main stream for their utilitarian purposes. This greatly detracts from the beauty of the scenery which in its original state was strikingly bold and romantic. The good taste of the proprietors has endeavoured to prevent any material change in the features of the scenery, and it is still a beautiful and interesting spot. At the time of the spring freshets, the waters fill the whole channel, and for a few days rush through the chasm with great clamour and noise. And during the dry weather of summer, when the channel is laid bare to view, a new gratification is afforded to the curious visitor, in the various

figures and forms, into which the rocks have been wrought by the attrition of the eddying waters. How long they must have kept up this ceaseless flow, to have wrought the rough granite into such smooth and circular excavations from the depth of a finger to the capacity of a caldron, it is impossible to say. Those who prefer the wildness of nature to her more luxuriant scenes of cultivation would be gratified with the pictures of Yantic Falls, painted many years since, by the venerable artist, Col. Trumbull, and now in the possession of G. J. W. Trumbull, Esq. of Norwich.

Tradition has added another point of interest to this spot, by associating it with the history of Indian warfare. In one of the sanguinary conflicts which frequently took place between the Narragansetts and Mohegans, the former, having been routed by their enemies, in a battle upon the plains three or four miles below, were driven through the woods with great fury, towards the spot where Norwich now stands. A band of them, still fiercely pursued, reached the verge of the dizzy cliff that overlooks the Falls, and to escape the barbarity of their foes, plunged into the foaming torrent, and were dashed in pieces upon the rocks.

But the principal part of the Narragansett warriors, gaining the fording place, were driven by their enemies over hills, vales, and morasses, to a spot called "Sachem's Plain." There a furious contest ensued, which ended in the overthrow, and death of Miantonimoh. Uncas, the kingly victor, and the constant friend of white men, reposes near the Falls of the Yantic. A small granite monument has been recently erected over his grave. This burial-ground, in which none but those of the royal blood of Mohegan were allowed in-

terment, was formerly one of the favourite walks of the children in the vicinity. Seated there, as we returned from school at the close of a summer's-day, loaded with our books, and sometimes with the baskets which had contained our noon-repast, we read the simple inscriptions on the rude grave-stones, and listened to the moan of the cataract, as it stole, softened by distance to that solitary and not uncongenial recess.

One of these epitaphs used especially to attract our attention. It was composed at the request of the Indians, by Dr. Tracy, a highly respected physician whose philanthropy was often called into exercise, for the red-browed race.

"Here lies Samuel Uncas, the second and beloved son of his father, John Uncas, who was the grandson of Uncas, Grand Sachem. He died July 31st, 1741, in the 28th year of his age.

For beauty, wit, and sterling sense,
For temper mild, and eloquence,
For courage bold, and things *Waureegan*,
He was the glory of Mohegan,
Whose death hath caused great lamentation,
Both to the English and the Indian nation."

The term "*waureegan*," in the language of our Indian neighbours, signifies "good things," or praise worthy conduct. Some writers have translated it a "good tidings," or costly apparel; but this is not conformable to the usage of the Mohegans. Over another mossy stone, the little critics sometimes paused, thinking that the close of its inscription possessed wonderful force and simplicity.

"In memory of young Seasar Jonus, who died April 30th 1749, in the 25th year of his age. And he was cousin to Uncas.

the latest interment in this royal cemetery was of Mazeen, about twenty years since, the last in whose veins flowed the royal blood of Mo-. He was in the 28th year of his age, and mourned by his people. That tribe, in all conquests of land to the white people, strenuously defended this sacred sepulchral ground.

Whether it is still a favourite resort with the young, or not. But to enumerate the spots in the neighbourhood of Norwich, where the lover of nature might like to ruminate, would be difficult. Equally so it were to do justice to the social virtues that abound there, and to the hospitality and cordiality which naturalize the stranger, and unlock the heart of sympathy. Memory lingers around every nook and dell of "mine own romantic town," re-creating it with the loved and lost. Scarce a rocky outcrop but hath its legend of some musing hour, or of some cherished friend, in whose company it was

how vain to attempt a description of the haunts in childhood we frequented. Those which were the habit of visiting, after the confinement of a day in school, are clothed with an illusive beauty which neither time nor truth can perfectly dispel. This variable and diminutive cataract of my childhood was ever in the days of childish simplicity, *Fall of Terni*:—

"The roar of waters,—from the headlong height
Cleaving the wave-worn precipice."

of the peculiar features of the scene in those days of its entire seclusion. Tall and beautiful trees,

mingled among precipitous rocks, were covered from their roots, high above the intersection of their branches with carved names, lovers' knots, and various devices. But they have fallen, those overshadowing trees, which were to us as the oak of Delphos. Utilitarian zeal touched them, and they perished. The same magic and ministry have converted the dreaming-place of the lone enthusiast into a busy manufacturing village with its fitting appendages.

Still it is not as historians, as geographers, or geologists that we return to the clime of our nativity. We bring no plummet to sound its streams, no instrument for the admeasurement of its mountains. We saw and formed our opinion of them when opening life was romance, when judgment had not known the discipline of contrast or comparison, and when there was no experience. Then, every brooklet was to us as the Rhine, every violet-bank a Lausanne, every wooded hillock an Appennine.

Even after the lapse of many years, when we estimate other landscapes accurately, we continue to judge of these by their associations. We revisit them, and though we are ourselves changed—though the voices that used to welcome us are silent for ever, yet the cliff and the rivulet are still there, to soothe us with perpetual friendship. We inhale from them the same fresh spirit that breathed there when life was new, and uplifted by its influence, exultingly confute the position of the philosopher, that "there is ever some dead fly in our box, marring the precious ointment."

MONTAUK POINT.

It was a summer's day, when old Montauk
 First gleamed upon us. Many a mile we drove
 Over a treeless region, hill and dale
 Wrapped in a short, green sward.

There, grazed at will

Herds of young cattle, by no fence restrained,
 And limitless in their equality,
 As a Laconian brotherhood. Quite lean
 They were, and agile, and with goat-like nerve
 Could scour o'er paths precipitous—yet each
 Bent on our vehicles a curious eye,
 Pausing and pondering, as if much inclined
 Our destination and our names to learn.
 'Twas strange in such wild solitudes to be
 So questioned by those quadrupeds. Perchance,
 Some Yankee pedigree they might have held,
 In old time far away; for all, methought,
 Thirsted to ask our birth-place, and degree,
 Date, history, kindred, gains, and hopes, and fears,
 And prospects and pursuits.

Right scanty fare

Had doubtless kept their minds more clear, and lent
 A rarer sprinkling of intelligence
Than our sleek herds, who plunge in clover deep,

Ever attain. Yet still, 't was passing strange
Such intellectual intercourse to hold
With horned creatures, and behold them there
Amenable to none. For house, or home,
Or farm-yard, where some tinkling bell might call
Those roaming vassals to their rightful lord,
Though searching close, we saw not.

No frail hut,
Or slight canoe of the poor red-browed tribes,
So numerous once, on their own soil remained.
The white man's flocks and herds outnumbered them,
And took their lands.

Still, as we passed along,
On our right hand the glorious Ocean rolled,
With its long-terraced, thunder-uttering waves,
While on our left spread out that sheltered sea
Which laves the green shores of my native State,
Approaching gently, with its whispered tides,
Subdued and docile, as a child at school.
The contrast pleased us well, as on we prest
To the sharp verge of that promontory
Where Sea and Ocean meet. And there, we climbed
To the hill-planted light-house, and beheld
The confluence of waters. Studded o'er
The near expanse, the fishing vessels lay,
Each fixed and still, as 'mid a sea of glass;
While on the far horizon many a sail
Loomed up conspicuous, as the western sun
Involved himself in clouds.

One house there was,
Where the light-keeper and his family
Dwelt, sole inhabitants, but yet not sad
In that lone place. Young children brought them love,

That other name for happiness, and they
Who dwell in love, do taste in earth, of heaven.
Beneath that peaceful, lowly roof, we found
Order and neatness, and such table spread
As might the wearied traveller well content ;
Though all night long, the melancholy main
Held conflict with the rocks

Returning morn
Saw us explorers of the sterile coast,
Shell-gatherers and wave-watchers, oft-times lost
In that long trance of meditation sweet,
Which on the borders of the solemn deep
Best visiteth the soul.

And then we turned,
Our way retracing to that southern point
Where our brief summer-residence we held,
Amid such draughts of ocean's bracing air,
And soothing habitudes of rural life,
So primitive, so simple, so serene,
That languid nerve, and wasted, drooping mind
Alike revivify.

But first, we bade
Farewell to Old Montauk, and gave thee thanks,
Ultima Thule of that noble Isle
Against whose breast the everlasting surge
Came travelling on, and ominous of wrath,
Incessant beats. Thou lift'st a blessed torch
Unto the vexed and storm-tossed mariner
Guiding him safely on his course again ;
So teach us 'mid our own dark ills to guard
The lamp of charity, and with clear eye
Look up to Heaven.

extends about five miles, and is connected with the main island by a strip of sand-beach. Though diversified by masses of rock, it has a fine soil, and is highly cultivated. It possesses also excellent accommodations for visitors who desire the restorative effects of sea-air and food. One of the most curious objects that they find in this vicinity is an ancient cemetery, in a secluded and romantic situation. It is on an eminence, overshadowed by two higher elevations, and covered to its summit with graves. The dark blue slate stones, are mossy and mouldering with time. Some of the inscriptions are nearly two hundred years old, and most of them illegible. Such as can be decyphered, exhibit that singular combination of religious sentiment with quaint humour, which is prone to excite a smile. Here is a specimen of one, bearing no date.

“ Here lyeth Elizabeth,
Once Samuel Beebee’s wife,
Who once was made a living soul,
But now’s deprived of life ;
Yet firmly she believed,
That at the Lord’s return
She should be made a living soul,
In his own shape and form :
Lived four and thirty years a wife,
Died, aged 57,
Hath now laid down this mortal life,
In hopes to live in Heaven.”

Clusters of islands add beauty to the little voyage to Oyster-Pond Point, from the Connecticut shore. Among these are Plumb Island, which formerly bore the sacred appellation of the Isle of Patmos; Sheltre-

Island, Great and Little Gull Island, whose foundations of solid rock scarcely resent the wasting effects of the waves; and Fisher's Island, containing about four thousand acres, which has been in possession of the Winthrop family ever since its purchase, in 1644, by John Winthrop, the first Governor of Connecticut.

Greenport, at Peconic Bay, between the promontories of Montauk and Oyster-Pond Point, is an exceedingly beautiful village. Its bright verdure, and the grace of its waving acacia shades, render the drives in its vicinity very agreeable to the lover of fine scenery, while its appearance of thriving industry is pleasant to the utilitarian.

At Sagg-Harbour, on the southern shore of the island, rural characteristics are merged in the features of a more populous and commercial settlement, and in the habits of an enterprising, active, and accumulating people; the whale fishery being the substratum of their wealth.

The neighbouring town of East Hampton is one of the most desirable spots in which an invalid can seek restoration. The bracing air of the ocean brings vigour to the nerves, while no prescribed etiquette, or aristocratic formality, impose that laborious attention to dress, which marks so many of our fashionable watering-places. The inhabitants are kind and social in their manners. The buildings are principally arranged on a single street of about a mile in length, and present a plain and antiquated appearance. The family of the late lamented Colonel David Gardiner, have here a pleasant country-seat, and their elegant hospitalities are remembered with gratitude by many strangers.

Both here and at the beach at Southampton, a southern wind brings in a magnificent show of waves, which a storm heightens to the terribly sublime. In this vicinity are many varied and pleasant drives. The excursion to Montauk, which has been before mentioned, is most solitary and peculiar. No track or furrow from a previous wheel directs your course. The traveller depends wholly on his guide, the driver of one of those large, strong-bodied Long-Island vehicles, which are adapted to that precipitous region. Yet notwithstanding the apparent perils of the route, it is sometimes chosen as an equestrian excursion, even by young ladies, whose fair forms, in this graceful exercise, amid those wild solitudes, have a striking effect, and carry the mind back to the days of chivalry.

In speaking of East Hampton and the habitudes of its people, the late President Dwight said, emphatically: "A general air of equality, simplicity, and quiet is visible here in a degree perhaps singular. Sequestered in a great measure from the busy world, the people exhibit not the same activity and haste, which meet the eye in some other places. There is, however, no want of the social character, but it is regulated rather by the long-continued customs of this single spot, than by the mutable fashions of a great city." Could any suffrage be needed, after such high authority, I would simply record my own hope, once more to be permitted to pass a part of some summer in this invigorating retreat, made pleasant by true-hearted kindness, and sublime by the great voice of the glorious ocean.

Gardiner's Island is an appendage to East Hampton.

from which it is distant ten miles. It was originally conveyed by deed, in 1639, to Lyon Gardiner, and has since continued, by lineal succession, in that family. It is connected by legendary lore and buried treasures with the tragical fortunes of William Kidd, the pirate, who was executed in 1701. It contains between three and four thousand acres of good soil, with a greater proportion of trees than the smaller islands can often boast. There always seems something attractive in insular life, especially with a pleasant summer residence, on a small domain, girdled by the sparkling sea. It would seem as if the world of thought, of nature, and of books, might be more entirely at your own control, and as if the voice of the deep-rolling main insured you against interruptions, or that fear of them, which often produces the same mental hindrance as their actual occurrence. Still it would be desirable not to be too far divided from the main land, or of very difficult access, lest the romance of the locality should be put to flight by positive inconvenience, or a cloistered seclusion.

On the southern shore of Long Island is a bay, from two to five miles in width, formed by sand-beach and lands, and furnishing a remarkable inland navigation between seventy and eighty miles. Tracts of salt-meadow, producing a luxuriant growth of grass, vary the face of the intervening ridge; the waters are provided in every variety of the testaceous and finny tribes, while innumerable wild-fowl allure and repay the sportsman.

Long Island has still many unexplored beauties to reward the attentive tourist. Stretching nearly 150 miles in length, having on its north a sheltered Medi-

terranean, and bared on the east and south to rough smiting of the Atlantic surge, its shore, so times beautified with country-seats, and towering ward the west into the grandeur of rich and populous cities,—then falling back upon the isolated farm-house and the whistling ploughboy, anon losing itself in sterile Arabian sands, and frightful cavernous solitude it would seem as if some regions of this noble beautiful Isle contrasted as strangely with each other as the first rude huts of the twin-brothers on the Purgatory Hill, differed from the city of the Cæsars.

M O N T E - V I D E O.

How fair upon the mountain s brow
 To stand and mark the vales below,
 Those beauteous vales that calmly sleep,
 Secluded, peaceful, silent, deep ;
 The solemn forests' nodding crest,
 The streams with fringing verdure drest,
 The rural homes, remote from noise,
 By distance dwindled into toys ;
 Or turning from this varied scene,
 So mute, so lovely, so serene,
 Scale the steep cliff, whose ample range
 Gives to the eye a bolder change,
 The cultured fields, which rivers lave,
 Where branches bend and harvests wave,
 The village roofs, obscurely seen,
 The glittering spires that gem the green,
 The pale blue line that meets the eye
 Where mountains mingle with the sky,
 The floating mist, in volumes rolled,
 That hovers o'er their bosoms cold,
 Woods, wilds and waters, scattered free
 In Nature's tireless majesty.
 Mark, by soft shades, and flowers carest,
The mansion-house in beauty drest ;

Above, to brave the tempest's shock,
The lonely tower that crowns the rock ;
Beneath, the lake, whose waters dark
Divide before the gliding bark,
With snowy sail and busy oar,
Moving with music to the shore :—
And say, while musing o'er the place
Where art to nature lends her grace,
The crimes that blast the fleeting span
Of erring, suffering, wandering man,
Unfeeling pride, and cold disdain,
The heart that wills another's pain,
Pale envy's glance, the chill of fear,
And war and discord come not here.

How sweet, around yon silent lake,
As friendship guides, your way to take,
And cull the plants, whose glowing heads
Bend meekly o'er their native beds,
And own the Hand that paints the flower,
That deals the sunshine and the shower,
That bears the sparrow in its fall,
Is kind, and good, and just to all ;
Or see the sun, with rosy beam
First gild the tower, the tree, the stream,
And moving to his nightly rest,
Press through the portal of the west,
Close wrapped within his mantle fold
Of glowing purple dipped in gold ;
Or else to mark the queen of night,
Like some lone vestal, pure and bright,
Steal slowly from her silent nook,
And gild the scenes that he forsook.

And then, that deep recess to find,
Where the green boughs so close are twined ;
For there, within that silent spot,
As all secluded, all forgot,
The fond enthusiast free may soar,
The sage be buried in his lore,
The poet muse, the idler sleep,
The pensive mourner bend and weep,
And fear no eye or footstep rude
Shall break that holy solitude.
Unless some viewless angel-guest,
Who guards the spirits of the just,
Might seek among the rising sighs,
To gather incense for the skies,
Or hover o'er that hallowed sod,
To raise the mortal thought to God.

O gentle scene, whose transient sight
So wakes my spirit to delight,
Where kindness, love, and joy unite,
That though no words the rapture speak,
The tear must tremble on the cheek,
The lay of gratitude be given,
The prayer in secret speed to heaven.

Here peace, though exiled and opprest,
By those she came to save distress,
Might find repose from war's alarms,
And gaze on nature's treasured charms ;
Beneath these mountain shades reclined,
Breathe her sad dirge o'er lost mankind,
Or on mild virtue's tranquil breast,
Close her tired eye in gentle rest,

the contiguous valley. The villa is almost upon the brow of the precipice, and a traveller in the Farmington valley sees it, a solitary edifice, and in a place apparently both comfortless and inaccessible, standing upon the giddy summit, ready, he would almost imagine, to be swept away by the first blast from the mountain. The beautiful crystal lake is on the top of the same lofty green-stone ridge, and within a few yards of the house; it pours its superfluous waters in a limpid stream down the mountain's side, and affords in winter, the most pellucid ice that can be imagined. Arrived on the top of the mountain, and confining his attention to the scene at his feet, the traveller scarcely realizes that he is elevated above the common surface. The lake, the Gothic villa, farm-house and offices, the gardens, orchards, and serpentine walks, conducting through all the varieties of mountain shade, and to the most interesting points of view, indicate a beautiful and peaceful scene; but, if he lift his eyes, he sees still above him on the north, bold precipices of naked rock, frowning like ancient battlements, and on one of the highest peaks, the tall tower, rising above the trees, and bidding defiance to the storms. If he ascend to its top, he contemplates an extent of country that might constitute a kingdom—populous and beautiful, with villages, turrets, and towns; at one time he sees the massy magnificence of condensed vapour, which reposes in a vast extent of fog and mist, on the Farmington and Connecticut rivers, and defines with perfect exactness all their windings; at another, the clouds roll beneath him in wild grandeur, and should a thunder-storm occur at evening, (an incident which *every season presents*) he would view with delight

chastened by awe, the illuminated hills and corresponding hollows, which every where fill the great vale west of Talcott Mountain, and alternately appear and disappear with the flashes of lightning."

Those who have tasted the heart-felt hospitality of Monte-Video, when every summer it was tenanted by its proprietor, his excellent lady, and their delighted guests, have a sense of enchantment, connected with this lovely spot, which no description can convey, and no casual visitant realize. Blessings are still breathed on that benevolence which though prevented by ill-health, and declining years, from a permanent residence in this delightful domain, is still prompted to keep it in perfect order for the benefit of strangers, and gratification of the community.

HUGUENOT FORT,

AT OXFORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

I STOOD upon a breezy height, and marked
The rural landscape's charms : fields thick with corn,
And new-mown grass that bathed the ruthless scythe
With a forgiving fragrance, even in death
Blessing its enemies ; and broad-armed trees
Fruitful, or dense with shade, and crystal streams
That cheered their sedgy banks.

But at my feet
Were vestiges, that turned the thoughts away
From all this summer beauty. Moss-clad stones
That formed their fortress, who in earlier days
Sought refuge here, from their own troubled clime,
And from the madness of a tyrant king,
Were strewed around.

Methinks yon wreck stands forth
In rugged strength once more, and firmly guards
From the red Indian's shaft, those sons of France,
Who for her genial flower-decked vales, and flush
Of purple vintage, found but welcome cold
From thee, my native land ? the wintry moan
Of wind-swept forests, and the appalling frown
Of icy floods. Yet didst thou leave them free
To strike the sweet harp of the secret soul,

And this was all their wealth. For this they blest
 Thy trackless wilds, and 'neath their lowly roof
 At morn and night, or with the murmuring swell
 Of stranger waters, blent their hymn of praise.

Green Vine! that mant'lest in thy fresh embrace
 Yon old, grey rock, I hear that thou with them
 Didst brave the ocean surge.

Say, drank thy germ

The dews of Languedoc? or slow uncoiled
 An infant fibre, 'mid the fruitful mould
 Of smiling Roussillon? or didst thou shrink
 From the fierce footsteps of a warlike train,
 Brother with brother fighting unto death,
 At fair Rochelle?

Hast thou no tale for me?

Methought its broad leaves shivered in the gale,
 With whispered words.

There was a gentle form,

A fair, young creature, who at twilight hour
 Oft brought me water, and would kindly raise
 My drooping head. Her eyes were dark and soft,
 As the gazelle's, and well I knew her sigh
 Was tremulous with love. For she had left
 One in her own fair land, with whom her heart
 From childhood had been twined.

Oft by her side,

What time the youngling moon went up the sky,
 Chequering with silvery beam their woven bower;
 He strove to win her to the faith he held
 Speaking of heresy with flashing eye,

Yet with such blandishment of tenderness,
As more than argument dissolveth doubt
With a young pupil, in the school of love.
Even then, sharp lightning quivered thro' the gloom
Of persecution's cloud, and soon its storm
Burst on the Huguenots.

Their churches fell,'
Their pastors fed the dungeon, or the rack ;
And mid each household group, grim soldiers sat,
In frowning espionage, troubling the sleep
Of infant innocence.

Stern war burst forth,
And civil conflict on the soil of France
Wrought fearful things.

The peasant's blood was ploughed
In with the wheat he planted, while from cliffs
That overhung the sea, from caves and dens
The hunted worshippers were madly driven,
Out 'neath the smiling sabbath skies, and slain,
The anthem on their tongues.

The coast was thronged
With hapless exiles, and that dark-haired maid,
Leading her little sister in the steps
Of their afflicted parents, hasting left
The meal uneaten, and the table spread
In their sweet cottage, to return no more.
The lover held her to his heart, and prayed
That from her erring people she would turn
To the true fold of Christ, for so he deemed
That ancient Church, for which his breast was clad
In soldier's panoply.

But she, with tears
Like Niobe, a never-ceasing flood,

Drew her soft hand from his, and dared the deep.
 And so, as years sped on, with patient brow
 She bare the burdens of the wilderness,
 His image, and an everlasting prayer
 Within her soul.

And when she sank away,
 As fades the lily when its day is done,
 There was a deep-drawn sigh, and up-raised glance
 Of earnest supplication, that the hearts
 Severed so long, might join, where bigot zeal
 Should find no place.

She hath a quiet bed
 Beneath yon turf, and an unwritten name
 On earth, which sister angels speak in heaven.

Vine of Roussillon ! tell me other tales
 Of that high-hearted race, who for the sake
 Of conscience made those western wilds their home ?
 How to their door the prowling savage stole,
 Staining their hearth-stone with the blood of babes,
 And as the Arab strikes his fragile tent
 Making the desert lonely, how they left
 Their infant Zion with a mournful heart
 To seek a safer home ?

Fain would I sit
 Beside this ruined fort and muse of them,
 Mingling their features with my humble verse,
 Whom many of the noblest of our land
 Claim as their honoured sires.

On all who bear
 Their name, or lineage, may their mantle rest,
 That firmness for the truth, that calm content

With simple pleasures, that unswerving trust
In toil, adversity, and death, which cast
Such healthful leaven 'mid the elements
That peopled this New World.

When Louis the Fourteenth, by the revocation of the Edict of Nantz, scattered the rich treasure of the hearts of more than half a million of subjects to foreign climes, this Western World profited by his mad prodigality. Among the wheat with which its newly broken surface was sown, none was more purely sifted than that which France thus cast away. Industry, integrity, moderated desires, piety without austerity, and the sweetest domestic charities, were among the prominent characteristics of the exiled people.

Among the various settlements made by the Huguenots, at different periods upon our shores, that at Oxford, in Massachusetts, has the priority in point of time. In 1686, thirty families with their clergyman, landed at Fort Hill, in Boston. There they found kind reception and entertainment, until ready to proceed to their destined abode. This was at Oxford, in Worcester county, where an area of 12,000 acres was secured by them, from the township of eight miles square which had been laid out by Governor Dudley. The appearance of the country, though uncleared, was pleasant to those who counted as their chief wealth, "freedom to worship God." They gave the name of French River to a stream, which, after diffusing fertility around their new home, becomes a tributary of the Quinneboug, in Connecticut, and finally merged in the Thames, passes on to Long Island Sound.

Being surrounded by the territory of the Nipmug Indians, their first care was to build a fort, as a refuge from savage aggression. Gardens were laid out in its vicinity and stocked with the seeds of vegetables and fruits, brought from their own native soil. Mills were also erected, and ten or twelve years of persevering industry, secured many comforts to the colonists, who were much respected in the neighbouring settlements, and acquired the right of representation in the provincial legislature.

But the tribe of Indians by whom they were encompassed, had, from the beginning, met with a morose and intractable spirit their proffered kindness. A sudden and wholly unexpected incursion, with the massacre of one of the emigrants and his children, caused the breaking up of the little peaceful settlement, and the return of its inmates to Boston. Friendships formed there on their first arrival, and the hospitality that has ever distinguished that beautiful city turned the hearts of the Huguenots towards it as a refuge, in this, their second exile. Their reception, and the continuance of their names among the most honoured of its inhabitants, proved that the spot was neither ill-chosen nor uncongenial. Here, their excellent pastor, Pierre Daille, died in 1715. His epitaph, and that of his wife, are still legible in the "Granary Burying Ground." He was succeeded by Mr. Andrew Le Mercier, author of a history of Geneva. Their place of worship was in School Street, and known by the name of the French Protestant Church.

About the year 1713 Oxford was resettled by a stronger body of colonists, able to command more military aid ; and thither, in process of time, a few of the

Huguenot families resorted, and made their abode in those lovely and retired vales.

A visit to this fair scenery, many years since, was rendered doubly interesting by the conversation of an ancient lady of Huguenot extraction. Though she had numbered more than fourscore winters, her memory was peculiarly retentive, while her clear, black eye, dark complexion, and serenely expressive countenance, displayed some of the striking characteristics of her ancestral clime, mingled with that beauty of the soul which is confined to no nation, and which age cannot destroy. This was the same Mrs. Butler, formerly Mary Sigourney, whose reminiscences, the late Rev. Dr. Holmes, the learned and persevering annalist, has quoted in his "Memoir of the French Protestants."

With her family and some other relatives, she had removed from Boston to Oxford, after the revolutionary war, and supposed that her brother, Mr. Andrew Sigourney, then occupied very nearly, if not the same precise locality which had been purchased by their ancestor nearly 150 years before. During the voyage to this foreign clime, her grandmother was deprived by death of an affectionate mother, while an infant only six months old. From this grandmother, who lived to be more than eighty, and from a sister six years older, who attained the unusual age of ninety-six, Mrs. Butler had derived many legends, which she treasured with fidelity, and related with simple eloquence. Truly, the voice of buried ages spake through her venerated lips. The building of the fort; the naturalization of French vines and fruit-trees in a stranger soil; the consecrated spot where their dead were buried, now without the remaining vestige of a

stone; the hopes of the rising settlement; the massacre that dispersed it; the hearth-stone, empurpled with the blood of the beautiful babes of Jeanson; the frantic wife and mother snatched from the scene of slaughter by her brother, and borne through the waters of French River, to the garrison at Woodstock;—all these traces seemed as vivid in her mind as if her eyes had witnessed them. The traditions connected with the massacre were doubtless more strongly deepened in her memory, from the circumstance that the champion who rescued his desolated sister from the merciless barbarians was her own ancestor, Mr. Andrew Sigourney, and the original settler of Oxford.

Other narrations she had also preserved, of the troubles that preceded the flight of the exiles from France, and of the obstacles to be surmounted ere that flight could be accomplished. The interruptions from the soldiery to which they were subject, after having been shut out from their own churches, induced them to meet for divine worship in the most remote places, and to use books of psalms and devotion, printed in so minute a form, that they might be concealed in their bosoms, or in the folds of their head-dresses. One of these antique volumes is still in the possession of the descendants of Gabriel Bernon, a most excellent and influential man, who made his permanent residence at Providence, though he was originally in the settlement at Oxford.

Mrs. Butler mentioned the haste and discomfort in which the flight of their own family was made. Her grandfather told them imperatively, that they must go, and without delay. The whole family gathered together, and with such preparation as might be made

in a few moments, took their departure from the home of their birth, "leaving the pot boiling over the fire!" This last simple item reminds of one, with which the poet Southey deepens the description of the flight of a household, and a village, at the approach of the foe.

"The chesnut loaf lay broken on the shelf."

Another Huguenot, Henry Fransisco, who lived to the age of more than one hundred, relates a somewhat similar trait of his own departure from his native land. He was a boy of five years old, and his father led him by the hand from their pleasant door. It was winter, and the snow fell, with a bleak, cold wind. They descended the hill in silence. With the intuition of childhood, he knew there was trouble, without being able to comprehend the full cause. At length, fixing his eyes on his father, he begged, in a tremulous voice, to be permitted "just to go back, and get his little sled," his favourite, and most valued possession.

A letter from the young wife of Gabriel Manigault, one of the many refugees who settled in the Carolinas, is singularly graphic. "During eight months we had suffered from the quartering of the soldiers among us, with many other inconveniences. We therefore resolved on quitting France by night. We left the soldiers in their beds, and abandoned our house with its furniture. We contrived to hide ourselves in Dauphiny, for ten days, search being continually made for us, but our hostess, though much questioned, was faithful and did not betray us."

These simple delineations, more forcibly than the dignified style of the historian, seem to bring to our ears the haughty voice of Ludovico Magno, in his in-

strument revoking the edict of Henry IV. ; " We do most strictly repeat our prohibition, unto all our subjects of the pretended reformed religion, that neither they, nor their wives, nor children, do depart our kingdom, countries, or lands of our dominion, nor transport their goods and effects, on pain, for men so offending of their being sent to the gallies, and of confiscation of bodies and goods, for the women."

The information derived from this ancient lady, who in all the virtues of domestic life was a worthy descendant of the Huguenots, added new interest to their relics, still visible, among the rural scenery of Oxford. On the summit of a high hill, commanding an extensive prospect, are the ruins of the Fort. It was regularly constructed with bastions, though most of the stones have been removed for the purposes of agriculture. Within its enclosure are the vestiges of a well. There the grape-vine still lifts its purple clusters, the currant its crimson berries, the rose its rich blossoms, the asparagus its bulbous head and feathery banner.

To these simple tokens which nature has preserved, it might be fitting and well were some more enduring memorial added of that pious, patient, and high-hearted race, from whom some of the most illustrious names in different sections of our country trace their descent with pleasure and with pride.

THE CHARTER-OAK, AT HARTFORD,

TO THE GREAT OAK OF GENESEO.

GLORIOUS Patriarch of the West!
 Often have mine ears been blest
 With some tale from traveller wight.
 Of thy majesty and might,
 Rearing high, on column proud,
 Massy verdure toward the cloud,
 While thy giant branches throw
 Coolness o'er the vales below.
 Humbler rank, indeed, is mine,
 Yet I boast a kindred line,
 And though Nature spared to set
 On my head thy coronet,
 Still, from history's scroll I claim
 Somewhat of an honoured name;
 So, I venture, kingly tree,
 Thus to bow myself to thee.
 Once there came, in days of yore,
 A minion from the mother shore,
 With men at arms, and flashing eye
 Of predetermined tyranny,
 High words he spake, and stretched his hand
Young Freedom's charter to demand

But lo ! it vanished from his sight,
And sudden darkness fell like night,
While baffled still, in wrath and pain,
He, groping, sought the prize in vain ;
For a brave hand, in trust to me,
Had given that germ of liberty,
And like our relative of old,
Who clasped his arms serenely bold
Around the endangered prince, who fled
The scaffold where his father bled,
I hid it, safe from storm and blast,
Until the days of dread were past,
And then my faithful breast restored
The treasure to its rightful lord.

For this do pilgrims seek my side,
And artists sketch my varying pride,
And far away o'er ocean's brine,
An acorn or a leaf of mine
I hear are stored as relics rich
In antiquarian's classic niche.
Now if I were but in my prime,
Some hundred lustrums less of time
Upon my brow, perchance such charm
Of flattery might have wrought me harm,
Made the young pulse too wildly beat,
Or woke the warmth of self-conceit.
But age, slow curdling through my veins,
All touch of arrogance restrains.
For pride, alas ! and boastful trust
Are not for trees, which root in dust,
Nor men, who ere their noontide ray,
Oft like our wind-swept leaves decay.

Yet not unscathed, have centuries sped
Their course around my hoary head,
My gouty limbs for ease I strain,
And twist my gnarled roots in vain,
And still beneath the wintry sky
These stricken branches quake and sigh,
Which erst in manly vigour sent
Stout challenge to each element.

But lingering memories haunt my brain,
And hover round the past in vain,
Of chiefs and tribes who here had sway,
Then vanished like the mist away.
Near river's marge, by verdure cheered,
Their humble, bowery homes they reared,
At night their council-fires were red,
At dawn the greenwood chase they sped ;—
But now, the deer, that bounded high,
Amid his forest canopy,
The stag, that nobly stood at bay,
The thicket where at noon he lay,
And they, whose flying arrow stirred
And staid the fleetest of the herd,
All, like the bubbles on the stream,
Have mingled with oblivion's dream.
A different race usurped my glade,
Whose cheek the Saxon blood betrayed,
And he, the master of this dome,
Within whose gates I found my home,
With stately step and bearing cold,
The poor red-featured throng controlled,
And their mad orgies hushed to fear
Through pealing trump, whose echoes clear

At midnight full of terror came,
With the Great Spirit's awful name.

Too soon those sires, sedate and grave,
Recede on Time's unresting wave,
And hospitality sincere,
And virtues simple and severe,
And deep respect for ancient sway
Methinks, with them, have passed away.
That honesty, which scorned of old
The traffic of unrighteous gold,
Drank from the well its crystal pure,
And left the silver cup secure,
Seems now submerged, with struggles vain,
In wild desire of sudden gain,
Or lost in wealth's unhallowed pride,
By patient toil unsanctified.
Change steals o'er all; the bark canoe
No longer cleaves the streamlet blue,
Nor even the flying wheel retains
Its ancient prowess o'er the plains;
The horse, with nerves of iron frame,
Whose breath is smoke, whose food is flame,
Surmounts the earth with fearful sweep,
And strangely rules the cleaving deep,
While they, who once, at sober pace,
Reflecting rode from place to place,
Now, with rash speed and brains that swim,
In reckless plans, resemble him.

But yet, I would not cloud my strain,
Nor think the world is in its wane,
For 'tis the fault of age, they say,
Its own *decadence to betray*,

By ceaseless blame of things that are,
So of this frailty I'll beware,
And keep my blessings full in sight,
While in this land of peace and light,
Where liberty and plenty dwell,
And knowledge seeks the lowliest cell,
No woodman's steel my heart invades,
Nor heathen footsteps track my shades.
Yet too expansive grows the lay,
Forgive its egotism, I pray,
And shouldst thou in thy goodness deign
A line responsive to my strain,
Fain would I of their welfare hear,
That group of noble souls, and dear,
Who from their eastern birth-place prest,
To choose a mansion in the west.
Reluctant from our home and heart,
We saw those stalwart forms depart,
And if amid thy valleys green,
Thou aught of them hast heard or seen,
And will impart that lore to me,
Right welcome shall thy missive be.

And now may Spring, that decks the plains,
With kindling fervour touch thy veins,
And Summer smile with healthful skies,
And Autumn pour her thousand dies,
And many a year stern Winter spare
Thee in thy glory, fresh and fair,
Thy gratitude to heaven to show,
By deeds of love to those below,
A mighty shade from noontide heat
When pilgrims halt, or strangers greet,

Through woven leaves, a pleasant sound,
When murmuring breezes sigh around,
And many a nest for minstrel fair
That sing God's praise in upper air :
So mayst thou blessing live, and blest,
Monarch and Patriarch of the West.

The venerable tree, at Hartford, Connecticut, known by the name of the "Charter-Oak," has, for more than a century and a half, enjoyed the honour of having protected the endangered instrument of liberty and of law. When the despotic principles of James II. revealed themselves in the mother country and extended to her colonies, Sir Edmund Andross, the governor of Massachusetts, determined to comprehend within his own jurisdiction the whole of New England and New York. One step towards this ambitious design was to gain possession of the Charter of Connecticut, which had been granted by Charles II. soon after the Restoration. To enforce his arbitrary policy, he made his appearance in Hartford, with his suite and sixty men at arms, on the 31st of October, 1687. The Assembly of the State were then in session, and evinced extreme reluctance to comply with his demands. Governor Treat spoke earnestly and eloquently of the perils which the Colony had sustained during its infancy, of the hardships which he had himself endured, and that it would be to them, and to him, like the yielding up of life, to surrender the privileges so dearly bought, and so fondly valued. The discussion was prolonged until evening, when the Charter was unwillingly produced. But the *lights being suddenly extinguished*, it

was conveyed away by Captain Wadsworth, and secreted in the cavity of that ancient Oak which bears its name.

Though Sir Edmund Andross was foiled in possessing himself of this instrument, he still proceeded to assume the government of Connecticut. He began with protestations of regard for the welfare of the people, but his arbitrary sway so soon disclosed itself that a historian of that period remarked, that "Notwithstanding he concealed his tyrannical disposition more *years* than Sir Edmund did *months*." The charges of oppression against the officers, during his administration, were exorbitant. The widow and fatherless, however distant or destitute, were compelled to make a journey to Boston, for business connected with the testamentary settlement of estates; the titles of the colonists to the lands which they had purchased were annulled; and he declared all deeds derived from the Indians "no better than the scratch of a bear's paw." At length, the spirit of the "Old Bay State" roused itself, determining no longer to submit to such oppression: and on the 1st of April, 1689, the Bostonians, aided by the inhabitants of their vicinity, made themselves masters of the Castle, and threw Sir Edmund and his council into prison, from whence they were remanded to England for trial.

When the abdication of James and the establishment of William and Mary on the Throne removed the cloud from Great Britain and her dependencies, the oracular Oak opened its bosom, and restored the trusted Charter to the rejoicing people. This venerated tree stands on the domain originally belonging to the Hon. Samuel Wylllys, one of the earliest magistrates.

trates and most distinguished founders of the State of Connecticut. His mansion, which was noted for its elegance, during the simplicity of colonial times, was the wonder of the roaming red man ; and its surrounding grounds were laid out somewhat in imitation of the fair estate he had left in his own native Warwickshire. In its garden, anciently laid out by him, are still found apple trees bearing fruit, which he imported from Normandy 150 years since. By his virtues and dignified deportment, he acquired great influence over the Indians, whose wigwams were thickly planted in the great meadows toward the south-east, and along the margin of Connecticut river. When their midnight carousals arose to such a point that a quarrel might be apprehended, he often stilled their uproar, and sent them affrighted to their homes by a few words uttered from his open window through his speaking-trumpet, in the name of their Great Spirit. Such was the security and confidence in the honesty of the people, in which that honourable and wealthy family dwelt, that till within sixty years, a large silver cup was left unharmed by a well, for the accommodation of all, who in passing through the premises might wish to taste its waters.

The handsome modern structure of I. W. Stuart, Esq. now occupies the site of the ancient Wyllys' mansion, and the venerable Charter-Oak, which is highly appreciated by its present owners, and much visited by strangers, preserves, though strongly marked by time, a vigorous old age. Some of its pressed leaves, or small articles made from a supernumerary branch, in the form of boxes, letter-folders, &c., are found to be acceptable gifts, both to the antiquarian and the patriot.

THE GREAT OAK OF GENESEO.

TO THE CHARTER-OAK AT HARTFORD.

FRIEND of the rising Sun! thy words were fair,
 And should ere this have claimed my answering care,
 But age is tardy, and the truth to tell,
 I boast no clerkly skill, like those who dwell
 Where every little district hath its school,
 The pen, that subtle wand of thought to rule.
 Yet still I give thee thanks, for long thy name
 Hath been familiar, and its annalled fame,
 Thine open bosom at thy country's need,
 Thy prompt allegiance to her hero's deed,
 Thy stanch secretiveness, thy fair renown,
 The waving honours of thy verdant crown;
 And should a despot's step again invade
 Her peaceful counsels, or her quiet shade,
 May other veterans at her summons leap,
 And other sacred Oaks her archives keep.

Far into times remote my memory strays,
 And with the mist of buried ages plays,
 When but the unshorn forest marked the glade,
 And tribes of men, who like its leaves decayed,
 The roving hunters' toil their food supplied,
 The war their pastime, and the chase their pride.

Stern, lofty chiefs the various clans controlled,
With stony eye and brows unmoved and cold,
They raised their arm, the war-dance wheeled its
round,

The unshrinking captive to the stake was bound,
Fierce torture strode, barbaric revels reigned,
And orgies dire the ear of midnight pained.

Like the wild billows on some troubled bay,
Rose the brief tribes and raged and sank away.
Though few the traits their barren history gave,
And fate ordained them for oblivion's grave,
Yet still, so deep, 'mid all the floods of time,
Are notched the waymarks of our earliest prime,
That by their side life's later traces seem
The idle pageants of a passing dream.

Yes, even as yesterday, to me in thought,
Appears the change, a pale-browed race have wrought.
They came, new blossoms sprang, new fountains flowed,
O'er the blue stream the white-winged vessels rode,
To sudden birth, the frequent village strove
Like full-armed Pallas from the brain of Jove,
Fair herds and flocks o'er velvet meadows stray,
Where erst the wolf and panther prowled for prey,
While broad canals unite with giant chain
The wondering inland to the mighty main,
Lo! the poor red man, feeling in his heart
The long-drawn drama of his power depart,
Stood for a moment, in his fallen pride,
Like statued bronze, by rock or river side,
Bent o'er his fathers' grave, with sigh suppress,
While speechless anguish heaved his ample breast,

Gazed till deep midnight veiled his favourite
Then westward journeyed, to return no more.

Friend at the East ! though many a year hath
Light-winged and scathless o'er my towering
Yet now, methinks, drear Winter longer reigns
And Spring, more tardy, wakes the frost-bound
While through my veins a feebl' current flows
To make resistance to my stormy foes ;
But this is Age, we both must own its sway
And thou and I, like frailer man, decay.

Of them thou ask'st, who from thy native scene
Where thy fair river flows in pride serene,
Since the last brief half-century's fleeting shade
Became the owners of my sylvan glade.
Brothers of noble name and manly prime,
An honour to their blest New England clime,
Who dauntless bore the hardships, toil, and strife
That mark the opening of colonial life.
God blessed their way,—the harvest reared its
And snowy flocks o'er hills and valleys spread :
God blessed their way,—and in their mansion
Pure hospitality, and virtuous love.

The elder parted first, the man of might,
The strong in battle, for his country's right,
Who, on her northern shore, with veteran zeal,
Endured the sharpness of the British steel ;
Yet mild in peaceful age, his hoary head
Sank, full of honours, to its lowly bed.
But now, alas ! the recent mourners bend,
Where sleeps in dust, the master and the friend

Who propped my roots against the encroaching tide,
And led admiring strangers to my side.
Sweet plants of love he gathered round his breast,
And drank their fragrance, till he went to rest ;
His princely wealth sustained the arts refined,
And poured rich bounties o'er the realm of mind,
For this an unborn race, with grateful prayers,
Shall bless his memory and record his cares.

But hark ! autumnal winds careering low,
Announce the coming of the wintry foe,
I bow myself, my adverse lot to take,
With such poor aid, as age and sorrow make ,
Damp through my boughs the mournful breezes swell,
And sigh amid my leaves, Master and friend, farewell !

The brothers, Messrs. William and James Wadsworth, left their native Connecticut in early manhood, for Western New York. The region of Geneseo, where they decided to fix their residence, was entirely uncultivated, and their personal labours, with the contrast to the state of society and habits of life to which they had been accustomed, were great. But by firm endurance and prudent foresight they overcame every obstacle, and laid the foundation of extensive wealth and influence, which they used for the good of others. The elder accepted a command in the service of his country, during her last war with Great Britain, and was wounded in battle. He died at an advanced age, highly respected and honoured.

The death of Mr. James Wadsworth, is a recent sor-

row. It took place at his beautiful mansion in month of June, 1844. Refinement of feeling, intellectual tastes, and a noble hospitality, were among features of his character; and hoary years brought no mental declension, and drew no shade over ardent affections by which he was distinguished, in whose reciprocity was his undeclining solace. Grief of those most dear to him is shared by hearts, to whom his liberality in the cause of education had rendered him a benefactor. The establishment of schools, the diffusion of books, and the modes of culture for the unfolding mind, occupied much of his thought and effort during the latter part of life. And surely no form of munificence so entitled to a more grateful and lasting remembrance than that which promotes the right education of youth, especially in a republic, where most emphatically "knowledge is power," and ignorance and vice the reverse of safety.

The Great Western Tree, so celebrated for its solidity and magnificence, is on the estate of the Hon. James Wadsworth. It is a white oak, of noble foliage, with a trunk seventy feet in height, even protrusion of the branches, and thirty in circumference, so that seven persons are scarcely able to clasp it, arms extended to their utmost length. It stands on the banks of the Genesee, whose gently flowing waters wind their way through broad valleys, studded with fine trees, rising singly or in groups, and for the very perfection of park scenery. In the old State of New York, the surrounding region bears the appellation of "*Big Tree*," and an Indian chieftain of the same name formerly ruled over a tribe inhab-

that vicinity. In winter he resided on the uplands, and in summer came with his people, to cultivate some lands adjoining the "Big Tree." Beneath its dense canopy the chiefs of neighbouring tribes often assembled to hold council, to see their young men contend in athletic games, to advise them to good conduct, and invoke on their nation, the blessing of the Great Spirit.

This majestic Oak is supposed to have attained the age of at least 1000 and possibly 1500 years. Of its date there is neither history nor tradition, but one of a similar species, and of less than a third part of its diameter, having been cut down, revealed three hundred annual circles.

The neighbouring aborigines were accustomed of old to regard it with veneration, as a sort of intelligent or tutelary being.

Among the tribes who formerly inhabited the valley of the Geneseo was a small one which had made such progress in civilization, as to be able to speak a little English, to read imperfectly, and to sing psalms very well. They often conducted their simple worship under the spreading branches of the "Big Tree." In the summer of 1790, Mr. William Wadsworth (afterwards the General), received the appointment of Captain, and paraded his company of fifty or sixty men, collected from a space now equal to two or three counties, in front of the log house then tenanted by himself and his brother. The chief of the before-mentioned tribe, who was a man of mild and friendly disposition, attended to witness the spectacle. His countenance was observed to be strongly marked with sadness. Mr. James Wadsworth inquired what was the cause of his

depression. Pointing to the company of soldiers, and then turning to the remnant of his own people, he said mournfully, "*You are the rising sun ; but we are the setting sun ;*" and, covering his head with his mantle, wept bitterly.

SUNRISE AT NEW LONDON.

THE welkin glows! what floods of purple light,
 Announce the coming of the King of Day—
 The streaming rays that every moment grow
 More tremulously bright, in haste uplift
 The diamond-pointed spear, and swiftly run
 Before his chariot. Lo! with dazzling pomp
 The gates of morning burst, and forth he comes
 In light ineffable, and strength supreme,
 Best image of the God that rules the world.
 Hill-top, and sacred spire, and monument,
 Receive him first, with princely reverence,
 And blushing, point him to the vales below.
 The sea doth greet him flecked with gliding sails,
 That catch his radiance on their breast of snow,
 While joyously the little islands touch
 Their waving coronets in loyalty.
 Up go the aspiring rays, and reddening fall
 On dome, and spreading tree, and cheerful haunt
 Of peace and plenty. Here our fathers dwelt,
 Simply in ancient times, the scattered huts
 Of the dark Indian, mingling with their own.
 Methinks even now, amid yon garden shades,
 Or on the margin of his liliated lake,
 Sage Winthrop walks, our old colonial sire,
 Musing how best to advance his country's weal.
 On his broad forehead *sits* the conscious thought

Of power unmixed with pride, and that pure warmth
Of patriotism, which nerved him to endure
Toil and privation, for the infant State
That well his wisdom ruled.

See, rosy beams
Kindle around the pleasant home, where dwelt
The saintly Huntington, in danger tried,
The firm in battle, and the fond of peace.
High in the friendship of Mount Vernon's chief,
He walked in meekness, on to life's decline,
Seeking that honour which from God doth come,
And hath its crown above the starry skies.
But ah! the slant rays tint a lowly grave,
Where rests the tuneful bard, by nature loved.
Brainard! the echoes of thy spirit-lyre
Do warn us hither, and we fain would sit
Beside thy pillow, and commune with thee.
O, gentle friend! the autumnal dews are chill
Upon thy grassy bed, and the frail flowers
Whose saddened hearts are ominous of ill,
Cling closely there, as if they knew that thou,
Like them, didst feel an early frost and die.
Yet art thou of that band that cannot die.
Thou hast a dwelling with us, and thy words
Are sweetly on our lips, at close of day,
At lamp-light, by the hearth-stone. Unforgot
Shalt thou remain, for the sweet germs of song
Do flourish, when the gauds of wealth and pomp
Sink in oblivion.

Lo! the risen sun
Stays not his course, but o'er the horizon sends
The Maker's message. On he goes, to wake
The self-same joys and sorrows, that have trod

Beside him from Creation. In his track
Spring up the chronicles of days that were,
And legends that the hoary-headed keep
In memory's treasure-house, when pitiless war
And Arnold's treason, woke the fires that made
A people homeless. See, on yonder spot,
Where the white column marks the buried brave,
Came the poor widow, and the orphan band,
Searching 'mid piles of carnage, for the forms
More dear than life.

But sure, yon kingly orb,
'Mid all the zones through which his chariot rolls,
Beholds no realm more favoured than our own,
Here, in this broad green West. So may he find
Hands knit in brotherhood, and hearts inspired
With love to Him from whom all blessings flow.

New London, in Connecticut, is pleasantly situated a short distance from the junction of the Thames with Long Island Sound. Nature has conferred upon it important advantages of position and defence. She scooped a noble basin just within the mouth of the Thames, on the west side of which she spread an uneven rocky projection in the form of a crescent. On this spot the city is built. The hills of Groton and the low sands of Waterford extend on either hand like outstretched arms around the harbour. Fisher's Island stands back as an additional embankment on the east. Other small islands of the Sound recede into dark specks upon its bosom, and the narrow line of Long Island, lying like the edge of a slender cloud upon the limits of the horizon, vary the prospect with the elements of beauty and grandeur.

Fort Trumbull occupies an eligible situation for protection of the harbour and town. The old fort has been entirely demolished, and a costly structure planned with ability, and so far as it has yet advanced executed in a solid and symmetrical style, is now upon its ruins. Opposite, on the east side of the river is Fort Griswold, the site of one of the most barbarous massacres which occurred during the revolutionary war. This also has been repaired, and an additional battery erected for an outpost, but the main fortification remains the same.

A monumental column of granite, erected to commemorate the fatal action of Groton Fort on the 6th of September, 1781, forms a conspicuous ornament to this height. It is built of hewn stone, taken from a quarry not far distant. It is 125 feet high, and stands on a hill on which it stands 129 feet above the level of the ocean. The ascent is by 168 stone steps, rising gradually on the inside. But the prospect amply repays the toil of the ascent. The landscape, though not so rich and luxuriant as many others, is perhaps as varied and interesting as any in New England. On the south you have the Sound with its winding shores, its green islands and lovely islands, and on the north, the Connecticut River, retiring behind the hills towards Northampton. Those hills themselves, once the residence of the Narragansett tribe of Indians, suggest numerous associations connected with the fast-decaying tribe; and the highest summit is crowned with a small white picturesque church, erected some few years since for the benefit of the poor. On the west, and apparently beneath its feet, lies New London with its streets and dwellings.

conspicuously displayed, its spires and masts, its rising forts, and its spacious and well-defined harbour.

On the south front of the monument, a marble entablature is fitted into the walls, containing the names of the eighty-one persons who perished in the fort. Only a few of these fell at the taking of the fort. By far the greater part were slain after the surrender with the sword and bayonet, when they had thrown down their arms and were supplicating mercy. The British landed in two divisions. That which assailed the fort was commanded by Lt. Col. Eyre, and Majors Montgomery and Bloomfield. The western division was commanded by Arnold the traitor, who planned the expedition, and was its leader and guide. He landed below Fort Trumbull, marched directly to New London, and the town and shipping were soon enveloped in flames. Arnold was born in Norwich, only fourteen miles from the place which he so wantonly destroyed. The beautiful place of his birth is ashamed of his memory.

New London was one of the earliest settled towns in the State. Its founder, John Winthrop, Esq., son to the first governor of Massachusetts, was distinguished as a scholar, patriot, and gentleman. He was born in 1605, in Groton, England, but emigrated to this country as soon as he had completed his education. He interested himself warmly in the young colony of Connecticut, and in 1648 was one of the band of forty citizens who came with their families and commenced a settlement at New London. For many successive years he was chosen governor of the colony, and will always be numbered among its brightest ornaments. The mansion-house which he built at New London, is

still one of the most elegant residences in the place. Its present proprietor, Charles A. Lewis, Esq., while he has sedulously preserved the original plan of the building, has added to its beauty and convenience, and greatly improved and embellished the grounds. The situation is fine, commanding a view of the town and harbour, and having a beautiful, gem-like lakelet in the rear, with a romantic mill-stream by its side.

Among her distinguished men, New London reckons also, another Governor Winthrop, Fitz-John Winthrop, Esq., the son of the founder, who acquired an honourable reputation both as a military commander and by the success with which he managed a diplomatic agency in London. Likewise, another of our old colonial governors, Gurdon Saltonstall, Esq., lived and died in New London, and previous to his advancement to the highest office in the colony, was the beloved and highly revered minister of the town.

Nor should the name of Gen. Jedediah Huntington be omitted. He was long a resident of New London, though a native of Norwich, and thither, in compliance with his own request, his remains were removed and deposited in the tomb of his ancestors. He commanded a regiment as early as the year 1775, served at one time as aid to Gen. Washington, whose esteem and confidence he always retained, and before the conclusion of the war, attained the rank of a general officer. He settled in New London immediately after the war, and from that time until his death held the office of collector of the revenue of the port. He chose for the site of his dwelling, a beautiful eminence, then in the rear of the town, though now the buildings have spread beyond it, and built a solid and convenient house, in

a style which has been called the *cottage ornée*. It is now the property of Rev. Mr. Hurlburt. The taste and elegance of the building, the fine water prospect which it commands, its beautiful trees and grassy slopes, render it a delightful residence.

Among the buildings that escaped the conflagration of the traitor Arnold, is the house of Judge Brainard, the father of G. G. C. Brainard, the gifted poet of New London. Long will his memory be cherished among the favourite melodists of his native land. He was born and passed the greater part of his life in this place, and to his associations with its pursuits, and the influence of its scenery on his mind, we may trace some of the most original imagery of his poems. Here in the arms of fraternal affection at the early age of thirty-two, he meekly resigned life, with all its tissue of joys and sorrows. His disposition was tinged with melancholy, the world had never seemed to him radiant with sunshine, but his last days were bright with immortal hopes. He died at peace with his Maker, in the faith of the gospel, and to use his own words: "Forgiving all, and praying for the salvation of all."

I roamed where Thames old Ocean's breast doth cheer,
Pouring from crystal urn the waters sheen,
What time dim twilight's silent step was near,
And gathering dews impearled the margin green ;
Yet, though mild autumn with a smile serene
Had gently fostered summer's lingering bloom,
Methought strange sadness lingered o'er the scene,
While the lone river, murmuring on in gloom,
Deplored its sweetest bard, laid early in the tomb.

His soul for friendship formed, sublime, sincere,
Of each ungenerous deed his high disdain,
Perchance the cold world scanned with eye severe ;
Perchance his harp, her guerdon failed to gain ;
But Nature guards his fame, for not in vain
He sang her shady dells and mountains hoar,
King Philip's billowy bay repeats his name,
To its grey tower, and with eternal roar
Niagara bears it on, to the far-echoing shore.

Each sylvan haunt he loved, the simplest flowe
That burned Heaven's incense in its bosom fair
The crested billow, with its fitful power,
The chirping nest that claimed a mother's care,
All woke his worship, as some altar rare
Or sainted shrine doth win the pilgrim's knee ;
And he hath gone to rest, where earth and air
Lavish their sweetest charms, while loud and free
Sounds forth the wind-swept harp of his own native
sea.

His country's brave defenders, few and grey,
By penury stricken, with despairing sighs,
He nobly sang, and breathed a warning lay
Lest from their graves a withering corse should rise :
But now, where pure and bright, the peaceful skies
And watching stars look down on Groton's height,
Their monument attracts the traveller's eyes,
Whose souls unshrinking took their martyr flight,
When Arnold's traitor-sword flashed out in fiendish
might.

With glad hand her frolic germs had sown,
Islands clustered round his manly head,
Farlands withered, and he stood alone
On his cheek the gnawing hectic fed,
Dying death-dews o'er his temple spread :
His soul a quenchless star arose,
Unhallowed beams their brightest lustre shed
The dimmed eye to its last pillow goes,—
Slept where it led, and found a saint's repose.

Adieu farewell ! The rippling stream shall hear
The echo of thy sportive oar :
Thy loved group, thy father's halls that cheer,
The magic of thy presence more ;
All their tears thy broken lyre deplore ;
Thine image, warm and deathless, dwell
In those who love the minstrel's tuneful lore,
And thy music, like a treasured spell,
Sleep within their souls. Lamented bard, fare-
well !

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

Lo ! 'mid yon vale's secluded green,
 Through clustering thickets dimly seen,
 The village church, whose walls of snow,
 Column, nor arch, nor buttress show,
 Nor taper spire, nor tuneful bell,
 With echoing chime, or funeral knell,
 To pour upon the balmy air
 Sweet warning to the house of prayer.

Yet from their humble homes the train
 As duly wind o'er hill and plain,
 As faithful heed the hallowed day,
 As gladly press, their vows to pay,
 And hear God's word with trust as fair
 As though Religion's pomp were there.

Bent o'er his staff, with temples grey,
 The aged Pastor takes his way,
 Through shady lanes, where dew-drops bright
 Exulting, shun the blaze of light;
 And pondering calm, those holy themes
 That win the soul from earthly dreams,
 Thinks of his flock, with shepherd's care,
 And bears them on his voiceless prayer.

Here, in this rustic glebe, content,
The vigour of his prime he spent ;
Here found the bride who cheered his breast,
And here his children's children blest.
And sooth to say, had wealth or power
Broke with their wiles his musing hour,
The richer meed, the wider fame,
The tinkling cymbal of a name,
Perchance had checked devotion's sway,
Or stolen its heaven-born zeal away.

An upright man he was, and kind,
A model for the virtuous mind ;
No envious eye, nor gossip's tongue
A shadow o'er his name had flung ;
Still to his board, though scantily drest,
He freely led the entering guest,
Nor bade, beside his lowly gate
The unrequited suppliant wait ;
Though like the Levite, who of old,
Nor lands might claim, nor hoarded gold,
He held, amid the soil he trod
No heritage, save Israel's God.

See, round the simple porch, a train,
With greeting smile, his step detain,
Whose kindling eye, and reverent air,
Their love and gratitude declare,
For him, who long with fervent tone
Had made their joys and woes his own.
Nor he that honest warmth restrains
Meet payment for his toils and pains ;

Unskilled with cold or formal art
To freeze the current of the heart,
Or frown on even an infant's zeal
The pressure of his hand to feel.

As o'er the sacred desk he bends
Each glance toward him confiding bends,
For though in quaint or homely phrase
The great salvation he displays,
Yet thoughts of holy love and zeal
Some touch of eloquence reveal,
And changing brow, and starting tear,
Bespeak that eloquence sincere.

Meanwhile, with well-uplifted heart,
The old precentor bears a part ;
And waking loud the ancient chime,
His hand high raised to beat the time,
Calls forth no wild Italian trill,
But childhood's accents, sweetly shrill,
And quavering age, with tresses white,
In one full burst of praise unite.

There sits the farmer, brown with toil,
Whose hardened hands have tilled the soil,
Since first an urchin, strong and gay,
He gamboiled 'mid the new-mown hay.
And by his side his faithful wife
Unspoiled by pomps or gauds of life,
Who 'mid her hardy offspring blest,
Her slumbering infant on her breast,
Deems not that aught of scorn or shame
Blends with a nursing mother's name,

Even though in Heaven's own temple, she
Essays its tenderest ministry.

Still, through the casement's humble screen,
A consecrated spot is seen,
Where peaceful laid in lowly bed,
With springing turf and daisies spread,
The fathers, 'neath that hallowed shade
Serenely sleep, where once they prayed.
And pensive are the thoughts that stray
To dear ones wrapped in mouldering clay,
And fervent is the love, and free,
That clings, sequestered church, to thee,
Who thus dost rear a guardian head,
To bless the living and the dead.

The churches that spring up on every village green are pleasing and peculiar features of the scenery of New England. They are often seen side by side with the small school-house, in loving brotherhood, teachers for this life and the next.

The simplicity of the appearance of many of their congregation might be an object of curious observation to those accustomed only to the fashionably-dressed throngs of city worshippers. I once attended divine service, many years since, with some friends, in an exceedingly secluded village, at the distance of a few miles from the spot where we were spending a part of the summer. The church was small and antique, and remote from other buildings. The interior was divided into square pews, the unpainted wood around the top

of each, being wrought into a row of small banners while over the pulpit was suspended a cur sounding-board, which might seem, like the sword of Damocles, to menace the head beneath it.

The audience was almost entirely composed of practical agriculturalists and their families. They were attired with perfect neatness, though with little conformity to the reigning modes. Their bronzed and toil-hardened hands showed that the physical comfort of a day of rest might be appreciated, their intelligent and serious countenances evincing that they aspired to its higher privileges.

The weather being warm, many of the farmers moved their coats, depositing them on the backs of their seats, and seemed much to enjoy the additional coolness, while they thus disclosed the snowy whiteness of their coarse, home-made linen; that now obsolete branch of manufacture, which had such an affinity with habits of domestic industry and economy. Their wives were evidently enured to toil, nor were they at all ashamed. A few of the mothers bore in their arms healthful and ruddy infants, leaving probably no one at home with whom they could safely entrust so precious a charge. They seemed to make no time for or if any was anticipated, the mother withdrew them. Here and there one might be seen in a slumber, entirely releasing the attention of the parent. Sleeping innocence is always beautiful, and the guileless spirit of the babe need not be counted unfitting, though an unwonted guest, in the temple of a God of truth.

The form of the aged pastor was bent with time, and his thin hair of a silvery whiteness. For more

fifty years he had been the guide and friend of his people :—

“ And ne’er had changed, nor wished to change his place.”

The affection was reciprocal, and it was touching to see with what attention they listened to every word that fell from his lips. His voice was tremulous, and the involuntary movement of his hand paralytic, but he spoke to them of sacred themes, and they loved them the better because he uttered them, and him the better because his life had so long been in harmony with what he taught. For two generations he had been with them, at bridal, and at burial, at the christening-carol, and at the death-wail. He had rejoiced in their prosperity, and at their last conflict with the Spoiler, had armed himself with prayer, and stood by, until there was no more breath. He had shed the baptismal dew on infant brows, that, now mottled with grey, bent over their children’s children. His flock had not been so numerous but that every part of their history was familiar to him, and kept its place in his memory. Such an intercourse had created, as it ought, no common attachment. They saw that his step was feeble, and that time had taken from him somewhat of manhood’s glory ; but they remembered that he had grown old in their service, that his eye had become dim, while he cared for their souls, and every infirmity was a new bond of sympathy. If there were any of the young, who might have taken pride in a modern preacher, one less prolix, or more after the fashion of the day, they checked the thought ere it was spoken, for they had learned to venerate their faithful pastor, from the patriarch who had *gone* to rest. Little children

imitated their parents, and gathered around treasuring all he said to them, and the love that came down from other generations seemed not to decayed at the root, or to have ceased from bearing.

The intermission between the services was short. Most of the congregation, coming from quite a distance, did not return home at noon. Their horses were sheltered by sheds, constructed for that purpose while they, seated in groups, amid clumps of forest trees, partook such refreshments as they brought for the occasion.

On the banks of a transparent, winding stream had our coach-cushions spread, and enjoyed the freshness of the hour. It was pleasant to see families gathering together, with their healthful children on the green turf, beneath canopies of shade.

In an interesting group near us, the hoary grandfather, with lifted hands, besought the Divine blessing on their simple repast. Here and there the young walked by themselves on the margin of the fair stream but there seemed in their deportment or conversation nothing unworthy of the consecrated day. We turned home from the little Village Church church and I hope edified by its devotion, and the benevolent and time-tried love of the white-haired shepherd to his confiding flock.

It would seem that the religious sentiment was indigenous to an agricultural people. The formal coldness of fashionable life do not check its aspirations or absorb its nutriment. They have fewer temptations to those immoralities which stamp it with hypocrisy while habitual toil restrains the effervescence

spirit, and chastises its hurtful imaginings. Their business is among His works, and with Him who deals the sunbeam and the shower, and without whose smile their harvest-hope is vain.

The patience, and prudence, and simplicity of their mode of life apparently involves some preparatory discipline for the ritual of the lowly Redeemer. Every season has in itself some work or forethought for the comfort of another season, so that the year brings no period in which they can rest with pride on the agency of second causes, and forget their reliance on the Supreme. They might say with an old writer, "when the tulip fades we must shear our sheep for the winter," and when the corn ripens we select our seeds for the spring-furrow. The toils of the whole year are as a dial-plate, pointing the thoughtful mind to Him who has promised, that "summer and winter, and seed-time and harvest, shall not cease."

The contentment of a life of agriculture, with moderate gains, and its freedom from the restless visions of sudden, unlaborious accumulation, are both a protection to its purity, and a positive wealth. An emphatic writer has said, "The herdsman in his clay shealing, where his very cow and dog are friends to him, not a falling stream but carries memories for him; not a mountain but nods old recognition, his life all encircled as in a blessed mother's arms,—is it poorer than the man's with ass-loads of yellow metal?"

If there are truly, as there would appear to be, tendencies in a life of agriculture to the principles and practice of piety, we may well rejoice in the immense

expanse of land which our country offers for this profession, and echo the sentiment of the bard of Rydal-Mount:—

“ Praise to the sturdy spade,
And patient plough, and shepherd's simple crook.”

FUNERAL AT NAZARETH,

IN PENNSYLVANIA.

THE Sabbath summer-sun declined
To its bright, western goal,
And o'er the green, Moravian vales
Serene enchantment stole.

'Twould seem as if the holy rest
Of heaven's anointed hour,
Here found response in every breast,
And breathed from every flower.

Then slowly from the house of God
Came forth a funeral train,
And with a measured movement trod
Along the velvet plain.

The little coffin of a babe
Borne in the midst was seen,
While village children, two and two,
Walked near, with serious mien.

Beside the church-yard gate they paused,
And woke an anthem's thrill,
While flutes and clarions mingle soft
With music's perfect skill.

Methought it tenderly implored,
Though not a word was said,
Room for another guest to swell
The assembly of the dead.

Then through the unclosing gate they passed,
And up the hillock wound,
Where peaceful slept their kindred clay
In consecrated ground.

Nor weed, nor straw, nor mouldering leaf
Defaced their sacred bed,
But tireless care, and chosen spot
With Nature's beauty spread.

Rich evergreens, and willows fair
In graceful ranks had grown,
And thickly planted flowerets clasped
Each horizontal stone.

And then the reverend Pastor read,
As 'mid the graves he trod,
In the deep German's solemn lore,
Words from the Book of God.

"I am the resurrection, saith
The Lord, who life can give,
And whosoe'er on me believes,
Though he were dead, shall live."

Beside the narrow pit they stood,
Grooved 'mid the verdure deep,
And while the children bent to see
Where the fair babe should sleep,—

Forth burst a glorious triumph-strain,
As if from heaven it prest,
The welcome of the seraph-train
To some accepted guest :—

The welcome of the harps that praise
Jehovah, night and day,
To one that early 'scaped the snares
Of sinful, mortal clay.

Faith stood among the fragrant flowers
That decked the burial-sod,
And cheerful gave the new-born soul
Back to its Father, God.

While Music with her angel-voice,
So quelled affliction's tide,
That even upon the parent's cheek
The starting tear was dried.

So, wrapped in melody and love,
That infant form was laid,
Like sculptured marble, cold and pure,
Within the hallowed shade.

And while the parting summer-sun
Sent forth a blessed ray,
They smoothed its little pillowed turf,
And calmly went their way.

Yet oft shall tender Memory touch
With light that never fails,
That simple funeral scene, amid
The green Moravian vales.

The settlements of Bethlehem and Nazareth, in Pennsylvania, inhabited by the Moravians, are truly interesting to strangers. They exhibit peculiar indications of order, industry, and comfort, and the expanse of ten miles which divides them is marked by neat and careful cultivation. The beauty of the groves was particularly obvious, kept free from underwood, and carpeted with fresh, clean turf, scarcely defaced by a scattered leaf or spray.

The banks of the Lehigh, at Bethlehem, are overshadowed by large, lofty, umbrageous trees, which add much to the romantic character of the landscape. We visited the school for girls, which enjoyed a high reputation in early times, when our country could boast but few institutions for the education of females. The different classes seemed in perfect order, and the countenances of the pupils evinced contentment and happiness. The gardens belonging to the establishment, which are pleasantly laid out, and decorated with fountains, were shown us, by an ancient guide, who said he had in youth been a soldier under Frederick the Great. The contrast must be strong indeed, between the drill of a military despot, and the blessed lore of the florist.

The spacious church at Bethlehem is adorned with the portraits of many missionaries; the sect of Moravians having very early entered the field of missionary labour, and wrought there with a tireless and self-denying zeal.

Our approach to Nazareth, which was from the beautiful region of Wyoming, through Bear-Creek, Stoddardsville, &c., was rendered striking by passing at the hour of sunset the base of a lofty mountain, from

those empurpled summit rays of crimson and gold rent streaming up the horizon in prolonged and magnificent coruscations. Nazareth has a school for boys, which was well filled, and maintained a good reputation. Its members seemed to enjoy that health of body and those salubrious moral influences, without which the intellectual gains of the young are but a mockery.

Nazareth is less populous than Bethlehem, and from its more secluded situation, has better preserved those primitive and distinguishing characteristics, which it is so pleasant to study in a state of society, where goodness and piety prevail.

Among the more prominent of these, were simplicity of manners, uniformity in the style of building, furniture, and apparel, and a happy ignorance of those fashions and ceremonies, which levy so great a tax upon a short life. Their attention to children was also conspicuous; not an indulgence of their appetites, or wayward fancies, but a patience of explanation, and a kind care to interest them in whatever appertains to the welfare of this life or the next.

It would seem to be the habit of their pastors sometimes to adapt a portion of their discourses peculiarly to them. A sermon on the miracle of our Saviour at the Lake of Gennesaret, opened with a graphic description of that lake, the extent of its waters, and the scenery of the Holy Land by which it was encompassed, mingled with simplified reflections calculated to attract and instruct the young mind. The children of the congregation, who sat together, were seen lifting their bright faces to the speaker, with delighted attention. They knew this portion was for them,

and received it as the tender plant inhales the dew-drop.

At the funeral obsequies, which have been imperfectly delineated in the preceding poem, the dead babe was borne into the church, and the greater part of the afternoon address was to the little ones who gathered around. They listened earnestly to the clergyman, as to a father, while he taught them, in their native German, of the happy return of infancy to the arms of its Redeemer.

The sacred and soul-stirring music with which this interment was attended, it would be in vain to attempt to describe. It was produced by a few of the young men of the village, who, bearing different instruments in perfect accord, walked at the head of the procession. They breathed the very soul of that melody, which mingling with the tender solemnity of the scene, raised the thoughts to Heaven. Some writer has said of a troubled realm, that "its national music lulled to sleep all its wrathful passions." So those solemn and harmonious strains seemed to charm away that bitterness of grief which is wont to linger round the grave where affection deposits its treasures.

After the burial, the people passed in the same order in which they had followed the little one to its last repose, through a public garden adorned with shrubbery and flowers, adjoining the cemetery. The countenances of the children were sweet and serious, as those who had not associated the death of a Christian babe with dread or terror. I thought the lesson they had learned there, impressed as it was by the words of inspiration, and the influence of music, would not soon be forgotten. Might we not also ourselves have r

one, worthy of being remembered, how the
of infant innocence might be made beautiful?
an parental sorrow might aspire to the sublime
that "cheerful giver, whom God loveth?"

and gentle spirit is manifested by the Mo-
in their intercourse with each other, and with
denominations of Christians. The time thus
om conflicts about shades of opinion, they have
pent in giving a deeper growth to that charity
he Gospel requires. Perhaps they think with
osopher, that "the true wealth of a man is the
of things that he loves and blesses, that he is
nd blessed by."

they have learned of a better Teacher, and seem
have kept the test which He enjoined,—
oy shall men know that ye are my disciples, if
one another."

FALLEN FORESTS.

MAN's warfare on the trees is terrible.
He lifts his rude hut in the wilderness,
And lo! the loftiest trunks, that age on age
Were nurtured to nobility, and bore
Their summer coronets so gloriously,
Fall with a thunder-sound, to rise no more.
He toucheth flame unto them, and they lie
A blackened wreck, their tracery and wealth
Of sky-fed emerald, madly spent to feed
An arch of brilliance for a single night,
And scaring thence the wild deer and the fox,
And the lithe squirrel from the nut-strewn hon
So long enjoyed.

He lifts his puny arm,
And every echo of the axe doth hew
The iron heart of centuries away.
He entereth boldly to the solemn groves
On whose green altar-tops, since time was your
The winged birds have poured their incense sti
Of praise and love, within whose mighty nave
The wearied cattle from a thousand hills
Have found their shelter 'mid the heat of day ;
Perchance in their mute worship pleasing Him

Who careth for the meanest He hath made.
I said he entereth to the sacred groves
Where Nature in her beauty bends to God,
And lo ! their temple-arch is desecrate ;
Sinks the sweet hymn, the ancient ritual fades,
And uptorn roots, and prostrate columns mark
The invader's footsteps.

Silent years roll on,
His babes are men. His ant-heap dwelling grows
Too narrow, for his hand hath gotten wealth.
He builds a stately mansion, but it stands
Unblessed by trees. He smote them recklessly
When their green arms were round him, as a guard
Of tutelary deities, and feels
Their maledictions, now the burning noon
Maketh his spirit faint. With anxious care
He casteth acorns in the earth, and woos
Sunbeam and rain ; he planteth the young shoot,
And props it from the storm ; but neither he,
Nor yet his children's children shall behold
What he hath swept away.

Methinks 't were well,
Not as a spoiler or a thief, to roam
O'er Nature's bosom, that sweet, gentle nurse
Who loveth us, and spreads a sheltering couch
When our brief task is o'er. On that green mound
Affection's hand may set the willow-tree,
Or train the cypress, and let none profane
Her pious care.

Oh, Father ! grant us grace
In all life's toils, so, with a stedfast hand
Evil and good to poise, as not to mark
Our way with wrecks, not when the sands of time

Run low, with saddened eye the past survey,
And mourn the rashness time can ne'er restore.

No one nurtured in New England, amid the
ration of fine trees, can traverse the more re-
settled regions of New York, and especially the
Western States, without bemoaning the reck-
with which the ancient glory of the forest is sac-
Hills and vales are seen covered with stately an-
mense trunks, blackened with flame, and smitten
in every form and variety of misery. They lie
soldiers, when the battle is done, in the waters, and
the ashes, wounded, beheaded, denuded of their
their exhumed roots, like *chevaux de frise*, glaring
the astonished eye.

The roof of the smallest log-hut, or shanty,
the signal of extinction to the most sacred and
groves; and Cromwell advanced not more surely
Naseby to the throne, than the axe-armed set
the destruction of the kingly trees of He-
anointing.

The extirpation of the thicket from the field
the bread for his household must grow, is of com-
work of necessity. But a far-reaching mind will
here and there the time-honoured tree, to protect
future mansion from the rays of the noon-day sun.

The wild elephant, when death approaches,
slowly to seek the shadow of lofty trees, and
resigns his breath. Intelligent man, like the
sagacious of animals, might surely spare a few
shelter for his weary head, and a patrimony
unborn race. He might save, here and there

solitary witness to His goodness who causeth those glorious columns of verdure to rise nearer and nearer to His heaven, while the heads of so many generations of men descend to the dust from whence they were at first taken.

It seems almost a wickedness wantonly to smite down a vigorous, healthful tree. It was of God's planting: in its veins are circulating the life which He has given. Its green and mighty arch is full of His beauty and power. It has borne winter and tempest without repining. Spring has duly remembered to awaken it from adversity, and to whisper that the "time of the singing of birds hath come." War may have swept away armies, revolution overturned thrones, time engulfed whole races of men, but there it stood unmoved, unfaded, a chronicler of history, a benefactor to the traveller, a monument of the goodness of the Almighty.

Were our new settlers more frequently men of taste, this indiscriminate warfare upon the trees would be mitigated. They would observe how the lofty oak, beech, or sycamore would adorn the dwelling which increased wealth might enable them to erect, or spread a blessed guardianship over the crystal stream, where the stranger might drink, and rest, and thank God.

The reverence of our ancestors in England for trees is well known. It is not uncommon in some of their parks to observe by a clump of fine trees a stone monument, recording when and by whom it was planted: thus coupling the name of the founder with those masses of unbrageous foliage, which deepen as ages pass by.

Sir Walter Scott speaks of the "exquisite delight

of planting trees." He goes on to say, that "is no art, or occupation so full of past, present future enjoyment." How great the delight of cutting them down may be is best known to those who widely deal in such extermination. Immense numbers must be needed for the wants of our increasing colonies and no blame should be uttered, except for careless and wanton destruction. Still it seems an indulgence to quote further on this subject from a philanthropist before named, who so loved to adorn the face of nature.

"I look back," he says, "to the times when only a part of my grounds there was not a single tree. I look around and see thousands of trees growing all of which have received my personal attention. I remember, five years ago, looking forward with most delighted expectation to this very hour, and as each year passed, the pleasure of the expectation went on increasing. I do the same now; I anticipate what this plantation and that will probably become taken care of, and there is no spot of which I do not watch the progress. Unlike building, or any such pursuit, this pleasure has no end, and is never interrupted; but goes on, from day to day, from year to year, with perpetually augmenting interest."

In striking contrast with what has seemed the entire extinction of some of the lovely works of nature, are the rapid growth and prosperity of the human race, of man, in some of the new sections of our country. Especially at Buffalo, which has a population of 20,000 and all the marks of an enterprising, commercial city it is difficult to believe that not a single house was standing in 1813, at its conflagration, during which

war with England. Its spacious warehouses, hotels, and public buildings, and the numerous floating-places employed in the regular steam-navigation of the lakes would naturally betoken a longer date.

In the streets were many of the aborigines, the Seneca and Tuscarora tribes residing near, and that of the Oneidas, not far distant. We were led to notice the erect and well-proportioned forms of the females, not bending under any burden, and heeding that of their children no more than the weight of the gossamer.

We saw the Chief of the Senecas, the successor of Red-Jacket, a tall man with a very bright eye. Methought his countenance expressed a cunning and adroitness, the fruit of intercourse with the whites, rather than that Roman dignity and taciturnity which of old marked the rulers of the forest, or that tendency to sarcastic eloquence which distinguished his immediate predecessor.

While in the vicinity of the Indian villages, numbers of their females were seen at the different stopping-places on the railroad, offering for sale their neatly-made articles of bark and bead-work. Occasionally they have with them their young infants bound flat upon a board, and incapable of motion except in a very limited degree. They seemed fond of covering them with embroidered mantles, clasped in front with gilded or plated studs and buttons. One of these black-eyed babies was taken through the car-window, and we could not but admire its plump cheeks and smiling face, apparently more full of health and contentment than many of those babes whose nurture is made an unceasing labour both to parents and nurses. A passenger, in

paying for some articles purchased of the mother, offered more money, and inquired what sum would be demanded for the child. At first, the idea was not fully comprehended. But when it was, all the *sang-froid* that the race so often affect vanished like snow before the sun, and with a wild exclamation in her native tongue, the dark-browed mother rushed into the car, stretching out her arms to reclaim her treasure.

Rochester is a pleasant city of rapid growth and extensive resources. Its churches are fine, and it has many handsome private residences. The Falls of the Genesee River are here well worth visiting. The waters are precipitated from a height of nearly one hundred feet, in a volume of much grace and majesty.

Auburn stands on the outlet of the Owasco Lake, a stream of considerable size and power. The Lake itself, a few miles from the village, like the numerous similar bodies of water that diversify the surrounding region, is quite picturesque. The most imposing edifice here is the castellated pile of the State prison, which induced some sad reflections on the mass of human misery which had been, and still, is concentrated within its walls. It is built of granite, occupies more than sixteen acres, and is surrounded by a solid wall of stone, forty feet in height. The front of the principal building is two hundred and seventy-six feet, and the extent of the wings more than four hundred. In the latter are work-shops for various trades; in the cupola, an alarm bell; and on the walls, armed sentinels stationed night and day to shoot down any who might attempt escape. Within these precincts, between seven and eight

hundred convicts are receiving the punishment of their offences.

How many of these were swept away by sudden temptation, and without premeditated purpose of crime? how many from ignorance? how many for want of a friendly hand, an encouraging word to aid their flight from evil? how many for the absence of those checks and motives, which from childhood have been enforced upon us? Human justice cannot take cognisance of all these unexplained causes, and shadowy palliations, which are bound up with secret, unspoken thought. They are the province alone of Him who "weigheth the spirits."

Yet we know that these men on whom society has set its seal of reprobation, had once a mother to whom their infancy was dear, who would have shuddered with agony, had the vision of a felon's cell risen up between her and the cradle whose quiet slumber she watched. Under the influence of such thoughts, it is peculiarly painful to see the abject countenances of the prisoners, and to imagine that you trace in them a destitution of those hopes and feelings which might brighten their period of suffering, with the hope of reformation.

A great proportion of them are foreigners. The poverty and vices of an Older World precipitate themselves upon the New with a fearful freedom. To furnish a poor-house for the decrepit of other realms might be accomplished in our broad land of plenty; but to be a Botany Bay for their criminals is a more revolting and perilous office. Could our own superflux of virtue be relied on to neutralize this mass of evil, there were less to regret. But to our own elements of

internal danger, the thronged highway of the Atlantic is continually adding such materials as ferment in mobs, and might explode in revolutions. As the scape-goat went forth into the wilderness, bearing upon his head the sins of others,—God grant us grace so to sustain these burdens and our own infirmities, as not to make shipwreck at last of our integrity, and stand forth at last a beacon among the nations.

There are so many interesting points in this region of country, that it is difficult either to select for description, or to describe satisfactorily. Every thing about Syracuse betokens vigour and enterprise. The saline springs which supply manufactories of salt, are of inexhaustible resource. From the observatory of its spacious and well-kept hotel, we saw, lighted up by a glorious sunset, a fine, extensive prospect, in which the Onondaga Lake was a prominent and beautiful feature.

Canadaigua, on a lake of the same name, has a great proportion of well-situated and stately edifices; and the beauty of Geneva, on the Seneca Lake, with terraced gardens, sloping down to the mirrored waters, is acknowledged by all visitants. The course taken by the railroad is not often favourable to the disclosure of the charms of a fine country. This is peculiarly the case with regard to the two last-named places. An opportunity of exploring their scenery more intimately was given by the kindness of some esteemed friends, several years before the fire-horse had found his way thither. A ride on the green margin of Seneca Lake, just as the sun in rich robes of purple and gold went to his rest, and the full, queenly moon came forth, will never *be forgotten*. Over this noble sheet of water, which

the windows of our Hotel commanded, the brilliant, tremulous moonbeams diffused a sort of enchantment, which long detained us to gaze and to admire. Suddenly, over the pure expanse glided the most graceful little boat, lifting its measured oars like wings of the sea-bird, and balancing itself as a thing of life; while with proud velocity a steamer passed it by, vomiting smoke and cinders like a suppressed volcano; the Ebal and the Gerizzim of the silver Lake.

A sail down the Cayuga to Ithaca furnishes a delightful little voyage of between forty and fifty miles. The fertility of the surrounding shores, the verdure of the groves, the rural quietness of the mansions occasionally peeping through embowering shades, the beauty of the interspersed settlements, and the influence of the agreeable movement over the bosom of the clear lake, were soothing both to the eye and to the heart. The Cayuga has in some places the depth of one thousand feet, is never frozen, and prolific in fine fish, among which are the salmon trout, occasionally weighing thirty pounds.

The entrance to the sweet village of Ithaca is rendered romantic by a graceful cascade, which starts forth suddenly as if to give you welcome. It is formed by the precipitation of Fall Creek over a prominent and steep rock. A cataract of more power exists in the vicinity, and should always be visited by strangers. Its approach is through an excavation in the form of a tunnel, upon a causeway of boards, over deep, black waters, where one imagines there may be some peril. This feeling probably heightens the effect of the scene, when once more emerging into light, the bold, beautiful torrent bursts upon you, making successive leaps of

great height, while the comparatively small quantity of water causes it to assume a flaky, feathery lightness, which adds to its peculiar beauty.

Utica exhibits undoubted marks of opulence and prosperity. One of its most conspicuous edifices is the State Lunatic Asylum. Its fine Doric portico, and magnificent front of five hundred and fifty feet are of hammered stone, and were completed in 1842. With its various and well-arranged offices and appendages, it is sufficient for the comfortable and even luxurious accommodation of several hundred patients. Attached to it are gardens, and a farm of one hundred and forty acres, where healthful exercise may be obtained by those able and disposed to seek it. A library and schools have been established, and music and a greenhouse are among the pleasures here provided for the diseased mind. This munificent endowment and benevolent sympathy on the part of New York to one of the saddest forms of suffering humanity, is a noble example to her sister States and to the world.

The scenery of Little Falls is strikingly wild and fascinating. Rocks, woods, and waters are thrown together, as if to form a miniature of Switzerland. One would like long to linger in such a region. A feeder of the great western canal is here taken over the Mohawk, by an aqueduct of admirable construction. The Mohawk flows on, often studded with islets like emeralds, through a valley of extreme fertility. Here the reaper seems to wrestle with the bearded wheat, which looks at him, eye to eye, as he does his fatal office. The rich, alluvial region of German Flats is peculiarly beautiful at the ripening harvest.

At Fonda and Johnstown and their vicinity, we

noticed the corn-fields in early summer to abound in a most ingenious variety of scare-crows. Something of the kind is often seen in New England among planted fields, or loaded cherry trees, but not worthy to be compared with these in device or execution. Here were party-coloured pennons, broad white flags and banners, long ropes hung with bright tin filings, and braided wisps of straw, flapping in every breeze; stuffed boys, with one foot raised as in the act of ascension; men in full vigour, brandishing the semblance of a fowling-piece, or some other nondescript weapons; aged sires, with uplifted brow, in an attitude of supplication. Surely some incipient Chantry must ennoble this region, if not

“Some village Hampden, who with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood.”

Yet all this effort and waste of genius was only to oppose the gastronomic propensities of the crows. But the worst of it was, those black-gowned people seemed to fly hither and thither to their heart's content, to sit on the very heads of these same redoubtable effigies, and perhaps to make themselves merry with what was intended to give them so much alarm.

At Lockport the embankments, excavations, double ranges of locks, and the magnificent mason-work, cannot be examined without wonder at the intellect that devised, and the force that executed them. While there, we were induced to embark in a large packet-boat, and make trial for a hundred miles of the nature of canal travelling. After the heat, dust, and rapidity of rail-cars, the unique effect of gliding deliberately through cool, shady villages and cultivated farms was

quite agreeable. We were constantly passing other boats, many of which were laden with emigrants, seeking new homes in the stranger-west.

We often recognised the German countenance, the patient mother industriously plying her knitting-needles, surrounded by her little ones. The pleasure derived from a view of these objects, to which the genuflections and prostrations at the frequent bridges gave a seasonable sprinkling of bodily exercise, was prolonged until the line of damp, evening exhalations following in our wake, warned us within.

As our boat boasted the unusual dimensions of a hundred feet keel, we flattered ourselves that the accounts we had read and heard of their inconveniences as dormitories might have been exaggerated. We continued zealously to praise all that admitted of being praised, in order to turn attention from the evils that we began to suspect might be coming upon us. But when the novelty of the out-door exhibition had entirely ceased, when the tables with refreshments and books were removed, and we, being requested to leave our seats, were huddled into the area of the boat, like sheep for the slaughter, there commenced a series of mystic preparations which stripped the scene of all its lingerings of romance. With amazement we gazed upon the narrow shelves and ghosts of mattresses, ranged row above row, in fearfully close promixity, as if for baking in an oven; hoping that our senses deceived us, and that we could not possibly be expected there to deposit our persons. The people of large proportions, and those expected to lodge directly under them, evinced great consternation, and with good reason. In short, though we had the attentions of a

kindly-disposed chambermaid, no description of the discomforts of a close summer night in a crowded canal-boat, may be supposed to transcend the truth. I refer the uninitiated to a graphic delineation from the versatile pen of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, in one of our *Annals*, and advise every traveller for pleasure to decline a more experimental knowledge.

After all, is there so much travelling for pleasure, or more correctly speaking, so much pleasure in travelling as might at first appear? Of the pursuit of health, the claims of business, or the acquisition of knowledge, as motives for either domestic or foreign excursion, I do not of course speak, but of that restless desire of change of place sometimes common to the young, which leads to an aimless love of wandering, or a dissatisfaction with quiet, circumscribed duties, which is in our sex peculiarly unfortunate. To visit fine scenery and points of high interest is indeed a privilege, yet one not wholly free from drawback and disappointment. For myself, I am free to confess at my matronly years, when fatigue and disturbed rest are no longer trifles, the ruling idea in every lucubration, however pleasant, is that of getting home. And as the moralist Addison considered it the principal advantage of a female's learning to dance, that she might "sit still gracefully," so it would be well if one chief end of her excursions abroad might be to enjoy home better, and to bring back an additional sunbeam or song of praise to its sanctuary.

THE HOUSATONIC.

OH, gentle River, winding free,
 Through realms of peace and liberty,
 Who that thy modest source hath seen,
 Yon shallow pool, 'mid thickets green,
 Would ere divine thy future course,
 When boldly swells thy current's force ;—
 What countless wheels, with clamouring clash,
 Shall in thine eddies roll and dash,
 What spindles at thy will rebound,
 What looms in echoing domes resound,
 What ponderous bales the billows speed,
 Thine appetite for wealth to feed.
 As little dreams the village maid,
 Who half confiding, half afraid,
 Her daily task doth docile ply,
 Beneath the watchful mistress' eye,
 What added power her lot shall claim,
 When ripened to the matron dame,
 With vigorous arm, and fearless mien,
 The dairy's undisputed queen,
 In household care she leads the way,
 And trains her children to obey.
 Behold ! what beauteous regions spread,
 Old Greylock shakes his ancient head,

And forests nod with solemn sweep,
And hamlets through their vistas peep.
See Dalton, with her waving crown,
Beneath the hills sit graceful down,
And Hinsdale twine in meshes strong,
The white fleece nursed her folds among,
And Stockbridge o'er her marble bent,
Prepare the enduring monument,
And Becket's rocks whence streamlets flow,
And Chester's dells where laurels glow,
Whose lustrous leaf and radiant spire,
We fain had lingered to admire,
Or cull the iris deeply blue,
Or water-lily bright with dew,
Or rich wild rose, that freely cast
Its treasures round us as we pass'd,
And seemed to reach its clustering bloom
And woo us with a fresh perfume.

But swift our mystic courser went,
His dauntless spirit fiercely bent
The goal to reach, nor slack his speed
The lesson of a flower to heed.
On, on he flew, nor paused to lave
His hot lip in the cooling wave.
The might of thousand steeds that shun
The lasso 'neath La Plata's sun,
Within his iron heart comprest,
While strangely from his heaving breast,
The streams of breath, in sparkles dire,
Sprinkled old Midnight's robe with fire.
His sharp, shrill neigh, with terror fills
The cattle on a thousand hills,

power, will it not have a tendency to diminish their perception of rural beauty, by abridging their opportunities to cultivate it? While to pass from point to point, with the speed of lightning, is the only aim of the traveller, a newspaper may as well beguile his thoughts as all the blended and glorious charms of mountain, vale, and flood.

"The Ionians," said a classic writer, "are silent, contemplative, recluse. Knowing that Nature will not deliver her oracles in the crowd, on the wing, or by the sound of a trumpet, they open their breasts to her in solitude, with the simplicity of children, they look earnestly in her face, and wait for a reply."

PASSAGE UP THE CONNECTICUT,

FROM HARTFORD TO SPRINGFIELD.

THE summer-morn doth greet thee cheerily,
Stream of my fathers. From the shaded dell
Where in thy Highland cradle thou didst take
The little water-cup so thankfully,
From every nursing rill, on to the scene
Of thy rejoicing bridal with the Sea,
Where snowy sails from many a region, bear
The nuptial dowry, thou hast held thy way,
A comforter, and blessing.

Full and fair

Thou scatterest bounties o'er thy verdant banks,
As though thou ne'er hadst known a time of need,
Or penury. Yet I remember well
When last I saw thee in adversity.
Winter had chained thee long, and tardy spring
Shrank, as she whispering warned thy mighty heart
To wake and free itself. No trampled realm
Came to its battle-hour, more valiantly.
Thy prison doors were broken, at the rush
And hollow murmur from thy troubled depths;
As fettered Samson, with his shaven locks
Crumbled the temple columns and o'erthrew
Philistia's mocking lords.

Block after block
Of thick-ribb'd ice, disparted, and the shores
Piled high with rugged masses, told how strong
Thy struggle with the tyrant. Still in pain,
And wearily, thou wrought'st thy toilsome way,
Like one who hath a heavy work to do,
Ere he may take his rest.

I scarce can think
Thou art the same, that now at liberty
And in the fullness of thy wealth dost mark
Thy course with benefactions.

As we press
Upward, thy current, with its azure tint,
Mottled by silver clouds, and fringed with green,
In ripples, and in shadows multiform
Flows on in beauty. Now and then a raft
Of timber strongly bound, the sturdy growth,
Of our far northern hills, comes drifting down,
Shaping its lonely voyage; or the boat
That scorneth sail and oar, with flying wheel
Furroweth thy startled flood.

The bending trees
Adjust their branches, by thy mirrored tide,
As won our Mother from the crystal eye
Of Eden's lake, the knowledge of her charms.
A blight is on the sycamores! Yon grove
That erst in healthful majesty aspired,
Surceaseth from good works, and stretcheth out
Unsightly withered arms. From dripping rocks
Cool, trickling waters, bathe the moss-clad roots,
The healing sunbeams woo them, the fond vine
Creeps up, and clasps them in her clustering arms,
Teaching them how to love, while at their feet

The glowing Kalmia opes its waxen breast,
As if in sympathy. But all in vain.
Death worketh at their heart, and 'mid the embrace
Of loving Nature, sullenly they stand
A bare and blackened wreck.

How sweet to glide
Along these winding shores so richly green,
Where 'mid his corn-clad fields the farmer toils,
And village after village lifts its spire
In freedom and in plenty.

Now we reach
The "Old Bay State," the mother of us all
Who in New England boast to have our birth,
And look through storms of revolution back
To Plymouth rock.

Fair heritage she hath
From mountain fastness on to ocean-shore,
And groweth beautiful with age, and strong
In her sons' strength.

God bless her, and the realms
That cluster round her border, and the streams
That through her bosom flow, and most of all
Thee, glorious river, o'er whose breast we sail
This summer's day, and tune our idle song.

Springfield is among the most beautiful towns in Massachusetts, full of activity and prosperity. It has many elegant private residences, and the depth of its summer-shades, and the grace of its lofty elms, the glory of New England, add much to its attractions. Court Square, and the promenade in Chestnut Street, are resorts usually admired by visitants.

standing, upheld by the firm twining of their roots among the rocks. Those that had fallen seemed as though they had crumbled in their descent without a crush, so silent was every thing except the fierce winds, to which the white spectres appeared to be listening in desolate grandeur."

The beauty of the Connecticut River, as an inland stream, and as you journey along its banks, upward towards its source, is far greater than where it approaches its confluence with the sea. It glides in the gentlest, most patronising manner among green vales and quiet villages, seeming to enjoy the fertility and happiness which it dispenses.

It may not be compared with its mightier neighbour, the Hudson, in depth or force of current, or majesty of mountain-shores. Yet its own characteristics of beauty satisfy, and are congenial to the people among whom it flows; and justly may it be said,—

"No peaceful skies o'er fairer valleys shine,
Nor drinks the sea a lovelier wave than thine."

THE HERMIT OF THE FALLS.

IT was the leafy month of June,
 And joyous Nature, all in tune,
 With wreathing buds was drest,
 As toward Niagara's fearful side
 A youthful stranger prest ;
 His ruddy cheek was blanched with awe
 And scarce he seemed his breath to draw,
 While bending o'er its brim,
 He marked its strong, unfathomed tide,
 And heard its thunder-hymn.

His measured week too quickly fled,
 Another, and another sped,
 And soon the summer rose decayed,
 The moon of autumn sank in shade ;
 Years filled their circle, brief and fair,
 Yet still the enthusiast lingered there,
 Till winter hurled its dart :
 For deeper round his soul was wove
 A mystic chain of quenchless love,
 That would not let him part.

When darkest midnight veiled the sky,
 You'd hear his hasting step go by,

To gain the bridge beside the deep,
That where its wildest torrents leap
Hung thread-like o'er the surge,
Just there, upon its awful verge,
His vigil hour to keep.

And when the moon, descending low,
Hung on the flood that gleaming bow,
Which it would seem some angel's hand
With heaven's own pencil tinged and spanned,
Pure symbol of a Better Land,
He, kneeling, poured in utterance free
The eloquence of ecstasy ;
Though to his words no answer came,
Save that One, Everlasting Name,
Which since Creation's morning broke,
Niagara's lip alone hath spoke.

When wintry tempests shook the sky,
And the rent pine-tree hurtled by,
Unblenching 'mid the storm he stood,
And marked sublime, the wrathful flood,
While wrought the frost-king fierce and drear,
His palace mid those cliffs to rear,
And strike the massy buttress strong,
And pile his sleet the rocks among,
And wasteful deck the branches bare
With icy diamonds, rich and rare.
Nor lacked the hermit's humble shed
Such comforts as our natures ask
To fit them for their daily task,
'The cheering fire, the peaceful bed,
The simple meal in season spread :—

While by the lone lamp's trembling light,
As blazed the hearth-stone clear and bright,
O'er Homer's page he hung,
Or Maro's martial numbers scanned,
For classic lore of many a land
Flowed smoothly o'er his tongue.
Oft with rapt eye, and skill profound,
He woke the entrancing viol's sound,
Or touch'd the sweet guitar;
Since heavenly music deigned to dwell
An inmate in his cloistered cell,
As beams the solemn star
All night with meditative eyes,
Where some lone rock-bound fountain lies.

As through the groves with quiet tread,
On his accustomed haunts he sped,
The mother-thrush unstartled sung
Her descant to her callow young,
And fearless o'er his threshold prest
The wanderer from the sparrow's nest;
The squirrel raised a sparkling eye,
Nor from his kernel cared to fly
As passed that gentle hermit by;
No timid creature shrank to meet
His pensive glance, serenely sweet;
From his own kind, alone, he sought
The screen of solitary thought.
Whether the world too harshly prest,
Its iron o'er a yielding breast,
Or taught his morbid youth to prove
The pang of unrequited love,

We know not, for he never said
Aught of the life that erst he led.
On Iris isle, a summer bower
He twined with branch, and vine, and flower,
And there he mused, on rustic seat,
Unconscious of the noon-day heat,
Or 'neath the crystal waters lay
Luxuriant, in the swimmer's play.

Yet once the whelming flood grew strong.
And bore him like a weed along,
Though with convulsive grasp of pain,
And heaving breast, he strove in vain,
Then sinking 'neath the infuriate tide,
Lone as he lived, the hermit died.

On, by the rushing current swept,
The lifeless corse its voyage kept,
To where, in narrow gorge compressed,
The whirling eddies never rest,
But boil with wild tumultuous sway,
The maelstrom of Niagara.
And there, within that rocky bound,
In swift gyrations round and round,
Mysterious course it held,
Now springing from the torrent hoarse,
Now battling as with maniac force,
To mortal strife compelled.

Right fearful 'neath the moonbeam bright,
It was to see that brow so white,
And mark the ghastly dead
Leap upward from his torture-bed,

As if in passion-gust,
And tossing wild with agony,
To mock the omnipotent decree,
Of dust to dust.

At length, where smoother waters flow,
Emerging from the gulf below,
The hapless youth they gained and bore,
Sad to his own forsaken door:
There watched his dog with straining eye,
And scarce would let the train pass by,
Save that with instinct's rushing spell,
Through the changed cheek's empurpled hue,
And stiff and stony form, he knew
The master he had loved so well.

The kitten fair, whose graceful wile,
So oft had won his musing smile,
As round his slippered foot she played,
Stretched on his vacant pillow laid.
While strewed around, on board and chair,
The last plucked flower, the book last read,
The ready pen, the page outspread,
The water-cruise, the unbroken bread,
Revealed how sudden was the snare
That swept him to the dead.

And so he rests in foreign earth,
Who drew 'mid Albion's vales his birth;
Yet let no cynic phrase unkind
Condemn that youth of gentle mind,
Of shrinking nerve, and lonely heart,
And lettered lore, and tuneful art,

language, and the spirit of eloquence that flowed from his lips. But he seldom, and sparingly, admitted this intercourse, studiously avoiding society, though there seemed in his nature nothing of moroseness or misanthropy. On the contrary, he showed kindness to even the humblest animal. Birds instinctively learned it, and freely entered his dwelling to receive from his hands crumbs or seeds.

But the absorbing delight of his existence was communion with the mighty Niagara. Here, at every hour of the day or night he might be seen a fervent worshipper. At grey dawn he went to visit it in its fleecy veil; at high noon he banqueted on the full splendour of its glory; beneath the soft tinting of the lunar bow he lingered, looking for the angel's wing whose pencil had painted it; and at solemn midnight he knelt soul-subdued, as on the footstool of Jehovah. Neither storms nor the piercing cold of winter prevented his visits to this great temple of his adoration.

When the frozen mists, gathering upon the lofty trees, seemed to have transmuted them to columns of alabaster, when every branch, and shrub, and spray, glittering with transparent ice, waved in the sunbeam its coronet of diamonds, he gazed, unconscious of the keen atmosphere, charmed and chained by the rainbow-cinctured Cataract. His feet had worn a beaten path from his cottage thither. There was, at that time, an extension of the Terrapin Bridge, by a single shaft of timber, carried out ten feet over the fathomless abyss, where it hung tremulously, guarded only by a rude parapet. To this point he often passed and repassed amid the darkness of the night. He even took pleasure in grasping it with his hands, and thus suspending

himself over the awful gulph ; so much had his morbid enthusiasm learned to feel, and even to revel, amid the terribly sublime.

Among his favourite daily gratifications was that of bathing. The few who interested themselves in his welfare supposed that he pursued it to excess, and protracted it after the severity of the weather rendered it hazardous to health.

He scooped out and arranged for himself a secluded and romantic bath, between Moss and Iris Islands. Afterwards he formed the habit of bathing below the principal Fall. One bright, but rather chill day, in the month of June, 1831, a man employed about the Ferry saw him go into the water, and a long time after observed his clothes to be still lying upon the bank.

Inquiry was made. The anxiety was but too well-founded. The poor hermit had indeed taken his last bath. It was supposed that cramp might have been induced by the unwonted chill of the atmosphere or water. Still the body was not found, the depth and force of the current just below being exceedingly great.

In the course of their search, they passed onward to the Whirlpool. There, amid those boiling eddies, was the pallid corse, making fearful and rapid gyrations upon the face of the black waters. At some point of suction it suddenly plunged and disappeared. Again emerging, it was fearful to see it leap half its length above the flood, and with a face so deadly pale, play among the tossing billows, then float motionless as if exhausted, and anon, returning to the encounter, spring,

struggle, and contend like a maniac battling with mortal foes.

It was strangely painful to think that he was not permitted to find a grave even beneath the waters he had loved : that all the gentleness and charity of his nature should be changed by death to the fury of a madman ; and that the King of terrors, who brings repose to the despot and the man of blood, should teach warfare to him who had ever worn the meekness of the lamb. For days and nights this terrible purgatory was prolonged. It was on the 21st of June, that, after many efforts, they were enabled to bear the weary dead back to his desolate cottage.

There they found his faithful dog guarding the door. Heavily must the long period have worn away, while he watched for his only friend and wondered, why he delayed his coming. He scrutinised the approaching group suspiciously, and would not willingly have given them admittance, save that a low stifled wail at length announced his intuitive knowledge of the master whom the work of death had effectually disguised from the eyes of men.

They laid him on his bed, the thick dripping masses of his beautiful hair clinging to, and veiling the features so lately expressive and comely. On the pillow was his pet-kitten ; to her, also, the watch for the master had been long and wearisome.

In his chair lay the guitar, whose melody was probably the last that his ear heard on earth. There were also his flute and violin, his portfolio and books, scattered and open, as if recently used. On the spread table was the untasted meal for noon, which he had

prepared against his return from that bath which had proved so fatal. It was a touching sight : the dead hermit mourned by his humble retainers, the poor animals who loved him, and ready to be laid by stranger-hands in a foreign grave.

So fell this singular and accomplished being, at the early age of twenty-eight. Learned in the languages, in the arts and sciences, improved by extensive travel, gifted with personal beauty, and a feeling heart—the motives for this estrangement from his kind are still enveloped in mystery. It was, however, known that he was a native of England, where his father was a clergyman ; that he received from thence ample remittances for his comfort ; and that his name was Francis Abbot. These facts had been previously ascertained, but no written papers were found in his cell to throw additional light upon the obscurity in which he had so effectually wrapped the history of his pilgrimage.

That he was neither an ascetic nor a misanthrope has been sufficiently proved. Why he should choose to withdraw from society, which he was so well fitted to benefit and to adorn, must ever remain unexplained. That no crime had driven him thence, his blameless and pious life bare witness to all who knew him.

It might seem that no plan of seclusion had been deliberately formed until enthusiastic admiration of the unparalleled scenery among which he was cast induced, and for two years had given it permanence. And if any one could be justified for withdrawing from life's active duties, to dwell a while with solitude and contemplation, would it not be in a spot like this,

where Nature ever speaks audibly of her majestic and glorious Author?

We visited, in the summer of 1844, the deserted abode of the hermit. It was partially ruinous, but we traced out its different compartments, and the hearth-stone where his winter evenings passed amid books and music, his faithful dog at his feet, and on his knee his playful, happy kitten.

At our entrance, a pair of nesting-birds flew forth affrighted. Methought they were fitting representatives of that gentle spirit, which would not have disturbed their tenantry, or harmed the trusting sparrow. If that spirit had endured aught from man which it might neither recover nor reveal; if the fine balance of the intellect had borne pressure until it was injured or destroyed; we would not stand upon the sufferer's grave to condemn, but to pity.

We would think with tenderness of thee, erring and lonely brother. For at the last day, when the secrets of all are unveiled, it will be found that there are sadder mistakes to deplore than thine:—time wasted idly, but not innocently,—and talents perverted, without the palliation of a virtuous life, the love of Nature, or the fear of God.

HIGH STREET GARDEN,

IN HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

FLOWERS! Flowers! the poetry of earth,
Impulsive, pure, and wild,
With what a strange delight they fill
The wandering, mirthful child.
It clasps their leaflets close awhile,
Then strews them wide around,
For life hath many a joy to spare
Along its opening bound.

The maiden twines them in her hair,
And 'mid that shining braid,
How fair the violet's eye of blue,
And the faint rose-bud's shade,
Upon her polished neck they blush,
In her soft hand they shine,
And better crown those peerless charms
Than all Golconda's mine.

Above the floating bridal veil
The white Camella rears
Its innocent and tranquil eye,
To calm young beauty's fears;

And even when hoary Age recalls
The memories of that hour,
Blent with the heaven-recorded vow
Will gleam that stainless flower.

The matron fills her crystal vase
With gems that summer lends,
Or groups them round the festal board
To greet her welcome friends.
Her husband's eye is on the skill
With which she decks his bower,
And dearer is his praise to her
Than earth's most precious flower.

Frail gifts we call them, prone to fade,
Ere the brief spring is o'er,
Though down the smitten strong man falls
Returning never more :
Time wears away the arch of rock,
And rends the ancient throne,
Yet back they come, unchanged as when
On Eden's breast they shone.

How passing beautiful they are
On youth's unclouded plain,
And yet we scarcely know their worth
Till life is in its wane ;
Then grows their love a deeper thing,
As our lone pathway tends
Down 'mid the withering plants of hope,
And graves of buried friends.

Like ready comforters they bend,
If sorrow pales the cheek,
And to the sad, desponding heart,
An angel's message speak;
While to the listening mourner's ear
They fondly seem to say,
The words of those departed ones
Who sleep in mouldering clay.

We nurse them in our casement warm
When winter rules the year,
And see them raise their graceful form,
The darkest day to cheer;
Amid our folded shroud they glow,
When death hath had his will,
And o'er our pillow in the dust
They spring and blossom still.

Yes, o'er the cradle-bed they creep,
With rich and sweet perfume,
Around the marriage-altar twine,
And cheer the darksome tomb,
They whisper to the faithful dead,
With their fresh, vernal breath,
That such his rising hour shall be,
Through Him who conquered death.

The beautiful domain, known by the name of the High Street Garden, in Hartford, comprises sixteen acres, and is laid out with great taste and adaptation to the nature of the soil and surface. Spacious walks

are so arranged as to give effect to the elegance of the parterres, and seats skilfully disposed under spreading shades, where the visitant may rest and enjoy the surrounding attractions.

Among endless varieties of flowers, three hundred families of the queenly rose, with carnations of every shade and hue, diffuse the richest fragrance in their respective seasons. Partially encompassed by a fine hedge, and approached by steps cut in the turf, is a small circular piece of water, where the broad leaves and pure petals of the water-lily expand themselves, and around whose margin, vases of the hydrangia luxuriate. The fairest annual flowering plants, shrubs, ornamental trees, foreign and domestic fruits, with a large and splendid green-house, adorn this delightful spot, which, by the liberality of its proprietor, Dr. E. W. Bull, is freely open both to the inhabitants and to strangers, with only the restriction which their own good sense and good feeling ought to suggest and enforce, of not defacing or injuring what they come to admire.

It is the opinion of many lovers of flowers that their cultivation must necessarily be expensive of both time and money. We are authorised by the owner of this noble garden to say that it need not be so. His original purchase of what has since become a possession which the most accomplished florist might covet, was only a few hundred feet, made twenty years since, when just entering on commercial business. Though he had at that time no capital to spare, he felt that daily exercise among the plants that he loved would be beneficial to his health, and resolved on the establishment of such a system. For this, his first invest-

ment in land, he gave six notes, payable in the same number of years.

"These notes," he says, "then troubled me much, as I doubted whether I should be able to pay them at maturity. But at the expiration of six years I had cancelled them all; and this encouraged me to enlarge my domain to the amount of thousands instead of hundreds. As it was necessary for me to apply myself continually to business during business hours, I then adopted a plan of early rising, which I have ever since persevered in. My practice for years, was to be at the garden from half-past three to six in the morning, and this gave me an opportunity in the best and most quiet part of the day, unnoticed, to visit the grounds and mature my plans for their extension and improvement. My custom for a few years past has been to rise in summer at half-past four, reaching the garden, after breakfast, at six, and regulating my stay there so as to return precisely at nine, ready to attend to the business of my store."

Can any stronger example be adduced, that a love of flowers, when under the control of a spirit of order and punctuality, may be an appropriate relaxation from the pressure of mercantile care, and perfectly consistent with its prosperous pursuit? May it not also be fraught with collateral benefits of a still higher order? Suppose only the habit of early rising to be thus acquired and confirmed. What an important addition would two or three hours daily be to the actual limits of a brief span of life.

Horticulture has long been pronounced by physiologists salutary to health and cheerfulness of spirits; and if he who devotes a portion of his leisure to the

nurture of the lovely things of nature benefits him who beautifies a garden for the eye of the community should surely be counted a public benefactor. He instils into the bosom of the care-worn, the sorrowful, or the selfish, thoughts that heal like a medicine. He cheers the languid, desponding invalid; brightens the eye of the child with a more intense happiness.

If simply the admiration of plants and flowers has a tendency to refine the character, their cultivation must have a more powerful and abiding influence. It takes the form of an affection. The seed which we have sown, the blossom we have nursed, the tree of our own planting, under whose shadow we sit with delight, are to us living and loving friends in proportion to the care we have bestowed on them and the warmth of our regard. They are gentle and persuasive teachers of His goodness, who causeth the sun to shine and the dews to distil; who forgetteth not amid the ice and snows of winter, the tender, budding vine, and calleth forth the germ long hidden from the eye of man to vernal splendour or autumnal fruitage.

A love of the beautiful things of Nature has sometimes assumed as a criterion of the health of the mind. Those who are under the habitual influence of evil tempers do not approximate to the spiritual language of flowers. In vain do they reach forth to sweet, clustering blossoms,—envy, hatred, and unbelief are beyond the reach of such charmers, “charm never so wisely.” But he, who amid the care and weariness of life finds daily an interval or a disposition to commune with the dew-fed children of Heaven, to devise their welfare and shelter their purity, has

“The harvest of roses draws to the fields, near the Hague, where they are cultivated, throngs of visitants. In the month of May, nothing can be imagined more beautiful than the aspect of these rose-fields. The air, filled with the sweetest emanations, makes you aware of your approach to them before you come in sight, surrounded as they are by thick, live hedges, intended to guard the young buds from the inclement winds. An air of festival spread all around, proclaims that this is no vulgar field-work. Hundreds of young girls, dressed as if for a village holiday, commence the gathering with appropriate songs. The first time I witnessed this novel harvest, it seemed like a dream. I became doubtful whether I stood on Batavian ground. The ethereal sweetness inhaled in every breeze, the earth covered as it were with a green carpet, embroidered with roses, the melodious voices of so many young and beautiful girls, would have indeed wafted the imagination to the milder regions of Greece or Italy, but that the azure eyes and golden hair of the pretty *Rosières* proclaimed them of the Norman race. These roses gathered in Holland, strange as it may appear, are shipped to Constantinople, destined to return to Europe, so concentrated by chemical art that the perfume of 10,000 is often used by a lady to scent her embroidered handkerchief. The roses are packed up in large hogs-heads, and in alternate layers of flowers and salt, pressed with great force.” “At Amsterdam, Utrecht, Rotterdam, the Hague, but above all at Haarlem, the floral city, crowds of all classes of society assemble at the flower-markets, which are held twice a week. There the rich attends, to make exclusively his own, by purchase, the rubies, the emeralds, the sapphires of the

vegetable kingdom, formed in the depths of the earth by the slow elaboration of ages; but the humble violet and rose are taken to the home of the poor to light the gloom of his lowly shed."

If the admiration of what is beautiful in Nature tends to refine and elevate, that for what is graceful and good in manners and character might seem to be a step towards their acquisition. "Our taste declines with our merits," said a philosopher of other times. Was his position correct? May taste in any degree be admitted as a test of mental or moral integrity?

"Taste," says a fine writer, "is of all attainments the most easily perceived, yet the most difficult to describe." Its more common modifications, as they are seen in the style of dress, furniture, or arrangements of a household, seem to prove an innate perception of delicacy, a sense of propriety, or a principle of adaptation, which, though not entitled to rank with the severe conclusions of an accurate judgment in matters of higher import, are still in our sex no slight accomplishments, or trifling indications of character. When manifested in graceful movement or manners, elegance of language, and correct appreciation of the fine arts, it serves as a sort of historical index, pointing to the influence of refined society, education, or such means of improvement as are seldom accessible in solitude and obscurity. It aids in decyphering the drama in which the individual has moved, or the use made of opportunities, or that inherent strength of the self-taught, which vanquishing obstacles, possesses itself of the fruits, without the usual process of cultivation.

Taste, when drawn into strong sympathy with the beautiful things of nature, cheers the hours of sickness

or decline, and glows even amid the icy atmosphere of death. Combined with a vivid imagination it colours like a passion-tint the whole of existence, and if surrounding scenes are devoid of its favourite objects, peoples for itself a world of ideal beauty. How touchingly did Mrs. Hemans exclaim, as she drew near the close of life: "I really think the pure passion for flowers the only one which long sickness leaves untouched with its chilling influence. Often during this weary illness of mine have I looked upon new books with perfect apathy, when if a friend has sent me but a few flowers, my heart has leaped up to their dreamy hues and odours with a sudden sense of renovated childhood which seems one of the mysteries of our being."

And almost the last tone of her sweet lyre, ere it was crushed by death, perpetuated her love of flowers:

"Welcome, O pure and lovely forms, again
Unto the shadowy stillness of my room!
For not alone ye bring a joyous train
Of summer-thoughts attendant on your bloom,
Visions of freshness, of rich bowery gloom,
Of the low murmurs, filling mossy dells,
Of stars that look down on your folded bells,
Through dewy leaves of many a wild perfume,
Greeting the wanderer of the hill and grove
Like sudden music; more than this ye bring—
Far more; ye whisper of the all-fostering love
Which thus hath clothed you, and whose dove-like wing
Broods o'er the sufferer drawing fevered breath,
Whether his lingering couch be that of life or death."

Many instances might be quoted where the true love of Nature has softened asperity of temper, and contributed to the growth of charity towards mankind.

Vulgar minds seem not capable of appreciating its pleasures, and the vicious have perverted its purity. The mercenary and the miser suppress it. Hoarded gold monopolizes their devotion. Milton, in portraying Mammon, represents him before his fall from bliss with eyes and thoughts

“For ever downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heaven’s pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy.”

Dark passions and debasing crimes destroy the fine edge of the soul, and corrode it like a canker. Admitting, therefore, that a pure taste for the beautiful in nature is among the tests of mental and moral welfare, we shall prize it not only as a source of pleasure, but an ally of virtue and of piety. Shall we not then seek to multiply the objects which it is legitimate and healthful to admire? Shall we not familiarize our children with the harmony of colour, the melody of sound, the symmetry of architecture, the delights of eloquence, and the charms of poetry? The fragrant flower, the whitening harvest, the umbrageous grove, the solemn mountain, the mighty cataract,—are they not all teachers, or text-books in the hands of the Great Teacher?

Err they not, therefore, who consider a taste for the charms of Nature a waste of time? The railroad machinery of a jarring world bridging its abysses, and tunneling the rocks of political ambition, her steamboats rushing to the thousand marts of wealth, silence with their roaring funnels its still, small voice. But let it be heard by those who meditate at eventide when the rose closes its sweet lips, and the tired babe is lulled

on the breast of its mother. Let it be a companion to those, who in the morning prime walk forth amid the dewy fields, loving the beauty of the lily which Omnipotence, stooped to clothe, and from whose bosom, as from a scroll of Heaven, the Redeemer of man taught listening multitudes the lesson of a living faith.

BUNKER - HILL MONUMENT.

RISE, lofty column ! in thine attic grace,
 And to the stranger-bark that ploughs the deep
 Show Freedom's land. Beckon the homeward-bound,
 Like some good angel, hovering o'er the roof
 Where sport his little ones, and where with song,
 Whose oft-repeated burden is his name,
 The mother lulls to sleep her cradled babe.
 — Then the rough sailor battling with the surge
 Forgets his toil, and he who wandered long
 In foreign climes, perchance, with eager eye
 For glittering pageant, or for regal pomp,
 Owns the electric chain that binds so strong
 Unto his native hills, and feels how good
 To live and die amid his fathers' graves.

But thou,—around thy base when early Spring
 Tints the first violet, lure those beauteous groups
 Who gambol free from care. There should they meet
 Some ancient soldier leaning on his staff,
 And lost amid the memories of the past,
 By their young footsteps roused, he'll haply raise
 His wasted hand, and point each fearful change
 Of Bunker's battle-day,—where the assault
 Kindled to wildest fury,—where the voice

Of Prescott and of Putnam nerved their troops
To deeds of untold daring,—where the cry
Burst forth when Warren fell,—where the dire flash
Was hottest, and the life-blood of the brave
Gushed reddest, till the kingly crest was bowed
To infant Liberty. Then may they trace
Those childish listeners, on that furrowed brow
The holy zeal of men of other days,
Who sought no guerdon save their country's weal;
And should that country need, so may they stand
When time hath knit their sinews in the might
Of the same heaven-born trust.

And if the hands
That never plucked a laurel in the fields
Of iron warfare, nor the fitful weight
Of empire poised, have lent their humble aid
In woman's weakness to cement thy stones,
Think it no scorn—oh, column! but uprear
Thy glorious head as proudly toward the cloud.
For these, amid their sheltered, lowly sphere,
Making the hearth-stone beautiful with love,
And in the fountain of a nation's hopes
Mingling sweet drops of purity and peace,
Subserve the cause which thou art bound to praise
To far posterity.

And when we pass
On with our generations to the tomb,
When age on age, like tossing bubbles break,
Stand thou, and mark the dim decay of time.
Yea, though the sun like wounded Cæsar, fold
His mantle darkly round him, be thou firm,
Even till the last flame wraps the wrinkled earth.

This noble monument is erected on the spot, where the fortifications were hastily thrown up by the earliest soldiers of the Revolution, June 16th, 1775, the night preceding the battle of Bunker-Hill. It is an obelisk two hundred and twenty-one feet in height, having a spiral staircase within, of two hundred and ninety-four steps, and at the top an elliptical chamber, eleven feet in diameter, lighted by four windows, from whence is a glorious prospect of earth and sea. Its material is the beautiful sienite granite from the quarry at Quincy, and it is constructed with the utmost mathematical precision and regard to durability. Some hindrance in the progress of the work, arising from the financial depression of the country, allowed the ladies the honour of more immediate co-operation; and the avails of a fair held in Boston, aided by some liberal donations, were sufficient for the completion of the object.

Not far from the base of the monument, a small portion of the ancient breast-work remains, and must ever be viewed with veneration by those who realize the effect that this rude mound of earth had upon the destinies of their country. A slight column or Tuscan pillar of wood, on a brick pedestal, in memory of General Warren, whose priceless blood was shed at Bunker-Hill, was erected on this spot, in 1783, but being much defaced by time, is removed. The inscription was from one of his own eloquent orations.

“None but they who set a just value on the blessings of liberty, are worthy to enjoy her. In vain we toiled; in vain we fought; we bled in vain; if you, our offspring, want valour to repel the assaults of her invaders.”

The corner-stone of the Bunker-Hill Monument,

was laid on the fiftieth anniversary of the battle that it commemorates, by Gen. La Fayette, the soldier of two hemispheres, the friend of our country in adversity, and her honoured guest, when she had won a name and a place among the nations. The presence of some of the survivors of that sanguinary conflict gave a strong interest to the scene. The stirring eloquence of Webster enwrappt the attention of an immense assembled multitude. But what were their emotions in comparison with those which filled the breasts of the hoary veteran soldiers !

What imagery flashed before them, as the curtain of half a century drew back ! A small band go forth from Cambridge, at nine in a summer's evening, beneath the eye of the solemn, watchful stars. Exulting music echoes from the British ships, whose proud flags are floating in the harbour. But they tread in silence, and in earnest thought. Midnight deepens ere they obtain intrenching tools to begin their secret work. Then, with dauntless spirits, and hands enured to toil, they commence their fortification. Earth, and the spade, and the solemn night, the sexton's companions, are theirs. Yet they labour not for burial, but in glorious hope. Day dawns, but still that patient band labour unrefreshed. *And they were of that band.*

Morning breaks. Surprise and indignation seize the foe, as an alarm-gun from their own ships announces what the provincials had in a night brought forth. Their council meets. Such contumacy must be chastised. Their soldiers, in rich uniform, muster for battle, where the offending bastion rises. Serried bayonets glisten. Heavy cannon roll up the heights. A band is there to meet them,—the few against the

many,—the young children of the wilderness against the force of the sceptred monarch of the isles. *And they were of that band.*

The tumult of battle swells. The struggle is fearful, The sun pours down an intense heat. The grass ripe for the scythe is trampled down, that the iron harvest of war may be reaped. The new-mown hay is pressed into the interstices of the breast-work. The earth is saturate with blood. Enthusiasm rises to madness. Devouring flames enwrap the roofs of Charlestown. The enemy, formidable for numbers as well as valour, twice repulsed, ascend the hill a third time, reinforced and resolved on victory. A comparatively small band, led on by intrepid officers, still “jeopardied their lives in the high places of the field.” *And they were of that band.*

Yes. And as their souls rekindle with these memories, they forget the peril, the suffering, their dying comrades, and their own wounds, and their aged voices in one burst of sound, exclaim,—“We are ready, should our country again need our services, ready to shed the last drop of our blood for her.” The venerable La Fayette, standing in the midst of those heroic survivors, regretted the honour did not belong to him of having been one of those who in person fought upon that sacred hill-top. Some circumstances connected with the battle of Bunker-Hill, and its effect upon the future fortunes of the country, are thus forcibly depicted by the pen of the Rev. Mr. Ellis. “That action was of primary importance from the influence which it exercised upon our fathers, who unknown to themselves had before them a war of protracted length, partaking largely of reverse and discouragement. They learned

this day what they might do, in the confidence that God was on their side and that their cause was good. That work of a summer's night was worth its price to them. They lacked discipline, artillery, bayonets, powder and ball, food, and the greatest want of all, during that fearful conflict, they lacked the delicious draught of pure, cool water for their labour-worn, and heat-exhausted frames. They found that desperation would supply the place of discipline; that the stock of a musket wielded with true nerves, would deal a blow as deadly as the thrust of a bayonet; that a heavy stone would level an assailant as well as a charge of powder. As for food and water, the hunger they were compelled to bear unrelieved, and they cooled their brows only by the thick, heavy drops which poured before the sun. It was their opening combat, and it decided the spirit and hope of all their subsequent campaigns. They had freed themselves, during the engagement, from all that natural reluctance which they had heretofore felt, in turning their offensive weapons against the breasts of former friends, yes, even of their kindred. On that eminence, the first bright image of Liberty, of a free native land, kindled the eyes of those who were expiring in their gore, and the image passed between the living and the dying, to seal the covenant, that the hope of the one or the fate of the other should unite them here or hereafter. Henceforth, from the village homes and farm-houses around, amid the encouraging exhortations, as well as the tearful prayers of their families, the yeomen took from their chimney-stacks their familiar and well-proved weapons of a life in the woods, and felt for the *first* time what it was to have a country, and resolved

for the first time that they would save their country, or be mourned by her."

The placing of the last stone upon the Bunker-Hill Monument was on the 23d of July, 1842, and announced to the people by the voice of cannon. On the 17th of June of the following year, the sixty-seventh anniversary of the battle was another scene of deep national interest. Again the powerful voice of Webster was heard addressing and electrifying an immense multitude, gathered from every part of the Union.

How fraught with change had been these intervening years. The throwing up of earth with the spade on the same hill by the fathers would no longer be counted rebellion. Twenty millions of people now overspread a free and prosperous country, for which they then periled their lives, and which numbers among her countless blessings that of peace with the realm which she was once called to meet in fields of blood.

Some of the veterans of the battles of the revolution were at the celebration of the completion of the Monument on Bunker-Hill, but few in number and wasted in strength. Yet the patriot flame had not gone out in their bosoms, and their fervent prayers were still for the welfare of their beloved country.

Break forth, break forth in raptured song,
And bid it pour thy vales along,
Thou pilgrim-planted land !
From fields where ripening harvests bend,
From marts where thronging thousands tend,
Arouse thy tuneful band.

'The breeze that curls thy watery deeps,
The strain that o'er thy mountain sweeps,
Is fresh with freedom's breath,
Thine annals boast the great and brave
Thy star-clad banner tells the wave
Of Liberty or Death.

Rememberest thou those ancient sires,
Who 'mid the Indian's council fires,
Explored a trackless clime ?
The pillar of their God was bright,
His cloud by day, his flame by night,
Impelled their course sublime.

Rememberest thou the men who shed
Their blood upon thy bosom red,
When haughty foes were nigh ?
The remnant of that wasted band
Here, 'mid their buried comrades stand,
Oh ! bless them ere they die.

All hail, proud column strong and fair,
Which to exulting throngs dost bear
High record of the past,
And show them on this glorious morn,
The spot where Freedom first was born
Amid the thunder-blast.

Not like those gloomy mounds that rise
O'er crouching Egypt's sultry skies,
Nor fretted fanes that brave
Old Time on Rome's imperial soil,
By stern taxation wrung from toil,
The tyrant from the slave ;

But the free gift of hands unchained,
And hearts uncrushed and homes unstained,
 Thou through the cloud dost peer,
And warn, like morning's blessed star,
The watchful mariner from far,
 That all he loves draws near.

Still onward o'er the sea of time
Unfold thy chronicle sublime,
 And teach a race unborn
The lesson learned on Bunker's height,
To trust in Heaven, uphold the right.
 And base oppression scorn;

Point to the skies, and bid them read
Of patriot faith, the hallowed creed,
 And guard its ritual bright,
And choose the path their fathers trod,
Those friends of liberty and God,
 Who rose to realms of light.

HOME OF AN EARLY FRIEND,

WRITTEN ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER BIRTH.

Yes, there thou art beneath the hill,
 By waving poplars circled still,
 Old House ! that time hath deigned to spare,
 'Mid sunny slopes and gardens fair.
 Well might I every chart and line,
 Of parlour, hall, and nook define,
 For childhood's eye is keen to trace
 Each favourite and familiar place ;
 The woodbine through the casement peeping,
 The pampered cat on cushion sleeping,
 The pleasant haunt with books o'erspread,
 The antique chairs, the curtained bed,
 By housewife's patient needle wrought
 With many an ample flower,
 And shepherd lost in lover's thought,
 And purling brook with willows fraught,
 And maid in greenwood bower.
 Here too was many a place of cheer,
 And pastime with my playmate dear,
 And lo ! this vernal sun serene
 Erst brought her day of birth I ween,
 When she was crowned our fairy queen,
 And featly led the charmed ring
 With childhood's joyous banqueting.


Once, on this morn so sweetly fair,
Yon ancient dome was sad with care,
While hurrying step and stifled word
From darkened room were faintly heard,
And missed the household many a day
Their Lady from her place away.
But when again she cheered the scene
At hearth and board, with brow serene,
And paler cheek, and saintlier air,
Wrapped in her arms a babe she bare,
Gentle and pure, as snow-drop frail,
That shrinks to meet the chilling gale,
While often o'er its cradle bowed
The stately father, fond and proud.

Swift fled a happy year, and lo ! —
Ere the young spring-flowers 'gan to blow,
That bud of being, opening fair,
Inhaled affection's balmy air,
And wondrous change, like fairy-tale,
Passed o'er that form, so slight and pale.
First, peeping pearls through lips of rose,
Their latent ministry disclose,
Then little feet on nursery floor,
Went tireless patting o'er and o'er,
And dulcet tones, like chirping bird,
The mother's raptured pulses stirred,
And busy fingers clasped the toy,
Or held the doll in durance coy,
Or roused the house-dog, strong and old,
On ample rug supinely rolled,
With brawny back, and curly hair,
Well pleased his master's pet to bear,

While merry laugh and baby wile,
Woke on each brow an answering smile.

More birth-days came, and sweetly mild
Turned from her sports a thoughtful child,
Intent o'er ancient page to pore,
Or catch the breath of hallowed lore.
Then first at school-desk quaintly set,
The sister of my soul I met,
And budding friendship, fed with dew
Of knowledge, firm and healthful grew.
O'er classic tomes, 'mid tasks severe,
Mind quickened mind, unspent and clear,
And heart to heart new vigour lent,
As up the arduous steep we bent,
Or with unenvying gladness shared
Laborious study's rich reward,
Some hard-earned prize for toil-spent days,
Or dearer still, our teacher's praise.

With riper years, and school-days spent,
Still were our plans and pleasures blent,
The needle's art and pencils power
Wrought the same landscape, form, or flower,
O'er the same book our raptures rose,
The same secluded haunt we chose,
By rugged rock, or sounding stream,
We woke the same enthusiast dream,
Through solemn grove, at noon of day,
To secret bower we stole away,
And summer eve, so sadly fair,
Looked through the shades and found us there.
Time told not true his muffled hour
To tuneful brook, or listening flower,



And we, entranced, were heedless quite
To count his sands or mark his flight.

Yet not alone, o'er cloudless skies
Did Friendship throw her golden dies,
Nor knew I with what full control
Thou hadst dominion o'er my soul,
Companion meek, until thy tear
Fell trickling o'er affection's bier ;
For holy Friendship soars more high
'Neath sorrow's chastening ministry,
And sweetest breathes, when tempests lower,
To try the root or bruise the flower.

I left thee, for a little space,
With tender word and long embrace,
Thy brow of beauty tinted bright
With health and joy's returning light ;
I came, thy step with gladness fleet,
Sprang not, as erst, mine own to meet,
Thy kiss, thy greeting smile, no more
Received me at the open door,
But where, at twilight's pensive shade,
'Mid humid turf we sometimes strayed,
And lingering scanned with reverent tread
The lettered tablets of the dead,
The broken earth, the crumbling mould,
Tales of a recent tenant told,
And in my heart the curdling tide,
The speechless pang, *her name* supplied,
Who thus with cheek so young and fair,
In silence found a pillow there.
Since then, though many a year hath fled,
And many a wreathed hope is dead,

And other friends my heart hath found,
And strongest ties my bosom bound,
Yet when this opening morn of spring,
Again thy time of birth doth bring,
Remembered joys renew their tide,
And thou art seated by my side,
Again thy polished brow to raise,
Through clustering curls, with tender gaze,
Again reveal like sparkling dew
Thine inmost spirit's stainless hue ;
Nor can I feel, that hadst thou still
My partner been through earthly ill,
Time could have dimmed thy joyous air,
Or flecked with grey thy flowing hair,
Or scattered from his raven wing,
Such change as he to us doth bring.

Thou art not changed, though with the blest,
Save that thou wearest an angel's vest,
Save that thou breathest a glorious strain,
Which hath nor dissonance, nor pain ;
Save that thou dwellest where winter hoar,
And day and night revolve no more.
Thou art not changed, thy head is bowed,
To cheer me from yon fleecy cloud.
Wait ! Wait ! for if I truly tread
The path thy sainted footsteps led,
I ne'er will think a love like ours
Can fade like earth's forgotten flowers ;
It had a root in faith sublime,
Its perfect fruit shall mock at time.

The subject of the foregoing lines, Ann Maria Hyde, was a native of Norwich, Connecticut, and born on the first spring morning of 1792. She was reared with the most ardent parental solicitude, which was repaid with warm affection, and the early development of uncommon powers of mind.

She derived instruction from books at an age when many children are employed with the simplest modifications of the alphabet. Sport and pastime with her playmates she enjoyed, but for her highest pleasures stole quietly away to her little library. The historical parts of Scripture she read with great delight, and when her tiny hands were unable to sustain the weight of a large bible, and her infantine form rendered it unsafe for her to sit by it at a table without the care of others, she would spend hours and even days stretched on the carpet studying its pages, sometimes suddenly raising her little bright face, to read aloud such passages as peculiarly arrested her attention, or affected her heart.

When old enough to attend school her eager desire for knowledge and scrupulous regard to all the wishes of her instructors distinguished her among her companions, as well as the accuracy of her recitations, and the classic beauty of her written thoughts. So close was her application, and so precocious her intellect, that at twelve she was pronounced well grounded in the solid branches of a good education. Her taste led her to philosophical and historical studies, which she continued to pursue as opportunity was granted her, throughout the remainder of life.

At the age of fourteen she left school, and became the companion of her parents. Her time was happily

terested spirit, gave to the attachments she eventually formed an inviolable constancy.

It was during this happy season of her life that she wrote the following, probably her most finished poem.

EPITAPH ON MYSELF.

STRANGER, beneath this stone, in silence sleeps
What once had animation, reason, life ;
And while in vain the eye of friendship weeps,
The bosom rests, unvexed by mortal strife.

No more the smiles of joy illumine the face,
Nor health's fair roses on the cheek shall bloom,
For ever fled the gaiety and grace
Of sprightly youth ; they gleam not o'er the tomb.

Oh, stranger, pause ! So shall thy graces die,
Thy talents, birth, and fortune all decay ;
Thus, low in dust, thy lifeless form shall lie,
And power, and wealth, and honour pass away.

Love not too well the empty breath of fame,
Nor wrap thy heart in hoards of glittering store ;
Death spares not for the tinkling of a name,
He points his shaft, and greatness is no more.

No arms escutcheoned on the lowly stone
Reveal the titled greatness of the dead,
To proud ambition, and to fame unknown,
Was she who slumbers in this mouldering bed.

No weeping muses consecrate the ground,
No pensive bards in tuneful requiem sigh,
Nor genius here breathed inspiration round,
The hallowed spot where these cold relics lie.

Heaven has to few the envied gift assigned
Of Wit's enchanting, but deceptive light,
Nor gleamed its magic o'er her humble mind,
Who slumbers here in deep oblivion's night.

What though no gathering crowds assembled round
Her final home, or graced the funeral bier,
Believe not that this undistinguished ground
Was never moistened by affection's tear.

For who so vile, so unbeloved can live,
So unlamented to the grave descend,
That sympathy no tribute has to give,
Nor sad remembrance moves one mournful friend.

Reader, if firm resolve inspired thy soul,
No more from Virtue's sacred bound to stray,
Yet fierce temptation with its strong control,
Again impelled to error's devious way ;

If thou didst mourn in vain for follies past,
'Then weakly yield to vanity again,
Find every boasted motive fail at last,
And imperfections all thine actions stain ;

Oh ! pause and contemplate a kindred mind,
And then implore of heaven, assisting might,
That thou may'st Wisdom's narrow boundary find,
And sovereign mercy guide thy steps aright.

Mourn not for her whose unreluctant heart
'Neath this green turf hath found a refuge lone,
Nor at the truthful admonition start,
That tells such bed shall shortly be thine own.

Farewell ! To Wisdom consecrate thy days,—
But ye, who strive with eager hands to gain
Earth's glittering store and mortal's fitful praise,
Approach, and on my tombstone read—*they're vain.*

Though her attachment to her parents, relatives, and chosen friends was so great, that she emphatically lived for them more than for herself, it had been evident from infancy that the love of her father was peculiar and predominant. In their intellectual tastes there existed a strong congeniality; he had made himself from childhood the partaker of her pleasures, and the companion of her studies. She had been to him almost an object of idolatry, and when the weight of advancing years called on her to minister to his daily comfort, her affection became inexpressibly tender and pervading. It was a touching mixture of deep respect and fond devotedness, a delight in being near him, a desire to protect him from all anxiety, an indwelling of his image in her perpetual thought. To the friend who shared her entire confidence, she sometimes expressed the feeling that she should never be able to survive him.

But sudden and alarming sickness made him its victim. Night and day she watched him without consciousness of fatigue; she was unwilling that any hand save her own should prepare or administer either

medicine or nourishment. When the work of the destroyer was complete, she wished to be constantly near the beloved clay; but it was observed that she shed no tear. "How beautiful are those features," she often murmured, but no drop from her straining eyes fell upon them. The knell at which she was wont to weep, when it tolled even for strangers, the great concourse mournfully assembling to do honour to the deceased, the pathetic prayers from lips that she revered, the sullen grave closing upon the cherished form drew no tear. Friends watched her with intense anxiety, strangers were astonished at her composure.

She returned from the funeral solemnities and sat down silently by the deserted hearth-stone in the very chair of the departed father. But still she wept not. The whole night and the following day passed in the same unmitigated anguish; nor was it until induced to pour out her whole soul into the bosom of an early friend, that she shared the blessed relief of tears.

Still the shadow of grief was slow in lifting itself from her spirit. Indeed, it is doubtful whether its effects ever wholly passed away. For though she returned to life's duties, there was about her that utter chastisement of earthly hope, that sublimation of the soul, whether in sorrow or in joy, which ever looks upward for its perfect rest. With the most earnest assiduity she strove to console her widowed mother, and for her sake preserved cheerfulness of deportment, and again took the smile upon those beautiful lips, but it was not like *her smile*. It was that of a pensive spirit, ripened for a purer clime, having its treasures already garnered up there.

She still laboured for the improvement of the pupils,

whose education she continued to conduct, veiled her sorrows lest they should darken the pathway of her remaining parent, strove to be a comforter to her widowed sister, and to advance the welfare of her fatherless children. The perusal of sacred poetry formed the principal solace of the few intervals of leisure which she allowed herself, but its composition was laid aside after the departure of the beloved one who had been the prompting spirit.

Somewhat more than two years after his death she was taken ill of a fever. Its first attack seemed slight, but her discriminating mind apprehended the result, and arranged even the minutest circumstance as one who returns no more. "I have no longer any wish for life," she said, "but for my dear mother's sake."

As the disease developed its fatal features, she faintly whispered, "Lay me by the side of my father." Apprehending that the delirium so generally incidental to that disease might overpower her, she drew her sister down to her pillow, and slowly articulated, "I have many things to say to you. Let me say some of them now, or perhaps I may not be able. You know how much I have loved you. Seek an interest in our Saviour. Promise me that you will prepare to follow me. For oh! I never before felt so happy. Soon shall I be in that world

'Where rising floods of knowledge roll,
And *pour*, and *pour* upon the soul.'

And so with many other kind and sweet words, and messages to the absent and beloved, and communings with the Hearer of Prayer, passed away at the age of *twenty-four*, as lovely a spirit as ever wore the vest-

ments of mortality ; so lovely, that the friend who from life's opening pilgrimage had walked with her in the intimacy of a twin-being is able to remember no intentional fault, no wayward deviation from duty, and no shadow of blemish, save what must ever appertain to dimmed and fallen humanity.

THE STOCKBRIDGE BOWL.

THE Stockbridge Bowl!—Hast ever seen
 How sweetly pure and bright
 Its foot of stone, and rim of green,
 Attract the traveller's sight?
 High set among the breezy hills
 Where spotless marble glows,
 It takes the tribute of the rills
 Distilled from mountain snows

You've seen, perchance, the classic vase
 At Adrian's villa found,
 The grape-vines that its handles chase,
 And twine its rim around.
 But thousands such as that which boasts
 The Roman's name to keep,
 Might in this Stockbridge bowl be lost
 Like pebbles in the deep.

It yields no sparkling draught of fire
 To mock the maddened brain,
 Like that which warmed Anacreon's lyre
 Amid the Tëan plain;
 But freely, with a right good-will,
 Imparts its fountain store,
 Whose heaven replenished crystal still
 Can wearied toil restore.

The Indian hunter knew its power,
And oft its praises spoke,
Long ere the white man's stranger plough
These western valleys broke ;
The panting deer, that wild with pain,
From his pursuers stole,
Inhaled new life to every vein
From this same Stockbridge bowl

And many a son of Berkshire skies
Those men of noble birth,
Though now, perchance, their roofs may rise
In far or foreign earth,—
Shall on this well-remembered vase
With thrilling bosom gaze,
And o'er its mirrored surface trace
The joys of earlier days.

But one, who with a spirit-glance
Hath moved her country's heart,
And bade, from dim oblivion's trance
Poor Magawiska start,
Hath won a fame, whose blossom rare
Shall fear no blighting sky,
Whose lustrous leaf grow fresh and fair,
Though Stockbridge bowl be dry.

In the northern part of Stockbridge, Berkshire County, is a beautiful expanse of water, usually called the "Great Pond," which in many countries would be dignified with the appellation of a lake. Its origi-

nal Indian name of "Quit-chu-scook" is scarcely melodious enough for its singular loveliness. Miss Sedgwick, whose birth is counted among the glories of that region, says, "the English equivalent to this aboriginal word, '*The Bowl*,' is short, simple, and perfectly descriptive. No bowl was ever more beautifully formed, or set, nor ever, even in old Homer's genial verse, sparkled more invitingly."

The County of Berkshire, with its wild and bold scenery, seems to have impressed its image strongly on the affections of those who have emigrated from its bosom. Not a few of that large number have acquired distinction in their distant abodes, yet still look back with that fond remembrance to their mountain-home, the first nurse of their infancy, which reflects honour both on the mother and the children.

In the summer of 1844, the pleasing and novel suggestion was made, of re-assembling as far as possible the scattered sons of the county, to hold a season of rejoicing among the green hills of their nativity. Pittsfield, from its central position and other advantages, was selected as the place of the proposed re-union. The invitation that was sent forth is a model of cordial and patriotic sentiment.

"In every point of view," it remarks, "we feel that such a meeting would be highly interesting. The sons of Massachusetts have reason to revere and love their native soil. She is the mother and nurse of a mighty people. In the very cradle her sons had to fight the battles, and use the wisdom of mature manhood. And while the descendants of those who landed on her rocky coast have gone abroad, and amount to nearly five millions of souls, she holds on her way, with her

soil trodden by the free, and the air of her mountains still breathed by a noble race of men. Her hills, her valleys, and her limpid streams remain as they were, save that the former are greatly beautified by the hand of man, and the latter pressed into his service and made the source of increasing wealth. Her enterprise too has opened a path through her mountains of rock, and the iron horse with ease climbs up and goes down what once seemed almost impassable barriers of nature.

“But that which is the pride of Massachusetts is her sons and daughters; they constitute her glory, whether they remain here, beautifying the old homestead, or whether they go out to expend their indomitable energies under warmer skies and on richer plains. Among these, Berkshire has furnished her full share,—offspring who would honour any parent. These we should rejoice to see gathered at the hearth of their mothers, to hold a day of congratulations and of sweet recollections. We love these sons and daughters none the less because they have gone from us, and we wish to have the home of their childhood live green in their memory. The chain which binds them to us is more than golden, and we would have its links grow stronger and brighter.”

The response to this call was warm and earnest. The appointed time in August witnessed throngs of arrivals in Pittsfield. There, hospitality was the opening both of house and heart. Every possible arrangement for comfort and accommodation had been made; seats placed on a beautiful hill, and a noble banquet spread under cover of a tent for three thousand guests. Music and eloquence, song, genius and beauty, lent

their attractions to the two summer days [thus spent together.

The weather, on which the comfort of a popular assemblage, where there is a large admixture of ladies, eminently depends, was generally propitious. But one morning, when an audience of nearly six thousand had gone in procession to their hill of Jubilee, and were listening with enchained attention to an accomplished speaker, a heavy rain suddenly fell. This was attended by a most singular rushing sound, the simultaneous expansion of thousands of umbrellas, under whose protection such as could be accommodated repaired to the church, where the exercises were continued.

In excursions to different points of interest the ancient and magnificent Pittsfield Elm was not forgotten. Around its venerable head, multitudes of birds were observed to be congregating and circling on joyous wing, as if holding an imitative jubilee of their own.

The result of this gathering, in which pecuniary gain or political ambition had no part, did not disappoint the hopes of its projectors. May it serve as a precedent for other parts of our country, and may the rekindling of that fraternal feeling, and love for the spot of nativity which beat strongest in the best hearts, quicken the fountain of true patriotism, and charity for the whole family of mankind.

They come! they come! by ardent memory led,
From distant hearth-stones, a rejoicing train,
And hand in hand, with kindred feeling, tread
Green Berkshire's vales, and breezy hills again,

Back to the cradle of their own sweet birth,
Back to the foot-prints of their early prime,
Where in the nursery of their native earth
They caught the spirit of their mountain clime ;

The free, bold spirit, that no change can bind,
The earnest purpose that no toil can tame,
The calm, inherent dignity of mind,
The love of knowledge, and of patriot fame.

They bring the statesman's and the student's dower,
The honours that to rural life belong,
Of sacred Eloquence, the soul-felt power,
The palm of Science, and the wreath of Song.

And thou, blest Mother ! with unfrosted hair,
Still made by age more beautiful and strong,
Pour a glad welcome, at thy threshold fair,
And breathe thy blessing o'er the filial throng.

Enfold them warmly in thy fond embrace,
And with thy counsels of true wisdom guide,
That, like themselves, their yet uncounted race
May be thy glory, as thou art her pride !

VALE OF WYOMING.

**THERE's many a beauteous region of the earth
Doth take its baptism from Castalia's fount,
And henceforth, to the ears of men, become
A charmed name. But in this new-found West
There hath been little pomp, or ornament
Bestowed to herald Nature, where she works
With glorious skill.**

And so, the traveller goes

**To muse at Thessaly, or strike his lyre
Beside Geneva's lake, or raptured mount
Benlomond's cliff, pouring o'er other climes
The enthusiasm which his own might well inspire.
Yet go not forth, Son of the patriot West,
To give the ardour of thine earliest love
Unto an older world, till thou hast seen
June's cloudless sun o'er Wyoming go down,
And from our palace-gate, the queenly moon
Come slowly forth, wrapped in her silver veil,
So calm, so still, not as at Ajalon
To light the vengeance of the warrior's arm,
But lost in admiration of a scene
She helps to beautify. Yea, go not forth,
Till from the brow of yonder mountain height
Through interlacing branches, rich with bloom,**

The tulip, or magnolia, thou dost part
The canopy of close-enwreathed vines,
And through a mass of foliage, looking down
On copse, and cultured field, and village spire,
Behold the Susquehannah, like a bride,
Glide on in beauty, to her nuptial hour.
Here, too, are gloomy haunts, where roam the bear,
Or the insatiate wolf, and sunny glades,
Where with light foot the red deer leads her fawn,
And quiet, shaded brooklets, where leap up
The speckled trout.

Yet still, deceitful Vale,
So lulled, and saturate in deep content
With thine exceeding beauty, thou dost hide
A blotted history of tears and blood,
A dire, Vesuvian, lava-written scroll,
Which the confiding lover at thy feet
But little wots of. Thy romantic groves,
And fairy islets, have sent up the cry
Of wounded men, and o'er the embroidered bank
Where violets grow, the carnage-tint hath lain
Deep as a plague-spot.

Ask yon monument,
That o'er the velvet verdure lifts so high
Its lettered chronicle, who sleeps below ?
And why, so many lustrums, tearful Spring
Did weep, like Rizpah, o'er the slaughtered brave,
Unnamed, unhonoured ere its pillared breast
Arose to take the record of their names,
And of their valour, teach a race unborn.

The memories of red war, how thick they spring
Among these flowers. Here in fierce strife have stood

Indian and white man, aye! and they whose faith
Was in the same Redeemer, through whose breasts
Flowed the same kindred blood-drop, casting off
The name of brother, in their cradle learned,
Have madly met, I may not tell you how.
History hath stained her pencil and her page
With these dark deeds, and ye may read them there.

Yet would I tell one tale of Wyoming,
Before we part. There was a pleasant home,
In times long past. A little crystal brook,
Where water-cresses grew, went singing by,
While the ripe apples, gleaming thro' the boughs
And in its humble garden, many a bush
Of scarlet berries, sprinkled here and there
With fragrant herbs, sage and the bee-loved thyme,
Betokened thrift and comfort.

Once, as closed
The autumn-day, the mother by her side
Held her young children, with her storied lore,
Fast by her chair, a bold and bright-eyed boy,
Stood, statue-like, while closer, at her feet,
Were his two gentle sisters. One, a girl
Of some eight summers, youngest and most loved
For her prolonged and feeble infancy.
She leaned upon her mother's lap, and looked
Into her face with an intense regard,
And that quick intermitting sob that tells
How the soul's listening may impede the flow
Of respiration. Pale she was, and fair,
And so exceeding fragile, that the name
Given by her stronger playmates, at their sports,
Of "Lily of the Vale," seemed well bestowed.

The mother told them of her native clime,
 Her own, beloved New England, of the school
 Where many children o'er their lessons bent,
 Each mindful of the rules, to read, or spell,
 Or ply the needle, at the appointed hour,
 And how they serious sate, with folded hands,
 When the good mistress through her spectacles
 Read from the Bible.

Of the church she spake,
 With slender spire o'er-canopied by elms,
 And how the sweet bell on the sabbath-morn,
 Did call from every home the people forth,
 All neatly clad, and with a reverent air,
 Children, by parents led, to worship God.
 Absorbed in such recital, ever mixed
 By that maternal lip, with precepts pure,
 Of love to God and man, they scarcely marked
 A darkening shadow o'er the casement steal,
 Until the savage footstep and the flash
 Of tomahawks appalled them.

Swift as thought
 They fled, thro' briars and brambles fiercely tracked
 By grim pursuers. The mother taxed
 With the loved burden of her youngest born,
 Moved slowest, and they cleft her fiercely down :
 Yet with that impulse, which doth sometimes move
 The sternest purpose of the red man's breast
 To a capricious mercy, spared the child.
 Her little struggling limbs, her pallid face
 Averted from her captors, her shrill cry
 Coming in fitful echoes from afar,
 Deepened the mother's death pang.

Eve drew on,

And from his toil the husband and the sire
Turned wearied home. With wondering thought he
marked

No little feet come forth to welcome him ;
And through the silence listened for her voice,
His Lily of the Vale, who first of all
Was wont to espy him.

Through the house he rushed,
Empty and desolate, and down the wild.
There lay his dearest, weltering in her blood
Upon the trampled grass. In vain he bore
The form of marble to its couch, and strove
Once more to vivify that spark of life
Which ruthless rage had quenched.

On that dread hour
Of utter desolation, broke a cry
"Oh father! father!" and around his neck
Two weeping children twined their trembling arms,
His elder-born, who in the thicket's depths
'Scaped the destroyer's eye.

When bitter grief
Withdrew its palsyng power, the tireless zeal
Of that dismembered household, sought the child
Reft from their arms, and oft, with shuddering thought,
Revolved the hardships that must mark her lot
If life was hers. And when the father lay
In his last, mortal sickness, he enjoined
His children never to remit their search
For his lost Lily. Faithful to the charge,
They strove, but still in vain.

Years held their way,
The boy became a man, and o'er his brow
Stole the white, sprinkled hairs. Around his hearth

Were children's children, and one pensive friend,
His melancholy sister, night and day
Mourning the lost. At length a rumour came
Of a white woman, found in Indian tents,
Far, far away. A father's dying words
Came o'er the husbandman, and up he rose,
And took his sad-eyed sister by the hand,
Blessing his household, as he bade farewell
For their uncertain pilgrimage.

They prest

O'er cloud-capped mounts, through forests, dense with
shade,
O'er bridgeless rivers, swoln to torrents hoarse,
O'er prairies like the never-ending sea,
Following the chart that had been dimly traced
By stranger-guide.

At length they reached a lodge,

Deep in the wilderness, beside whose door
A wrinkled woman, with the Saxon brow,
Sate, coarsely mantled in her blanket-robe,
The Indian pipe between her shrivelled lips.
Yet, in her blue eye dwelt a gleam of thought,
A hidden memory, whose electric force
Thrilled to the fount of being, and revealed
The kindred drops that had so long wrought out
A separate channel.

With affection's haste

The sister clasped her neck, "Oh lost and found !
Lily! dear sister! praise to God above!"
'Then, in wild sobs, her trembling voice was lost.
The brother drew her to his side, and bent
A long and tender gaze, into the depths
Of her clear eye. That glance unsealed the scroll

Of many years. Yet no responding tear
Moistened her cheek, nor did she stretch her arms
To answer their embrace.

“O Lily! love!
For whom this heart so many years hath kept
Its dearest place,” the sister’s voice resumed,
“Hast thou forgot the home, the grassy bank
Where we have played? the blessed mother’s words,
Bidding us love each other? and the prayer,
With which our father at the evening hour
Commended us to God?”

Slowly she spake,—
“I do remember, dimly as a dream,
A brook, a garden, and two children fair,
A loving mother, with a bird-like voice,
Teaching us goodness; then, a trace of blood,
A groan of death, a lonely captive’s pain;—
But all are passed away.

Here is my home,
These are my daughters.

If ye ask for him,
The eagle-eyed, and lion-hearted chief,
My fearless husband, who the battle led,
There is his grave.”

“Go back and dwell with us,
Back to thy people, to thy father’s God,”
The brother said. “I have a happy home,
A loving wife and children. Thou shalt be
Welcome to all. And these thy daughters too,
The dark-eyed, and the raven-haired, shall be
Unto me as mine own. My heart doth yearn
O’er thee, our hapless mother’s dearest one,
Let my sweet home be thine.”

A trembling nerve
Thrilled all unwonted, at her bosom's core,
And her lip blanched. But her two daughters gazed
All fixedly upon her, to their cheek
Rushing the proud Miami chieftain's blood,
In haughty silence. So, she wept no tears,
The moveless spirit of the race she loved
Had come upon her, and her features showed
Slight touch of sympathy.

"Upon my head
Rest sixty winters. Scarcely eight were pass'd
Among the pale-faced people. Hate they not
The red man in their heart? Smooth Christian words
They speak, but from their touch we fade away,
As from the poisonous snake.

Have I not said
Here is my home? and yonder is the bed
Of the Miami Chief? Two sons who bore
His brow, rest on his pillow.

Shall I turn
My back upon my dead, and bear the curse
Of the Great Spirit?"

Through their feathery plumes
Her dark-eyed daughters mute approval gave
To these stern words.

Yet still, with faithful zeal,
The brother and the sister waited long
In patient hope. If on her brow they traced
Aught like relenting, fondly they implored
"Oh sister! go with us!" and every tale
That poured o'er childhood's days a flood of light,
Had the same whispered burden.

Oft they walked

Beside her, when the twilight's tender hour,
Or the young moonlight blendeth kindred hearts,
So perfectly together. But in vain,
For with the stony eye of prejudice
Which gathereth coldness from an angel's smile,
She looked upon their love.

And so they left
Their pagan sister in her Indian home,
And to their native vale of Wyoming,
Turned mournful back. There, often steeped in tears
At morn or evening, rose the tearful prayer
That God would keep alive within her soul
The seed their maker sowed, and by his grace
So water it, that they might meet in heaven.

The pleasure of travelling in the State of Pennsylvania, and noticing the abundance of its resources, is heightened by referring to the memory of its benevolent founder, the Man of peace. The scene under the broad shadow of the Elm at Kensington often rises to view, when in the autumn of 1682 he executed that treaty with the natives, which has been happily styled the "only one ever formed without an oath, and the only one that was never broken."

There, with a few followers, unarmed, save with the fearlessness of honesty, he met the fierce chieftains, "sudden and quick in quarrel," the tomahawk enured to blood in their belts, and in their quivers the arrow that never missed its aim. Trained to suspicion, by the oft-repeated treachery of the whites, their rigid and care-worn features strangely softened, as they observed the beaming countenance, and simple manners of William Penn; while with a kind of instinct

often possessed by the children of the forest, they murmured to each other, "*He is a true man.*"

When he freely gave them the price they demanded for their territory, adding beside many articles of merchandise, which he begged them to accept as gifts, and put into their hands a parchment deed of the purchase requesting them to keep it for their posterity, their iron hearts were melted before the spirit of truth and peace, and the impulsive and impassioned shout burst forth, "We will love Miquon,* and his children, as long as the sun and moon give their light."

Our first view of the Susquehannah convinced us that it deserved the praise so often given it, of being one of the most beautiful rivers that ever indented earth's surface. The green banks, and fairy islets around which it circles and lingers, seem to embrace, and strive to detain it with an earnest love. A bridge over its clear waters, among the pleasant scenery of Owega, is the dividing line between the States of New York and Pennsylvania; and after crossing it, we traversed an exceedingly hilly country, clothed with primeval forests.

Among some of the most prominent peculiarities of the German population which here prevails, are immense stone-barns, several stories in height, and costly beyond what would seem appropriate for an agricultural establishment. The species of architecture was rendered the more remarkable, by contrasting it with some of the small, incommodious farm-houses, where the young children basked neglected in the sun

* The name given by the aborigines to their friend, William Penn.

around the doors, or enclosures, and the large horses with their sleek, shining coats, proudly moving in ponderous waggons, proved that purely animal nature absorbed its full quota of attention from the master and father.

Travelling for part of a day in one of the public conveyances, it was striking, and even affecting, to see the diversity of character and fortune which the circumference of a few feet comprehended. In the group nearest our own, were a newly-married pair, who being all the world to each other, sought to elude the observation of that world, as well as any claim it might chance to institute upon their time or attention. Then there was a poor, young creature of seventeen, unattended by a protector or friend, with her son, scarcely a month old, going from the humble home of her parents to her husband, a collier in the mining districts, and thankful for the least advice or assistance in quieting her wailing babe. Then there was a lady, in a fixed consumption, its fatal flush upon her cheek, and unearthly brightness in her eye, moved by the restlessness of that wasting disease, to travel without other aim or object than present alleviation, or possibly an illusive, shadowy hope, of future gain. Beside herself and the nurse, were two little daughters, of six and eight years, her only treasures, companions in all her wanderings; while she, apparently aware of her perilous condition, exchanged with these objects of her affection fond and mournful looks, like one journeying to that "bourne from whence no traveller returns."

After our party were again by ourselves in our own vehicle, curiosity induced us, during the fervour of a summer-noon, to enter a log-house, and inspect its

capacities, and the habitudes of its inmates. It was one of the larger order, and comprised two stories of moderate height. As there was no public-house in its immediate vicinity, the family were ambitious of providing us entertainment, and set forth from their own resources a decent dinner, with a dessert of freshly gathered berries from the neighbouring field. Afterwards, they furnished convenience for a siesta, to such as desired it, and produced for the readers newspapers in German and English, with a few antique volumes. We discovered that in these unpretending tenements there might exist more of comfort, and even of refinement, than their rude aspect announces to the passing traveller.

At Montrose and Centreville we found good accommodations, and at the latter place were told the story of a calamity, which in the summer of 1838 came upon them as suddenly as the shower of flaming cinders that enveloped Pompeii. At nine in the evening, while many of the villagers were in the act of retiring to rest, a whirlwind passed over them, and in a short space of two minutes laid the greater number of their dwellings in ruins. A church, and a bridge of solid timber, were rent in fragments, and dispersed as swiftly as those of slighter material and foundation. The storm fortunately moved in a narrow vein, but whatever stood in its pathway was displaced, or destroyed. Yet, amid all this unexpected desolation, the uprooting of trees, and the atmosphere filled with flying missiles, the hand of mercy so protected the inhabitants, that no lives were lost.

At Carbondale is a specimen of the celebrated and inexhaustible coal mines of Pennsylvania. A shaft of

two thousand feet in extent, carried into the side of a mountain, we explored, riding on the car of the miners, and lighted only by the flickering lamps which they bore in their hands. The walls of anthracite rose on either side, and o'er-canopied our heads, like an arch of polished ebony, while occasionally the sound of trickling waters oozing out amid utter darkness, reminded us of the regions of Erebus. Hundreds of tons daily are the product of these mines, which are borne by the power of steam up a hill of six hundred feet, for the purposes of transportation. A community of miners from Ireland and Wales exist here in distinct settlements, each preserving their national habits and characteristics, and not always inclined to a pacific intercourse. The Cambrian women, with tall white caps and ruddy faces, were occupied in household duties and the care of their children, while one or two pastors faithfully laboured for the instruction of their emigrant flock.

After witnessing the junction of the Susquehannah, with the soft-flowing and sweet-named Lackawanna, we entered the valley of Wyoming, so long and justly famed for its fascinating beauty. From Prospect Rock, from Ross Hill, and other points of view, every variety of surface was visible from the deep-shaded slumbering dell, to the sunny hill cultivated to its very summit; and every intermediate hue, from the pure white of the buck-wheat, to the rich blue of the blossoming flax field, the dark green of the forest, brightened now and then by the glancing antlers of the deer, the em-purpled drapery of the mountains, and the irized ebony of the anthracite, the diamond of that remarkable region. Often was some melodious passage from the

Gertrude of Campbell brought to the memory or the lips by scenery, which, had he ever beheld, he might doubtless more accurately have portrayed.

“ Nor wanted yet the eye for scope to muse,
Nor vistas opened by the wandering stream ;
Both where at evening Alleghany views
Through ridges burning in her western beam,
Lake after lake interminably gleam .
And past those settlers' haunts, the eye might roam
Where earth's unliving silence all might seem,
Save where on rocks the beaver built his dome,
Or buffalo remote lowed far from human home.”

Wilkesbarre, which should have adopted the classic name of Wyoming, is embosomed in that enchanted vale, and laved by the blue waters of the Susquehannah. A great proportion of its inhabitants are of Connecticut origin, and it displays thrift and industry as well as a rich dowry of nature's charms. It exhibits an agreeable state of society, and admits visitants to an intercourse both heart-felt and hospitable. Among many cherished obligations to the friends under whose auspices this journey was made, is an introduction to this pleasant spot, and kind-hearted people.

No one, gazing on the quietness of the surrounding vale, where it might seem that peace would ever delight to have folded her wing, can remember without emotion its history of tears and blood, or realize that its smiling surface conceals a catacomb of bones.

The most sudden and surprising changes marked its early existence. The settler who wielded at morn the sickle that was to give his children bread, grasped at noon the weapon of the soldier, and ere nightfall moistened with the life-tide from his bosom the clods

of the valley. Civil war unveiled its revolting features. Neighbour stood against neighbour, and friend against friend. The nurtured at one breast met with the frown of deadly foes, and heads that had lain side by side in the same cradle were cleft by kindred hands. Still, unawed by terror or tempest, the Moravian missionaries lifted the white flag of the Gospel's peace, and Zinzendorf laboured to teach the ignorant natives of the forest the love of a Redeemer.

The bitter strife between the New-England settlers and the Pennsylvanians, between the loyalists and the sons of liberty in our war revolution, and the fearful massacre which made the few survivors of the valley fugitives are too well known, and too painful to be here recapitulated. Yet, whatever prompted the call to arms, whether the defence of home or country, or the blind ardour of a mistaken cause, the men of Wyoming were always the bravest of the brave.

Utter desolation and desertion came upon the valley after the battle of 1778. Its defenders had fallen, and the bereaved families took their flight to whatever place of refuge might be open to them. Some even travelled on foot to Connecticut, and implored shelter in the clime of their ancestors.

After the restoration of peace the fugitives gathered themselves together, and returned to their beloved and desolated Wyoming. Their first sacred duty was to search for, and deposit the mutilated remains of their relatives and friends, beneath the soil that they had so nobly defended. But the lapse of years had silently reduced those green mounds to the level of the surrounding verdure, until nothing remained to designate the exact spot of interment save general locality, and

the tenacity of tradition. When prosperity once more revisited the valley, Memory turned with an increase of grateful love to those who had perished in its defence. Their decaying bones were collected, and a monument projected which should transmit the story of their valour to future times. But its progress was arrested by various causes and forms of financial embarrassment, until the ladies of the valley by their energetic efforts, won for themselves the honour of its completion.

It is erected on the precise spot where the ashes of the fallen brave repose, five miles from the village of Wilkesbarre, and on the opposite bank of the Susquehannah. Its material is granite drawn from the neighbouring mountains. Simplicity and symmetry are its constituents. It is an obelisk of sixty feet in height, on a base eighteen feet in diameter, having four marble tablets inserted, and bearing on the one in front the following inscription :

Near this spot was fought
On the afternoon of the 3d of July, 1778,
The Battle of Wyoming ;
In which a small band of patriotic Americans,
Chiefly the undisciplined, the youthful, and the aged,
Spared by inefficiency from the distant ranks of the Republic,
Led by Col. Zebulon Butler and Col. Nathan Denison,
With a courage that deserved success,
Fearlessly met, and bravely fought,
A combined British, Tory and Indian force
Of thrice their number :
Numerical superiority alone gave victory to the Invaders,
And wide-spread havoc, desolation and ruin
Marked their savage and bloody footsteps through the valley,

to the lips of a child, an obedience which age and wisdom could not have commanded. This incident, never forgotten by the inhabitants of his native valley, was afterwards recalled to mind with deep interest, when, after eleven years, he again addressed them as an authorized preacher of the gospel. This was his only subsequent visit, and but two years before his death."

Proud dowry hast thou, beauteous dell,
Of murmuring stream, and mountain swell,
And storied legend, stern and high
Of ancient border chivalry,
And ashes of the brave, that sleep
In hallowed urn, 'mid foliage deep.

Still Memory calls with magic power,
Forth from his cherished natal bower,
A form, whom Beauty rare and high,
And Genius, with an eagle eye
And Piety on radiant throne,
Did consecrate, and make their own.

A traveller in the realms of old,
Where art and wealth their charms unfold,
Amid the Alpine cliffs he saw
That Name which woke his infant awe,
And summoned to an early tomb,
In bright, but scarce perfected bloom,
Beheld, with faith's exulting thought,
The crown by his Redeemer bought.

Fair Wyoming, the enthusiast's eye
Doth scan thy charms with ecstasy.
Yet though the tide of minstrel song
Hath flowed thine echoing haunts along,
And martyr-courage, bold and free,
Bequeathed its blood-stained wreath to thee,
A holier fame for thee is spread,
The birth-place of the sainted dead.

REMOVAL OF AN ANCIENT MANSION



WHERE art thou, old friend ?

When last

This familiar haunt I pass'd,
 Thou didst seem in vigorous cheer,
 As like to stand as any here,
 With roof-tree firm, and comely face
 Well preserved in attic grace,
 On columns fair thine arches resting,
 Among thy trees the spring-birds nesting ;
 Hast thou vanished ? Can it be,
 I no more shall gaze on thee ?

Casements, whence the taper's ray,
 Glittered o'er the crowded way,
 Where embalmed in fragrant dew
 Peered the snowy lilac through,
 Chimnies, whence the volumed smoke
 Of thy warm heart freely spoke,
 Fallen and gone ! No vestige left,
 Stone from stone asunder reft,
 While a chasm, with rugged face,
 Yawns and darkens in thy place.

Threshold ! which I oft have prest,
More a habitant than guest,
For their blessed sakes who shed
Oil of gladness on my head,
Brows with hoary wisdom drest,
Saints, who now in glory rest,
Fain had I, though tear-drops fell,
Said to thee one kind farewell,
Fain with tender, grateful sigh,
Thanked thee for the days gone by.

Hearth-stone ! where the ample fire
Quelled Old Winter's fiercest ire,
While its blaze reflected clear
On the friends who gathered near,
On the pictures quaint and old
Thou of quiet pleasures told ;
Knitting bag and storied page,
Precepts grave from lips of age,
Made the lengthened evening fleet
Lightly, with improvement sweet.

Fallen dome ! beloved so well,
Thou couldst many a legend tell,
Of the chiefs of ancient fame,
Who to share thy shelter came.
Rochambeau and La Fayette
Round thy plenteous board have met,
With Columbia's mightier son,
Great and glorious Washington.
Here, with kindred minds they planned
Rescue for an infant land,
While the British Lion's roar
Echoed round the leagured shore.

He, who now where cypress weeps,
On Mount Vernon's bosom sleeps,
Once in council grave and high
Shared thy hospitality,
When the sound of treason drear,
Arnold's treason, met his ear.
Heart that ne'er in danger quailed,
Lips that ne'er had faltered paled,
As the Judas' image stole
Shuddering, o'er his noble soul,
As he sped, like tempest's shock,
On to West Point's periled rock.

Beauty here, with budding pride,
Blossomed into youth and died;
Manhood towered with ruling mind,
Age in reverent arms declined,
Bridals bright, and burials dread,
From thy gates their trains have sped:
But thy lease of time is run,
Closed thy date, thy history done.

All are vanished, all have fled,
Save the memories of the dead,
These with added strength adhere
To the hearts that year by year
Feebler beat and fainter glow,
Till they rest in turf below,
Till their place on earth shall be
Blotted out, old dome, like thee.

Other fanes, 'neath favouring skies,
(Blessings on them!) here may rise,

Other groups, by hope be led,
(Blessings on them!) here to tread,
Yet of thee, their children fair
Nothing wot, and nothing care;
So a form that soon must be
Numbered with the past like thee,
Rests with pilgrim-staff awhile,
On thy wreck, deserted pile,
And the dust that once was thine,
Garners for affection's shrine.

The mansion that gave a subject to the foregoing lines was erected in 1733, by the Rev. Daniel Wadsworth, the pastor of the first congregational church in Hartford, Connecticut. It was connected with both the ecclesiastical and civil history of early times; being, while the residence of his son, Col. Jeremiah Wadsworth, the scene of frequent consultations between the officers of the American and French armies, during the war that achieved our independence. Washington, who highly valued him as a friend, was a guest in his house when Arnold's treachery was consummated, and reached West Point, just after the flight of the traitor. The plan of the southern campaign is supposed to have been laid in one of its chambers. When La Fayette, in 1824, received the glad welcome of a country which his youthful heroism had aided to save, vivid recollections were restored by a visit to this abode. He was able, notwithstanding the long interval that had elapsed, accurately to describe its south front chamber, where so many important councils had been

held, affecting both the fortunes of war and the destinies of our infant nation.

This venerable dwelling was unpretending, though respectable in its exterior, and had received additions at different times, as the state of its household required. The latest erection was of several chambers in the rear, supported on heavy brick columns, through whose white rows the moon-beams, in a fine evening, had a singularly pleasing effect. The premises were surrounded by enclosures, adorned with shrubbery and trees, and by a garden of flowers, fruits, and various families of those herbs, whose friendly natures have affinity with health.

Every thing in the exterior of the house was adapted to promote the comfort of its inmates. During the long and cold winters, large, clear wood fires diffused their genial warmth through all its inhabited parts, the anthracite not having then effected a lodgment. There might be seen that perfection of ancient house-keeping, which, combining liberality with a just economy, studied the convenience of all, and kept every one at their post of duty. In those times the mistress not deeming it beneath the dignity of a lady to know how to superintend every department of her own domicile, wisely ruled all its clock-work springs, and by establishing order and punctuality, prevented that greatest of all prodigality, the waste of time.

There, in the place of his birth, the Hon. J. Wadsworth died, held in high respect as a man of noble mind and energy of character, conspicuous in camp and council, who served his country both in war and peace, at home and in foreign climes. He sustained *the office of Commissary* during the greater part of the

revolutionary contest, and after the consolidation of the government took his seat in the halls of Congress. He was especially a benefactor to his native city, where his public spirit gave him great influence, and where it was his delight to aid industry and talent, struggling against the obstacles of poverty, or an obscure station.

There his sisters, whom he made happy by every proof of fraternal affection, passed their lives and departed, at an advanced age, held in affectionate remembrance by all who knew them. They were distinguished by heart-felt piety, and an integrity that influenced every word and action, by an industrious improvement of time, and fond affection for those connected with them by kindred blood. They possessed also the capacity for constant friendship, and that warm sympathy for the woes of others which age did not quench, and which revealed itself in the moistened and tearful eye, whenever any tale of human suffering met their ear.

The same mansion was the residence of the widow of the late Col. Wadsworth, a lady who left an indelible impression on the memory of those who shared her intimacy. Her virtues having a firm root, continued to ripen and mellow to the latest hour of life. During the war, the position of her husband, as soldier and statesman, diversified her department with much care and responsibility, under the pressure of which she evinced a discretion and wisdom competent both to execute or to control.

As a mother she was affectionate and unwearied in her exertions, and to the close of her existence the

wishes, hopes, and welfare of her children were interwoven with the closest fibres of her heart.

In the direction of her own affairs, as well as in her opinion of those of others, she exercised a discriminating judgment, the result of a clear mind, close observation, and grave experience. She was gifted with a native equanimity, so excellent in woman, which amid perplexing or eventful scenes, preserved her from hurry of spirits or confusion of intellect. This, united to habits of regularity, doubtless promoted health and longevity, and aided in the preservation of that vigour of intellect which remained unimpaired to the last.

She revered the teachers and ordinances of religion, and made the scriptures, with which she had been acquainted from youth, a part of her daily study. Books of high literary character, especially those of historical and theological research, were sources of unfailing delight; and she gave an example of happily combining their love with the faithful discharge of relative and domestic duty.

Her more than fourscore years were not suffered to chill her participation of either social or intellectual enjoyment. Her retentive memory was preserved entire, and the impressions made by passing events, or interesting authors, seemed as vivid as those engraven at earlier periods of life. She was reading the graphic tour of a traveller in ancient climes, and speaking with animation of its varied descriptions, when the last messenger, a sudden paralysis, touched her brow, and checked the flow of utterance. A few days of gentle, and patiently endured suffering, divided

the active duties of this life from the perfect rest of another.

The mansion, thus rendered venerable by historic lore, and the memory of the sainted dead, was removed from its original site on Main Street to Buckingham Street, in the spring of 1842. Its place is now occupied by the "Wadsworth Athenæum," thus named from grateful respect to Daniel Wadsworth, Esq., who, in addition to other liberal donations, freely gave for the public good a spot hallowed by the sacred memorials of his ancestors.

This new edifice, which is an ornament to the city, is of light, grey granite, laid in large blocks, and unhewn. Its style of architecture is Gothic, of the castellated character, massive, and with little decoration, but strongly marked by its towers and battlements.

The interior is divided by walls into three equal compartments. The principal rooms are in the second story, each seventy feet long, thirty wide, and from twenty-five to thirty in height. One of these apartments is occupied as the Library of the "Young Men's Institute," comprehending at present about 10,000 volumes; and by their reading-room, which is well supplied with European and American periodicals. Another is appropriated to the Fine Arts, containing pictures in history, landscape and portrait, with a department for sculpture; and a third accommodates the archives of the "Connecticut Historical Society," which comprise five thousand bound volumes, beside multitudes of pamphlets and manuscripts.

The "Natural History Society" has its Collections, and holds its meetings in the lower story; where are

also smaller apartments for the accommodation of the various objects connected with the Institution.

May the benevolence that projected and completed this fine structure, dedicating it to those objects that elevate national character, be rewarded by the progress in knowledge, the refinement of taste, and the permanent improvement of this people and their posterity.

PRAYERS OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

If sweet it is to see the babe
 Kneel by its mother's side,
 And lisp its brief and holy prayer,
 At hush of eventide,—

And sweet to mark the blooming youth
 'Neath morning's purple ray,
 Breathe incense of the heart to Him,
 Who ruleth night and day,—

How doth the bosom's secret pulse
 With strong emotion swell,
 And tender pitying thoughts awake,
 Which language may not tell,—

When yon mute train who meekly bow
 Beneath affliction's rod,
 Whose lip no utterance hath for man,
 Pour forth the soul to God.

They have no garment for the thought
 That springs to meet its Sire,
 No tone to flush the glowing cheek,
 Or fan Devotion's fire ;

such men, and such only, as are willing to devote themselves permanently and entirely to this profession. It has also been their wish to hold out inducements to men of character, talent, and liberal education, which should lead them to engage in a life-long service. Exerting their main strength day after day in this one employment, and not having their thoughts divided by any ulterior plans of life, the chance is greater that their duties will be faithfully performed, and that the experience which they acquire, as one year follows another, in the difficult art of deaf-mute instruction, will render their services of more value to the Asylum than those of a merely transient teacher could be expected to possess." Seven years are considered the full term for a course of education here, and it is a cause of regret that so few remain during the whole of that period.

The female pupils, out of school hours, are occupied in various feminine employments, under the charge of the matron. Gathered into the same fold, and cheered by her kind patronage, sits the deaf, dumb, and blind girl, often busy with her needle, for whose guidance her exceedingly acute sense of feeling suffices, and in whose dexterous use seems the chief solace of her lot of silence, and of rayless night.

There are at present in this Institution one hundred and sixty-four pupils, and since its commencement, in 1817, between seven and eight hundred have shared the benefits of its shelter and instruction. Abundant proof has been rendered by them, that, when quickened by the impulse of education, their misfortune does not exclude them from participating in the active pursuits and satisfactions of life. By recurring to their history,

after their separation from the Asylum, we find among them farmers and mechanics, artists and seamen, teachers of deaf mutes in various and distant institutions, and what might at first view seem incompatible with their situation, a merchant's clerk, the editor of a newspaper, a postmaster, and county-recorder in one of our far Western States, and a clerk in the Treasury Department at Washington.

More than one hundred of the pupils from this Asylum have entered into the matrimonial relation; and some, within the range of our own intimacy, might be adduced as bright examples of both conjugal and parental duty.

One of its most interesting members, who entered at its first organisation, and remained during the full course of seven years, was a daughter of the late Dr. Mason F. Cogswell, who was early called to follow her lamented father to the tomb. Her genius, her entire loveliness of disposition, and the happiness of her joyous childhood, caused the following reply to be made to a question originally proposed at the Institution for the deaf and dumb in Paris; "*Les Sourd-Muets se trouvent-ils malheureux ?*" *

Oh ! could the kind inquirer gaze
Upon thy brow, with gladness fraught,
Its smile, like inspiration's rays,
Would give the answer to his thought.

* " Are the deaf and dumb unhappy ? "

And could he see thy sportive grace
Soft blending with submission due,
Or note thy bosom's tenderness
To every just emotion true!—

Or, when some new idea glows
On the pure altar of the mind,
Observe the exulting tear that flows
In silent ecstasy refined ;—

Thy active life, thy look of bliss,
The sparkling of thy magic eye,
Would all his sceptic doubts dismiss,
And bid him lay his pity by,—

To bless the ear that ne'er has known
The voice of censure, pride, or art,
Nor trembled at that sterner tone,
Which, while it tortures, chills the heart ;—

And bless the lip that ne'er could tell
Of human woes the vast amount,
Nor pour those idle words that swell
The terror of our last account.

For sure the stream of *silent* course
May flow as deep, as pure, as blest,
As that which rolls in torrents hoarse,
Or whitens o'er the mountain's breast,—

As sweet a scene, as fair a shore,
As rich a soil, its tide may lave,
Then joyful and accepted pour
Its tribute to the Eternal wave.

N A H A N T

RUDE, rock-bound coast, where erst the Indian roamed,
 The iron shoulders of thy furrowed cliffs,
 Made black with smiting, still in stubborn force
 Resist the scourging wave.

Bright summer suns

In all the fervour of their noon-tide heat
 Obtain no power to harm thee, for thou wrapp'st
 Thy watery mantle round thee, ever fresh
 With ocean's coolness, and defy'st their rage.

The storm-cloud is thy glory.

Then, thou deck'st

Thyself with majesty, and to its frown
 And voice of thunder, answerest boldly back,
 And from thy watch-towers hurl'st the blinding spray,
 While every dark and hollow cavern sounds
 Its trumpet for the battle.

Yet, 'tis sweet

Amid thy fissured rocks to ruminate,
 Marking thy grottos with mosaic paved
 Of glittering pebbles, and that balm to breathe
 Which gives the elastic nerves a freer play,
 And tints the languid cheek with hues of health.

The sand-beach and the sea !

Who can divine
Their mystic intercourse, that day and night
Surceaseth not ? On comes the thundering surge,
Lifting its mountain-head, with menace stern,
To whelm the unresisting ; but impelled
In all the plenitude of kingly power
To change its purpose of authority,
Breaking its wand of might, doth hurry back ;
And then, repenting, with new wrath return.
Yet still that single, silvery line abides,
Lowly, and fearless, and immutable
God gives it strength.

So may He deign to grant
The sand-line of our virtues, power to cope
With all temptation. When some secret snare
Doth weave its meshes round our trembling souls,
That in their frailty turn to Him alone,
So may He give us strength.

Nahant is a rocky peninsula, stretching boldly into the ocean, and connected by beaches with the main land. Some of its cliffs have an elevation of a hundred feet, and wonderfully excavated rocks are the boundary of its shores.

Tradition reports that its name was derived from Nahanta, an Indian princess, or the consort of a chieftain. It was purchased with that sense of equity which often marked similar transactions with the natives, first in 1630, for a suit of clothes, then for two old coats, and lastly, for "two pestle stones."

It is said to have been originally devoted to pasturage and to forest-ground uses, which its present aspect contradicts to a remarkable degree. "It is well wooded with oaks, pines and cedars," wrote a historian of 1638, "also it hath good store of walnuts, ashes and elms." He who now traverses it would be fain to wonder where they could have taken root, or how resisted the deleterious influence of the ocean-spray. Yet it seems that it was of old the scene of wolf-hunting on a grand scale, as there is a record that, in 1634, the militia of Lynn and Salem were drafted for this belligerent expedition; and as such animals are not prone to choose the sterile open rock for their habitation, the manes of those same hunted wolves corroborate the words of the historian.

Yet, however vague may be the earlier legends of Nahant, there is no doubt of its being now the favourite resort of the beauty and fashion of the vicinity, as well as from distant parts. Its pure air is invigorating, even to exhilaration, and there is deep delight in watching the rolling of its magnificent surf, wandering amid the romantic and sublime formation of its rocky coast, now scooped into caverns, and long subterranean channels for the resounding wave, or towering into lofty columns, that mock the fury of the tempest.

A desolate islet, with the name of Egg-Rock, rears its precipitous head about two miles north-east of Nahant. Notwithstanding its rugged aspect, it has on its summit nearly three acres of arable land. It is the paradise of sea-birds, to whose jurisdiction it is yielded on account of the difficulty and danger of approaching it. Hardy rovers have, however, occasionally surmounted these perils, and robbed the treasures of the

poor nestless gulls, with the true piratical spirit of the old Danish sea-kings.

The principal beach of Nahant, connecting it with Lynn, is nearly two miles in length. It is a slightly curved line of sand, on whose eastern shore the surges of the unbroken Atlantic beat with great force and reverberation. It forms a delightful drive, or equestrian excursion, on whose smoothly polished surface the wheel or the horses' hoof leave no trace. Shells and fragments of coral are the frequent gifts of the receding wave, which, approaching with a show of vengeful wrath, retires like an appeased lover.

The great hotel for the entertainment of visitants is near the south-eastern point of the promontory. It was built in 1820, of the native stone by which it is surrounded, and contains a sufficient number of apartments for a multitude of guests. From the double piazza that engirdles it, is a succession of grand and extensive prospects, and a bracing ocean atmosphere. When long rains prevail the mist enwraps it in a curtain, like a great ship in the midst of the sea.

The village has several pleasant residences and boarding-houses, which have the agreeable appendages of verdure and trees. Beautiful cottages, the abodes of wealth and taste, are sprinkled here and there, the chief ornaments of the peninsula.

In one of these, on the verge of the waters, the accomplished author of "Ferdinand and Isabella," and the "Conquest of Mexico," passes the summer months with his parents and family. None who have partaken the hospitalities of that delightful retreat will forget its rare combinations of age and wisdom still retaining the vivacity of youth, high intellect without pride

and the sweet developments of the most sacred affections.

The fine cottage of Mr. Tudor, though occupying a site unfavourable to vegetable life, both from the bleak winds and saline atmosphere, is still, by perseverance and munificent expenditure, surrounded by the charms of a more congenial clime. Within its enclosures flowers blossom, clustering vines climb the trellises, and trees perfect their fruits, furnishing another proof that the energy of man may overcome the resistance of nature and of the elements.

ROSE-MOUNT.

A NEIGHBOURLY EPISTLE.

Hartford, April, 1843.

To the lady of Rose-Mount, I've long wished to pay
 Such thanks as were due for her musical lay,
 But many a care, with importunate mien,
 Would thrust itself me and my lyre between ;
 And lastly, the hydra of house-cleaning came,
 With dripping fingers and cheeks of flame ;
 Pictures, and vases, and flower-pots fled,
 At her flashing eye, and her frown of dread,
 While tubs and brushes, with Vandal haste,
 Like a mob of Chartists, their betters displaced,
 And she at the head of that motley crowd,
 A brandished broom for her sceptre proud,
 Held all in an uproar, from sun to sun,
 Then went off in a rage ere her work was done.
 Keep clear of her, dearest, as long as you can,
 She's a terror, in sooth, both to woman and man,
 And husbands, especially, quake when they see
 Their sanctums exposed to her ministry.
 Books and papers, they learn to their cost,
 If "*put in order*," are fain to be lost,
 And though wax-like neatness may reign around,
 Yet the things that are wanted can never be found,

And a test of their temper Socratic 't will prove,
If they press through this ordeal in patience and love.
From the grasp of this terrible vixen set free,
How sweet was the scenery of Rose-Mount to me,
When yesterday, soon as my dinner was o'er,
My sun-shade I spread, and set off for your door ;
And though disappointed that you were away,
Found many bright objects my walk to repay
For there, in her own little carriage was seen
Your baby in state like a young fairy queen,
The lawn with its plants and spring-blossoms so gay,
And she, in her beauty, more lovely than they.
Then she told, in a voice that like music did melt,
The names of the pair who in paradise dwelt,
And so many fine phrases had learned to repeat,
And each guest with such gentle politeness to greet,
That all were surprised when her date they surveyed,
That in scarce eighteen months she such progress had
made.

As for me, while I gazed on a picture so rare,
The landscape, the child, and the residence fair,
How many, thought I, if their pathway below
Thus sprinkled with gems and with flowrets should
glow,

Would be tempted on earth all their treasures to rest,
And ne'er have a sigh for a region more blest.
But you, with a heart ever upward and true,
Will keep, I am trusting, their Giver in view,
And be made by His gifts still more fitting and pure,
For that realm where all beauties and blessings endure.

Hartford, though less celebrated for beauty of landscape than its sister city, New Haven, possesses some fine objects, both of nature and art, which have perhaps not been fully appreciated. A deep, rich verdure is its birthright, and the loveliness of its surrounding heights is admitted by all.

Many of the residences on Asylum Hill are conspicuous for their elegance and grace. Among these, Rose-Mount, the seat of James Dixon, Esq., is particularly distinguished by the extent and arrangement of its grounds. Fourteen acres, highly cultivated, are divided into lawns, gardens, and groves, and embellished with parterres of flowers, hedges, and a variety of shrubs, fruits, and forest trees. All is found here to constitute a delightful retirement for the man of letters and of taste, where cultivated intellect may enjoy the luxuries of literature, or woo the willing muse.

The beautiful elevation of Washington Street also exhibits a cluster of edifices, of finely varied architecture, from the ornamented cottage to the stately mansion. In their vicinity, the Retreat for the Insane, a noble and spacious building, rears its head, and extends its range of offices and pleasure grounds. Its class of scenery seems well adapted, if external objects may ever produce that effect, to "medicate a mind diseased, or pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow."

It accommodates at present about ninety patients, and two wings are in the progress of erection, to allow the reception of eighty additional ones. Its inmates have the constant care of a medical Superintendent the religious instruction of a Chaplain, and the services of a Steward and Matron. We borrow the language of

the former, to describe some of the efforts made to dispel the melancholy so often the attendant of disordered intellect.

“We present them entertainment, in which the best and wisest may at times indulge, or to which all might profitably resort, under the tedium of convalescence from this or any other disease. They are not limited to the patients; all our family, the resident officers of the Institution, and the attendants, participate in them. Our children mingle in the dance, and take their parts in the concert. The sewing-circle, the reading and musical parties, are held two afternoons of each week, under the direction of the Matron, who, excellent every where, exerts here, from her cheerfulness of manners and kindness of heart, the happiest influence. These parties have met in the parlours connected with the female wing, except during the pleasant afternoons of summer, when by common consent they were held upon the lawn. Here our female patients form groups beneath the shade, some sewing or knitting, others listening to an interesting story or socially conversing; the nurse and the patient, the sane and the insane, so mingling together that they are hardly to be distinguished, and oftentimes, to the amusement of all, mistaken for each other by the stranger. Such a scene looks very unlike the condition of the insane in those days, when, in the language of a quaint old Scotch writer, ‘we committed the better sort of the mad people to the care and taming of surgeons, and the inferior to the scourge.’ An hour previous to evening prayers, on every pleasant afternoon in the summer and autumn, our female patients oftentimes, with scarcely an exception, have joined us in a ramble

about our garden and grounds, for the tasteful planning and ornamenting of which we are so much indebted to the benevolent foresight of some of the founders of the Institution."

The intercourse of the Chaplain is also calculated to exercise a benign and healing influence. "He appears among the inmates of the Retreat as their sympathising friend. He exchanges with them the customary civilities of social life. He listens to their conversation, and lets them see that he is interested in it. He often introduces other than grave and serious subjects, adapted to afford rational instruction or innocent entertainment; nor can he discover that by doing this he is exposed to any disparagement of the proper dignity of his office, by the want of courtesy on the part of those whom he seeks to benefit. It is indeed by pursuing such a course that he hopes to avail himself of suitable opportunities when they offer, and they not unfrequently do offer, of presenting in the most favourable manner the simple and consoling truths of the Gospel."

A select library and collection of prints are sources of gratification to the patients, and the commodious carriage of the establishment is in constant requisition during fine weather, to give them pleasant excursions around the city and its environs. A very large and productive garden, whose vegetable wealth conduces greatly to the comfort of the large household, furnishes also an agreeable and healthful mode of exercise for those disposed to share in such occupation.

This Institution, from its commencement twenty years since, has been blessed by the recovery of a great proportion of the sufferers entrusted to its care.

During the past year more than fifty have been restored to their homes, with that joy which those only can imagine who have tasted the bitterness of such separation.

Though a description of the Retreat has surely no connection with the title of this article, yet in noticing some of the objects that beautify our city, we trust to be forgiven for introducing the beauty of that benevolence which is the glory of any people, and which in this instance devotes itself to the mitigation of one of the severest ills that can afflict humanity.

MONTPELIER,

THE SEAT OF THE LATE JAMES MADISON PRESIDENT
OF THE UNITED STATES.

How fair, beneath Virginia's sky,
Montpelier strikes the traveller's eye,
Emerging from its forest bower,
Like' feudal chieftain's ancient tower,
With parks and lawns and gardens drest,
In peaceful verdure proudly blest.

What blended beauties cheer the sight !
The distant mountain's misty height,
The nearer prospect's cultured face,
The sylvan temple's attic grace,
The locust copse, where warblers throng,
And gaily pour the unfettered song,
The flowers in bright profusion seen,
The luscious fig's luxuriant green,
The clasping vine, whose clusters fair,
Seem as of genial France the care,
The bright-eyed pheasant, beauteous guest,
The eastern bird with gorgeous vest,
Still for his mimic speech carest.

The curtaining jessamine that showers
Rich fragrance o'er the nightly bowers,
Those halls, whose varied stores impart
The classic pencil's magic art,
The chisel's life-bestowing power,
The lore that cheats the studious hour,
And music's strains, that vainly vie
With the touched spirit's melody ;
How strong the tissued spells that bind
The admiring eye and grateful mind.

Here Wisdom rests in sylvan shade
That erst an empire's councils swayed
And Goodness, whose persuasive art
So justly won that empire's heart,
And Piety, with hoary hair,
Which rising o'er this Eden fair,
Beholds, by mortal foot untrod,
A brighter Eden with its God
Montpelier! these thy name have set
A gem in memory's coronet,
Whose lustre ruthless time shall spare
Till from her brow that crown he tear,
Till from her book that page he rend,
Which of a stranger made a friend.

Our visit to the "Ancient Dominion," though many years since, has left pleasant traces, over which time has had no effacing power; for it was made at that sunny period of life when hope and joy tinge every object with their radiant dies. The impressions made by Virginian hospitality were truly delightful. We

found with surprise how immediately the painful reserve of strangers vanished before the charm of southern manners, and could not but wish that the intercourse between the distant sections of our country were more frequent and fraternal.

Montpelier had much in itself and its adjuncts to interest and repay the pilgrim to its shades. Yet from the fine pictures and extensive library he would find himself involuntarily turning to their distinguished Master, who, though in feeble health, and somewhat advanced in years, attracted every one by the powers of his conversation, and the profound wisdom of his remarks. Courteous and unassuming in his manners, he imparted, as it were, spontaneously, the treasures of a mind peculiarly rich in historic lore, and upright and luminous in its conclusions.

Under his roof, the object of unspeakable tenderness and respect was his mother, who had then completed her ninetieth year. She had paid great attention to the early culture and formation of his mind, and had herself taught him to read, using as her first book of instruction the Holy Scriptures. She was a lady of true excellence and dignity of character, and was solaced to the latest hour of life by his devoted filial affection.

The lady of President Madison none could visit without grateful recollections. The kindness of her welcome would not be forgotten, nor that goodness of heart which breathed a magic influence upon all around. She was encircled in her elegant retirement with objects congenial to her taste,—the charms of cultivated nature, and the music of birds. Some of the most rare species of her winged friends she cherished in an

aviary, and among those who ranged at will was a favourite Macaw, of shrewd character, and singularly splendid train and plumage. Blossoms and flowering trees sprang up beneath these sunny skies in luxuriance and profusion. The Pride of China expanded its delicate foliage beside the window, the jessamine climbed up to the sleeping apartments, diffusing its rich perfume, and the Multiflora on every side cheered the eye with its countless clusters.

When called from this fair retreat by the election of her husband to the Chief Magistracy of the Nation, her queenly manners and perfect affability won admiration at every levee where she presided. During the eight years of his continuance in office, she filled the station of the highest lady in the land to the satisfaction of all, and by her true kindness of heart conciliated good-will and lasting remembrance. "She never forgot," says one of her biographers, "a name she had once heard, nor a face she had once seen, nor the personal circumstances connected with every individual of her acquaintance."

When after her widowhood she was induced by the solicitation of her relatives and friends to leave her loved seclusion at Montpelier, and revisit the capital, "her saloon," said a distinguished statesman, "was as constantly thronged by wit, genius, and learning, by all that was noble of America, or distinguished of foreign society, as when in the presidential mansion she had been the idol and lady-patron.

She still continues in her advanced age, both at her Virginian retirement and her winter residence at Washington, to conciliate respect and affection by the enduring charm of unaffected goodness.

THE NEWPORT TOWER.

DARK, lonely Tower, amid yon Eden-isle,
Which, as a gem, fair Narragansett wears
Upon her heaving breast, thou lift'st thy head,
A mystery and paradox, to mock
The curious throng.

Say, reared the plundering har
Of the fierce buccaneer thy massy walls,
A treasure-fortress for his blood-stained gold ?
Or wrought the beings of an earlier race
To form thy circle, while in wonder gazed
The painted Indian ?

Fancy spreads her wing
Around thy time-scathed brow, and deeply tints
Her fairy-scroll, while hoar Antiquity
In silence frowns upon the aimless flight.

Thou wilt not show the secret of thy birth !
Nor do I know why we need question thee
So strictly on that point ; save that the creed
Of Yankee people is, that through the toil
Of questioning, there cometh light, and gain
Of knowledge to the mind.

We see thou art
A right substantial, well-preserved old Tower
Let that suffice us.

Some there are, who say
Thou wert an *ancient wind-mill*.

Be it so !

Our pilgrim-sires must have been much in love
With extra labour, thus to gather stones,
And patient rear the Scandinavian arch,
And build thine ample chamber, and uplift
Thy shapely column, for the gadding winds
To play vagaries with.

In those hard times
I trow king Philip gave them other work,
Than to deck dancing-halls, and lure the blasts
From old Æolus' cave.

Had'st thou the power,
I think thou'dst laugh right heartily to see
The worthy farmers, with their sacks of corn,
Mistaking thy profession, as of old
Don Quixote did mistake thine ancestor ;
If haply such progenitor thou hadst.

But still, grey Ruin, though they lightly speak,
I fain would honour thee, as rhymers do,
And 'neath thy shadow weave my noteless song.
I said I'd do thee honour, if I might,
For thou art old. And whatsoever bears
The stamp of hoary time, and hath not been
The minister of evil, claims from us
Some tribute of respect.

But, most of all,
Those ancient forms that lodge a living soul,
Bearing their passport from the Almighty hand
Graved on the furrowed brow, and silver hair,—
Yes, most of all to them our hearts would yield,

That tender reverence, which so well befits
Them to receive, and us with love to pay.

Newport, the garden-isle of Narragansett, received from some of the British officers, during its investment by their troops, the name of the "Eden of America." Those who have enjoyed its delightful scenery during the summer months rode upon its beaches, and inhaled its balmy atmosphere, will scarcely deem these epithets exaggerated.

It is a spot to be remembered for years, with a fond desire of again beholding it. Thus, it is cherished by me as a fine picture in the gallery of the mind, mellowed by time, though its minuter tints have faded, and been merged in the shadow of years.

Yet the Old Tower still stands prominently forth on memory's tablet, as when first beheld crowning its verdant eminence, and looking down upon the billowy bay. Its origin has given rise to many opinions and theories, from the matter-of-fact man, who perseveres in designating it as the "*old stone wind-mill*," to the erudite scholar, who discovers in it the architectural marks of the ancient Norse-men; or the child of imagination, taking for a text-book Longfellow's beautiful ballad of the "Skeleton in Armour." To a country of recent date, almost destitute of the vestiges of antiquity, and disposed to prize them in proportion to their scarcity, it is quite a gain to have any object which admits of such description. "The people have been disputing these twenty years," said Goethe, "as to who is the greatest, Schiller or myself. Let them go and be thankful that they have such fellows to dispute about."

The discovery of our Northern Continent by the Scandinavians, about the year 964, two centuries previous to the expedition of Madoc, the Welch prince, is matter of grave history. Irving, in his "Life of Columbus," derives proof from the Sagas, or Chronicles of the North, that, beside their settlements in Greenland, they established themselves around the river St. Lawrence, and in Newfoundland, called by them Eslotiland. That they penetrated also into Nova Scotia and New England, seems to rest on stronger foundation than conjecture.

Professor Rafin says: "Of the ancient structure at Newport, from such characteristics as remain, we can scarcely form any other inference than one, in which I am persuaded that all who are familiar with Old Northern Architecture will concur that this building was erected at a period decidedly not later than the twelfth century. That it could *not* have been intended for a wind-mill, is what an architect will easily discover."

Those, however, who adhere tenaciously to the "old wind-mill" creed may derive consolation from a somewhat pedantic passage of Sir Thomas Browne. "Oblivion," quoth he, "reclineth semi-somnous, making puzzles of Titanian erections, and turning old glories into dreams, while History sinketh down beside her. The traveller asketh of her, amazedly, who builded these? And she mumbleth something, but what it is, he heareth not."

AUTUMN ON STATEN ISLAND.

THE autumnal breeze was sharp, when first I sought
Thy friendship, sweetest Island of the main,
Yet still in sunny nooks, with verdure fraught,
Wore lingering flowers of summer's blissful reign,
Whose grateful fragrance cheered the faded plain,
And sheltered knoll, that seemed the frost to fear;
For that invader, with his fatal train,
Had touched the aspiring boughs with umber sere,
And stern, and cold, announced the funeral of the year.

Yes; that prophetic flush, so strange and brief,
Which, like the hectic, shows the Spoiler nigh,
Hung here and there, upon the forest leaf,
And tinged the maple with a blood-red die,
While through the groves there came a mournful sigh
Of hollow winds, bewailing Nature's doom;
But still the brightness of the unclouded sky
Did with its spirit-glance reprove the gloom,
Like that immortal Faith which shrinks not at the
tomb.

But thou, blest Isle, when verdant seasons die,
Hast many a charm, which change can ne'er impair,
And all that meets the mirror of thine eye
Seems softened like a dream. For thee, with care,

The great, proud City, beaming smiles doth wear,
And shroud in distance every darkened trace
Which penury, or pain, or guilt doth bear,
And, like a lover, show its fairest face,
Lifting its mighty head on majesty and grace.

So I have throned thee in mine inmost heart,
Fair Daughter of the Sea, around whose breast
The sparkling waters meet, and never part,
But tuneful sing thee to thy nightly rest ;
Or if, by wintry blast and storm opprest,
Fierce at thy feet the surging billows roll,
Thou, in serenity and glory drest,
Dost still the madness of their mood control,
And strong in beauty's power, disarm the wrathful soul

The suburbs of the City of New York present an unusual variety of romantic scenery, easily accessible to its inhabitants ; and that which Staten Island exhibits is not among the least diversified or imposing. Indeed, it is a most fascinating and delightful spot, fanned by the purest breezes from the sea.

The fine residences of New Brighton give its shore the splendid appearance of a city, while from its cliffs, three hundred feet in height, the views of earth and ocean are truly magnificent. Its peculiar features have caused it frequently to be compared to the Isle of Wight, though inferior in wildness and grandeur.

A powerful pencil would be tasked to describe its diversified prospects, for instance from the Telegraph Station, the Quarantine, the Clove, or the deserted Fort Tompkins, whose outline and walls might almost cause

it to pass for a modern Colliseum. New York with its dense masses of architecture, and the shores of Long Island exuberant in fertility, add their contrast of beauty, while the peninsular coast of New Jersey approaches as if to seek the embrace of its beautiful neighbour.

A short stay on Staten Island in the autumn of 1843, gave a greater degree of familiarity with its scenery than is usually acquired in a first visit, through the kind attentions of hospitable friends, who every day exhibited to us some new department of their region of beauty. In traversing it, you find interspersed among humble cottages in the cultured vale, lofty hills crowned by graceful mansions, and here and there a low-browed church, claiming reverence both from its sacredness and its antiquity.

The entrance to the town of Richmond, from the green hills that enclose around it, as in a cup, descending which you look down upon winding streams, green valleys, and quiet habitations,—is very beautiful. The perpetual gliding of sails, and the rapid movement of steamers, brilliant with their evening lights, give to the prospect of the surrounding sea continual variety and interest. The Narrows, that watery pathway, through which the voyager to distant climes passes, his heart broken with the tender farewells of beloved ones, and by which he returns, in joy unutterable, every thought filled to overflowing with the imagery of home and native land, can never be viewed with indifference by those who have felt these emotions. It was a pleasant thing from a commanding height to see the Great Western, a dark, gigantic mass, go forth on her ocean pilgrimage, trying her powers of speed with a small

steamer, which at their disappearance on the misty horizon had the advantage of her Goliah competitor.

An institution on Staten Island for the relief of seamen attracts the attention of strangers, and I borrow a description of it from the pen of Mrs. L. M. Child, agreeable and forcible.

“One of the most interesting places on this island is the Sailor's Snug Harbour. A few years ago a gentleman by the name of Randall, left a small farm that rented for two or three hundred dollars, at the corner of Eleventh Street and Broadway, for the benefit of old and worn-out sailors. This property increased in value until it enabled the trustees to purchase a farm on Staten Island, and erect a noble stone edifice as an hospital for disabled seamen, with an annual income of nearly \$0,000 dollars. The building has a very handsome exterior, and is large, airy, and convenient. The front door opens into a spacious hall, at the extremity of which flowers and evergreens are arranged one above another like the terrace of a conservatory; and from the entries above you look down into this pretty work of ‘greenery.’ The whole aspect of things is extremely pleasant, with the exception of the sailors themselves. They reminded me of what some one said of the Greenwich pensioners, ‘They seem to be waiting for death!’ No outward comfort seemed wanting; but they stood *alone* in the world, no wives, no children. Connected by no link with the ever active Present, a monotonous future stretched before them, made more dreary by its contrast with the keen excitement and ever-shifting variety of their past life of peril and pleasure. I have always thought too little provision was made for this lassitude of the mind in most benevolent institutions.

Men, accustomed to excitement, cannot do altogether without it. It is a necessity of nature, and should be ministered to in all innocent forms. Those poor old tars should have sea songs, and instrumental music, once in a while to stir their sluggish blood, and a feast might be given on great occasions to younger sailors from temperance boarding-houses, that the Past might have a chance to hear from the Present. We perform but a half charity when we comfort the body and leave the soul desolate.

“The sailor cannot be ignorant without being superstitious too. The Infinite comes continually before him in the sublimest symbols of sight and sound. He does not know the language, but he feels the tone. Goethe has told us in most beautiful allegory of two bridges, whereby earnest souls pass from the Finite to the Infinite. One is a rainbow, which spans the dark river, and this is Faith; the other is a shadow cast quite over by the giant Superstition, when he stands between the setting sun and the unknown shore.

“Blessings on all friendly hands that are leading the sailor to the rainbow bridge. His spirit is made reverential in the great temple of Nature, resounding with the wild voices of the winds, and strange music of the storm-organ; too long has it been left trembling and shivering on the bridge of shadows. For him, too, the rainbow spans the dark stream, and becomes at last a bridge of gems.”

EVENING DEVOTIONS IN A PRISON.

THE silent curtains of the night
Our mournful cell surround,
God's dwelling is in perfect light,
His mercy hath no bound.

His blessed sun with cheering smile,
Dispenses good to all,
Even on the sinful and the vile
His daily bounties fall.

The way of wickedness is hard,
Its bitter fruits we know,
Shame in this world is its reward,
And in the future, woe.

Yet Thou, who see'st us while we pay
Our penalty of pain,
Cast not our souls condemned away,
Nor let our prayer be vain.

Deep root within a soil subdued,
Let true repentance take,
And be its fruits a life renewed,
For the Redeemer's sake.

Uplift our spirits from the ground,
Give to our darkness light ;
Oh, Thou ! whose mercies have no bound
Preserve us safe this night.

All researches into the history of earlier ages result in giving prominence to prisons as among the strongest engines of tyranny. Despotic princes found them convenient retreats for the conquered foe, the noble, whose estates they wished to confiscate, or the rival, whose eye was upon their throne. The legends of baronial dungeons sleep in the darkness of feudal times. In every age the oppressor hath, at his will, "held the body bound ;" and none may compute the number of souls whose only liberator was death. Though the progress of civilisation and refinement mitigated the savage features of these penal institutions, yet it was long ere humanity dreamed of making their discipline salutary. Disregard to the moral health of those who, as a gangrene, had been divided from society, still prevailed ; and promiscuous association rendered the novice in guilt as hardened as the hoary offender.

For the praise of modern times, and for the mild nature of our own government, has been reserved that benevolence which in sequestering the criminal, keeps before his eyes the bright image of returning virtue, and baptizes his place of punishment with the hope of heaven. If to appease the anger of an offended community, Justice must purge, as it were, with fire, the soul that hath sinned, Mercy forgets not to sit by as a refiner, pronouncing when the dross is fully separated, and in the sacred words of inspiration, "counting the

Law as a schoolmaster that bringeth unto Christ." How would Howard have rejoiced had such a prospect dawned upon him while hazarding his life to "dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge amid the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain, to take the gage of misery, depression, and contempt, to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries."

The pens of some of our distinguished writers have enforced the feasibility of making prisons adjuncts in the reformation of vice, and in several of our States buildings have been erected on this principle, and theories in some measure reduced to practice. Among these institutions that at Wethersfield, Connecticut, stands conspicuous in the opinion of foreigners as well as of natives, for the adaptation of its structure, the wisdom of its policy, and the results of its discipline.

It was at the close of a long, cloudless summer's day, when I first attended with a small party of strangers and friends its hour of evening prayer. The richness of the surrounding landscape, the beauty of the prospect from its lofty, mural promenade, the broad, quiet river, the distant, gliding sail, the waving foliage, the hallowed spire, embosomed amid graceful elms,—all seemed to soothe the mind into calm delight, rather than prepare it for painful contemplation. But the harsh sound of locks and bolts convinced us that guilt was near,—that guilt which defaces both the fair creation and the immortal soul.

A bell struck, and the convicts came from their respective workshops, and arranged themselves in lines in the spacious and strongly enclosed area. There

here be gathered for the young and tempted, and be taught to wage a firmer warfare with Vice, thus witnessing its degradation and misery.

Then each prisoner placed his hands upon the shoulders of the one who preceded him, and marched rapidly, with the lock-step, toward the chapel. There, seated side by side, were seen a man of full strength, the boy of fourteen summers, and an old man of hoary hairs, who, sentenced for life, seemed like motionless and passionless objects to which his eye and seared heart had been long enured. I cast a scrutinising glance upon the mass of heads and faces in this prison home, to discover if possible some indication of talent or nobleness, for we know that the whirlwind of passion hath but too often driven to crime those whom nature and education had fitted for a higher destiny. But there was an absence of those lineaments which reveal the higher development of intellect, or the promptings of a heavenward aspiration. Sin had been there with its levelling process, and its mental elevation and spiritual beauty.

How impressive was the supplicating voice of that man of God, standing, as it were, like the prophet, with his censer, "between the living and the dead," that the plague might be stayed.

At the close of the devotional exercises the prisoners passed out in order to their several ranges of dormitories, each taking in his hand, at the proper depository a wooden vessel, containing his coarse, but nutritious evening repast. These movements were made with such regularity and celerity, that one moment they might be seen each standing at the door of his solitary cell, the next all had vanished, and the sharp spring of more than a hundred locks was their vesper-tone, their sad "good-night."

Among the trains of thought that these scenes excited, was the consciousness that each of these fallen beings had once a mother, to whom his infancy was inexpressibly dear. When she pressed his velvet lip to hers, or lulled him to rest upon her bosom, surely her visions of delight had no imagery like this. Yet, could we read the secret soul of the erring tenants of this abode, might we not discover some maternal precept still maintaining a place in their memory? Perhaps striving to neutralize the black and bitter elements of evil?

Among the inmates of this institution, is one who has plunged into many varieties of sin, and been a wanderer over the face of the earth. Retribution met him in appalling forms, disgrace and suffering became his portion, but he passed through all with a hardened mind. Nothing, he affirms, in his whole life, has ever made him feel serious, but the last words of his mother. When a boy of twelve years old, he was summoned to

her bed, to receive her dying counsel. In feeble and tender tones, she told him that she was about to leave him, and earnestly enjoined him to seek the Saviour, to take care of his soul, and to meet her in heaven. She continued clasping his hand until her own was cold in death. For nearly half a century afterwards this miserable being was pressing on through a course of crime, too revolting for description. Still he confesses that he was never able utterly to drive from his mind the admonitions of his mother, nor to think of them, amid his deepest obduracy, without emotion.

Is not this a peculiar point of view from which to contemplate maternal influence? The good and the wise take pleasure in expressing their obligations to this hallowed source. Bacon traced back to it, as to a shaded fountain, his intellectual eminence. Washington acknowledged it as the teacher of his self-control, that rudiment of his greatness. Edwards referred the germ of his piety to the prayers of the saintly one who gave him birth. But here is a different suffrage, a voice as from the lower parts of the earth, bearing concurrent testimony. Such a disclosure gains force from its rare occurrence. Virtue and purity are willing to reveal the origin of those principles, which have guided them, but it is difficult to extort from wickedness, commendation and honour for the precepts which it has violated.

Here is an instance of a man plunging into the vortex of guilt, and labouring to dismiss from his mind every thing just and holy. Still, by his side has walked, to his soul has clung, with his conscience has wrestled, the voice of a dying mother. It has prevailed sometimes to soften a heart which was like a "piece of the

nether millstone." May it not yet prove like the rod of Moses to the flinty rock of Horeb?

Mother! who with ineffable tenderness, art bending over the babe that heaven hath given thee, knowest thou what shall befall it in this evil world? Parents, who gaze with pride on the budding promise of the fair boy whom you have nurtured, know ye what may be his lot in latter days? Redouble your efforts, deepen your trust in the Eternal, that the evening prayer of your son rise not from the prison-house of guilt, when you are motionless in the grave.

MOONLIGHT AT SACHEM'S WOOD,

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.

OH, Moon at Sachem's Wood ! Whoe'er hath seen
 Thy liquid lustre through yon lofty oaks,
 Broad-armed and beautiful, floating serene
 O'er copse, and lawn, and hedge, and snowy dome,
 Will never lose the picture from his heart.
 Beyond, are sacred spires, and clustering roofs,
 And on the horizon's edge, yon rude, grey rocks,
 Like two time-tried and trusty sentinels,
 Which toward the orient and the setting sun
 Keep watch and ward.

How oft beneath these shades
 Where now the moonbeam trembles o'er the turf,
 A hoary-headed and a bright eyed man
 Walked with a younger one, in converse sweet,
 Heart knit to heart. The poet and the sage,
 The father and the son.

Slow Time had made
 No chasm between them, since those brighter days,
 When ardent manhood smiled on infancy,
 Save that blest change which deepened love doth bring
 To grave experience. Sweet it was to see
Communion so entire.

The elder laid,
Just ere the snows of fourscore winters fell,
His patriot head beneath yon hallowed mound,
And slept as good men do.

But where is he,
Whose filial virtues taught that heart of age
A second spring? whose tuneful numbers charmed
His listening country's ear?

From his fair home,
From these loved trees, whence poured the nesting birds
Their mellow descant, suddenly he went
A lonely journey, to return no more.
Yet there were deeper melodies than those
Of warblers 'mid the summer boughs, that well
He knew to wake:—songs of the heart, and thrills
Of fond affection, with the dulcet tones
Of husband and of sire.

They died with him.
Words may not tell the silence and the void,
Beside his hearth-stone, nor the bitter grief
That long around his cherished image wept.

Yet well it is to be remembered thus,
Poet and friend.

Without it, fame were poor,
Even though her clarion swelled from pole to pole.
Without the virtues that do bring the tear
Into the loving eye, when life is o'er,
That life itself were but a gift abused.

Among the ornaments of the beautiful city of New-haven is the residence bearing the name of Sachem's

Wood. It is situated on an eminence, terminating a broad avenue of stately elms, adorned by pleasant and tasteful habitations. It is a spacious edifice, distinguished by classic elegance, and studiously adapted to internal comfort. It commands an extensive prospect, and is surrounded by a large domain, in whose arrangement the simple and grand features of nature have been carefully preserved. It is characterized by the fine wood in its rear, and the magnificent forest trees by which it is overshadowed, especially by its noble oaks, some of which bear the antiquity of centuries.

It was erected by the late James A. Hillhouse, on a portion of his paternal inheritance. Seldom has it been the lot of a poet to dwell in such an abode. He has thus simply described it, and also expressed his attachment to the scenes of his nativity, in the poem entitled "Sachem's Wood."

"Here, from this bench, the gazer sees
Towers and white steeples o'er the trees,
Mansions that peep from leafy bowers,
And villas, blooming close by ours.
Seldom a rural scene you see
So full of sweet variety,—
The gentle objects near at hand,
The distant, flowing, bold, and grand ;
I 've seen the world, from side to side,
Walked in the ways of human pride,
Moved in the palaces of kings,
And know what wealth to grandeur brings ;
The spot for me, of all the earth,
Is this, the dear one of my birth."

In this mansion the father of the poet, the Hon. *James Hillhouse*, closed a life of usefulness and piety.

He possessed a strong and original mind, an untiring industry, with that uprightness and tenderness of heart which won the confidence of the public, and the love of those with whom he intimately associated. He was the oldest member of the Senate of the United States, when he resigned the seat which he had filled for sixteen years ; and when he left the financial management of the School fund, it was found that it had more than doubled its value, while under his superintendence. The city of his residence, whose fair greens and waving trees render it in summer, especially during the leafy month of June, one of the most picturesque spots in New England, owes much to his public spirit and personal labour. The lofty elms planted by his own hand are among his monuments. Age did not impair his mental powers, or chill his purposes of philanthropy. In the language of his son,

“ None saw *his* spirit in decay,
None saw *his* vigour ebb away.’

In his seventy-ninth year he was removed, as a sentinel from his post, without the warning of a moment, but not unprepared for the transition.

His son, James A. Hillhouse, both sustained and brightened the honours of his ancestry. The delicacy and grace which mingled with his masculine force of intellect, seemed an infusion from the mind of his mother, and he was ever proud to acknowledge that deep and sweet influence, which he repaid with the warmest filial love. His native taste for literature was fostered by education, and on the reception of his second decree at Yale College, he pronounced an Oration on the “ Education of a Poet,” of such finished excellence, as to attract peculiar attention.

In it he says, "From the riches of ancient learning, to which he will first be introduced while acquiring the rudiments of a classical education, the poet will derive incalculable benefit. Amid the treasures of antiquity, he will find the productions of many a kindred spirit, and while he listens to their sweetness and majesty, the fire of genius will burn within him.

"In the earlier stages of his progress, pains should be taken to reduce their beauties to a level with his comprehension, and as he becomes skilled in antique lore, they should be his chosen companions. His daily and nightly labour should be to comprehend the force of their ideas, and the beauties of their expressions. Every passage distinguished for its elegance should be in his memory, and every image of peculiar felicity familiar to his thoughts. Not to remedy barrenness, or enrich his own productions by purloining from their stores, but because by incessant converse with whatever is great and noble, the soul acquires a correspondent elevation."

After speaking of the necessity of an extensive acquaintance with history, the productions of modern genius, and a close observation of the beauties of nature, he thus proceeds:

"This connection of the events of history and fiction with the scenery of Nature begets for it an enthusiastic fondness, and enlarges its utility by causing it to excite deeper attention. To a vigorous and highly cultivated imagination the contemplation of nature seems like an intercourse with divinity. The soft luxuriance of a blooming landscape, or the rich and blended tints of an evening sky, fill it with emotions as exquisite as they are inexpressible. And this sensi-

bility should be strengthened by frequent indulgence, as a frame of mind strongly prompting to poetic effusion. Let not these remarks be derided as the fine-spun labours of a visionary, assiduously describing feelings which never had existence. Most probably they have been experienced by every strongly poetic mind since the hour when David, on the summit of Zion, glanced from the valleys of Judea to the skies, and smitten with their grandeur, broke forth into the rapturous exclamation: 'The Heavens declare the glory of God!'

"But every precept which has been given, will be inefficacious in forming the mind of the poet, unless, aloof from the world, much of his time be passed in solitude and reflection. Here alone he can examine nature, and here the seeds of education must acquire full maturity."

"Such is the outline of the education which should expand poetical genius into perfection. A rude sketch of the subject only could be given here. The poet should indeed be acquainted with all that man knows; for every art and every science, every department of learning, and every object in nature, may subserve for the decoration of his page. But ever mindful of the awful truth that man's 'life is a vapour which continueth a little time and then vanisheth away,' all his research should tend either directly, or through the medium of reason, to the improvement of sensibility and imagination, the instruments of his great design. Thus heaven-directed genius shall enwreath the brow with laurels of immortal verdure, and enroll its name for ever in the record of wisdom and the song of beauty."

This elegant composition, which still remains unpublished, gained for its young author the appointment of poet at the next anniversary of the Phi-Beta-Kappa Society. It was inferred that one who could so accurately delineate the true nurture and aliment of poesy, must be able to exemplify its power. The reasoning was in this instance correct, though it has been said of more than one casuist in the realm of fancy, that like Moses, he could point out the promised land without the ability to enter it.

Here it was proved that there was indeed no interdict. Yet it is, perhaps, an unparalleled fact in the history of mind, that one altogether unpractised in metrical composition should produce, as a first effort, a poem of such lofty imagery, so polished in diction and sublime in spirit, as "The Judgment." His knowledge of the secret springs of poetic impulse, and the innate and versatile powers of his own language, here burst forth with Miltonic energy. That he should go on in the career of excellence, and win for himself, on both sides of the Atlantic, a high place in the temple of fame, might have been expected.

Several years of the early part of his life were devoted to mercantile business. In this his heart had no share. But the diligence and self-denial with which he subjected strong native tastes to what he considered his duty, proved the correct balance and healthful state of his moral powers. During this period he visited Europe, where his attainments did not fail of their appreciation. There was about him that uprightness, nobleness, and courtesy, indicative of what some writer has styled the "old unfaded English mind."

After his congenial and happy marriage, the greater

part of nearly twenty years that still remained to him, was spent in his native city, between those intellectual pursuits and rural occupations, which relieve and dignify each other. An edition of such of his works, both in prose and poetry, as he thought proper to select, was given to the public during the last year of his life, and ranks among the best specimens of American literature. It was then little thought that this gift to his country would prove a valedictory one. Yet while his intercourse with the external world was but slightly changed, there were those nearest his heart who anxiously marked the "fading brow, the sinking eye." After a brief illness which gave, until the point of fatal termination, no distinct announcement of danger, he passed away, just at the opening of the year 1841.

The intelligence of an event which afflicted so many friends, awoke the following effusion from one absent in a foreign clime :

A troubled sound upon thy heaving breast
Thou bear'st, old ocean, from my native strand
A sound of woe ! And art thou gone to rest,
Thou of the noble soul, and tuneful band ?

I saw thee last within thy pleasant dome,
Thy fair, ancestral oaks, in glory spreading,
While every blest affection round thy home,
And through thy heart a genial warmth was shedding.

Yet now, while sullen sounds the wintry wind,
I sadly mourn thee, on this Gallic shore,
Ordained amid mine own loved land to find
One friend the less, and one cold tomb-stone more ;

But thou, for whom such bitter tears are shed,
Thy glowing strains shall live, when Friendship's self
is dead.

His brother, for many years a resident in Europe, remarks to a member of the family: "His compositions, in prose and verse, are before the American people, to whom it pertains to stamp his reputation as an author, and to assign his rank in the rising literature of our country. Competent judges have already pronounced, that it has never produced a writer of more refined and cultivated taste, or more graceful and polished style. To his relatives and intimate friends, who alone could fully appreciate his virtues, it belongs to do justice to his moral worth, by declaring that few persons acted under a deeper and more habitual sense of duty, or laboured more faithfully for their own improvement; one great part of the allotted task of man."

An author well qualified to know and to express what fraternal love thus left unsaid, the Rev. William I. Kip, has permitted us to use the following just tribute.

"Of the loss of Mr. Hillhouse, as a man, none can fitly speak but those who, like the writer of this brief sketch, knew him well and loved him much. It was crushing an object, around which were clustering the fond affections of many hearts. It was quenching the light, which shed its rays over a wide circle. In his beautiful residence the same little group has gathered as of old, but he who formed its life and soul is gone. They behold from the windows the same bright landscape, stretching out in its beauty, yet the eyes which

once dwelt with so much pleasure on the view, and which could behold so readily 'a glory in the grass, and a splendour in the flower,' are closed for ever. The 'old ancestral oaks' wave their branches, and their leaves rustle to the breeze, but that ear, to which the sound once came as music, listens to them no longer. He is sleeping with his fathers in the still and quiet churchyard, yet resting there we trust 'in the sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection.' His virtues are embalmed in the hearts of his friends, for to them he can now only be united by the chain of memory running back to what he once was, and the aspirings of faith stretching forward to what he now is. But his works belong to the literature of his country, and will ever secure to him a lofty station among the poets of America."

T R E N T O N F A L L S.

**BEAUTIFUL Waters! sparkling, free,
 Spanning the globe with your ministry,—
 In the tireless might of an angel's wing,
 Sent from the courts above,
 Tidings of mercy and peace to bring
 To man, the child of love.
 Onward ye press, in your mission proud,
 And still with spirit free
 Receive the wealth of the weeping cloud,
 And bury it in the sea.**

**The little fountain in the wild,
 The play-place of the laughing child,
 Who dreams, as he mocks its bubbling force,
 With his tiny feet to bar its course,
 Strikes a line of silver out,
 And the wild flowers follow it all about,
 While the winged seeds that the breezes bear,
 Make their cell on its margin fair.
 Perchance it singeth a tuneful song,
 A song to the pebbles rude,
 Or tells them a tale, as it glideth along,
 Of joy and gratitude :
 A tale that softeneth hearts of stone,
 But theirs are hard, and it hurrieth on,**


For it may not stay, it may not stay
On its master's errand, night or day.

It claspeth the hand of its brother streams,
And runneth a merrier race,
As down the far cliff, where the eagle screams,
They gladly leap ; or through meadows sheen,
Tracked by their fringe of a brighter green
Rush on to its embrace.

Anon, it spreadeth a broader tide,
And over its breast the fisher's boat
And the snowy sail doth lightly float,
Till in the fullness of beauty's pride,
And veiled in mist, like a graceful bride,
It plighteth its faith at the ocean's brim
And the marriage-song is his thunder-hymn.

But thou, along whose banks we stray,
'T was not for thee to choose,
'Mid quiet flowers and reeds thy way,
Nor with the whispering willows play,
That idly droop and muse.
A rugged path 't was thine to tread,
Disputing with the rocks thy bed,
And inch by inch, with deafening din,
Thy troubled course to steer,
Still through adversity severe
Thy fame to win.

No cloud upon the summer air
The forest boughs are green and fair,



And joyous beings tread
The slippery margin of thy tide,
That on, from plunge to plunge, doth glide
So beautiful and dread.
Hark! to a cry of wild despair,
Echoing from yon guarded dell,
While the imprisoned flood doth to fierce madness
swell.

Where is that lovely one,
Of fawn-like step and cherub air,
And blooming brow, unmarked by care?
Troubled torrent, tell me where!
She marked thee with admiring eye,
Thy verdant marge, thy craggy steep,
Thy boiling eddies, bold and deep,
Thy white mist, curtaining to the sky;
Where is she now? with sorrow wild,
I hear the parents' voice lamenting for their child.

Thou terrible in beauty! hold thy way,
Foaming and full of wrath. Thy deeds shall be
Graved on yon altar-piece of frowning rock,
That every worshipper, who bows to thee,
May read the record, and indignant mock
Thy syren charms. And henceforth, she, who guides
Some darling child along thy treacherous tides,
Marking the trophy thou hast torn
From fond affection's heart, shall turn away and
mourn.

Would that it were not so,—
That no dark shade of woe

Marred thine exceeding beauty. Then the breast
 That heaves with rapture at this glorious scene,
 Might hoard thine image, stainless and serene,
 Wrapped in the light sublime
 That at creation's prime
 Fair Eden blest,
 Ere at its gate the sword of flame
 Told with a warning voice the lapse of grief and
 shame.

Trenton Falls, upon the West Canada Creek, are at the distance of a pleasant drive from the city of Utica. None who are thus near, should, unless impelled by necessity, depart without paying them a visit.

The river, in its descent to a rocky ravine, makes three successive leaps, or efforts to effect a passage. These, together, comprise more than a hundred feet, though neither of the separate cataracts are of any remarkable height. The stream sweeps on sinuously between each of these plunges, but gains no interval of rest, being broken upon pointed rocks that contest its course. These are of dark limestone, and rise in cliffs, from one hundred to one hundred and thirty feet, crested with evergreens of fir, spruce, and hemlock, like the waving plumes in the helmet of some ancient chieftain on the battle-day.

Our visit to Trenton Falls was immediately after a heavy rain, when, every crevice in the rocky path being filled to overflowing, we seemed to tread amid bowls of water. The intense heat of a July sun beat upon our heads, and radiated from the surrounding precipices; but the cool breath of the stream, and the foliage from every narrow cleft around and above us, striking out in

wreaths and festoons, gave continual refreshment, while the surpassing beauty of that sequestered dell dispelled every sensation of discomfort.

Still it seemed more fatiguing to explore Trenton than Niagara. The paths are slippery and precipitous, and it cannot be forgotten how repeatedly they have led to the tomb. The allusion, in the foregoing poem, is to a beautiful child of Colonel Thorne, so long a resident in Paris, who, in visiting this scene with her parents and family, slipped from the hand of the servant who led her, and was lost in the foaming depths.

Others also have perished here, of whom it might be said, in the sweet strains of our lamented melodist, Willis Gaylord Clarke,

“ It was but yesterday that all before thee
Shone in the freshness of life's morning hours,—
Joy's radiant smile was playing brightly o'er thee,
And thy light feet impressed by vernal flowers.

How have the garlands of thy beauty withered !
And hope's false anthem died upon the air :
Death's sudden tempests o'er thy way have gathered,
And his stern bolts have burst in fury there.”

The Falls of Trenton are perhaps more indescribable than even the great Niagara, which, throwing the mind continually back on the Almighty Creator, can in some measure be delineated through the solemnity and sublimity of the emotions it creates. But Trenton exhibits a ceaseless, bewildering change of the surprising and beautiful, a sort of Protean character, a chameleon tint, which neither pen nor pencil can arrest without injustice or failure. Go, and see for yourselves.

THE SNOW-STORM.

How quietly the snow comes down,
When all are fast asleep,
And plays a thousand fairy pranks
O'er vale and mountain steep.
How cunningly it finds its way
To every cranny small,
And creeps through even the slightest chink
In window, or in wall.

To every noteless hill it brings
A fairer, purer crest
Than the rich ermine robe that decks
The haughtiest monarch's breast.
To every reaching spray it gives
Whate'er its hand can hold—
A beauteous thing the snow is,
To all, both young and old.

The waking day, through curtaining haze,
Looks forth, with sore surprise,
To view what changes have been wrought
Since last she shut her eyes ;
And a pleasant thing it is to see
The cottage children peep
From out the drift, that to their eaves
Prolongs its rampart deep.

The patient farmer searches
His buried lambs to find,
And dig his silly poultry out,
Who clamour in the wind ;
How sturdily he cuts his way,
Though wild blasts beat him back,
And caters for his waiting herd
Who shiver round the stack.

Right welcome are those feathery flakes
To the ruddy urchins' eye,
As down the long, smooth hill they coast,
With shout and revelry ;
Or when the moonlight, clear and cold,
Calls out their throng to play—
Oh ! a merry gift the snow is
For a Christmas holiday.

The city miss, who, wrapped in fur,
Is lifted to the sleigh,
And borne so daintily to school
Along the crowded way,
Feels not within her pallid cheek
The rich blood mantling warm,
Like her who, laughing, shakes the snow
From powdered trees and form.

A tasteful hand the snow hath—
For on the storied pane
I saw its Alpine landscape traced
With arch and sculptured fane,
Where high o'er hoary-headed cliffs
The dizzy Simplon wound,
And old cathedrals reared their towers
With Gothic tracery bound.

I think it hath a tender heart,
 For I marked it while it crept,
 To spread a sheltering mantle where
 The infant blossom slept.
 It doth to Earth a deed of love—
 Though in a wintry way;
 And her turf-gown will be greener
 For the snow that's fallen to-day.

The occurrence of slight snow-storms, being unusually frequent during the autumn of 1848, I amused myself with making the following simple calendar of them in their order of succession.

Monday, October 28d.

Snow! snow! Who could have expected such a guest now in the very autumn prime? The sun was shining so gloriously too at early morning. The trees stand utterly amazed in their rich robes of crimson, and orange, and brown, like dowagers in their court-dresses, arrested on their way to the palace. Especially are the flower-people incommoded and struck with consternation. The roses, with their bosoms full of snow, look indignant, and redden to a wrath-glow, while the meek verbenas and violets at their feet partake less of the chilling shower, for dwelling so humbly *sub-rosa*. The buxom marigold lifts her hardy cheek with a smile as if to say, "I'll make the best of it," while the aristocratic dahlias curb their chins in displeasure. Well, this is a republican clime, my ladies. It respecteth not your high-sounding titles of countesses and queens. Crowns and coronets are at a discount in this pilgrim-planted land, and the snow settleth as saucily upon them as upon the unbonnetted cottager.

Yonder, ensconced in a snug recess, are two Hydrangeas with their broad purple and pink faces bending towards each other like a pair of rustic lovers in a *tête-à-tête*. How aghast they look when the snow discovers and parts them. That tiny lakelet at their side, which shone like a mirror in the morning ray, how it swallows the chill morsels with a dim and sullen face. Up come the gold and silver fishes, their smart liveries powdered with the insinuating flakes. Keep your gills close, my gay piscatorials, and don't nibble at those floating nodules, mistaking them for crumbs of Naples biscuit. In the same nook is a prim-bush badly trimmed, reaching forth its angular arms and claw-shaped fingers to gather all it can. Methinks it is of the miser-genus. Friend Prim, dreamest thou that thou hast gotten gold? Well, make the most of thy cold handfuls. Peradventure it may last thee as long as the winged riches in which thy betters trust.

While the beauties of the garden bear their rebuke as they may, lo! there passeth by a blighted bud of our own higher nature. An infant with its funeral train goeth slowly homeward to its last repose. They divide the snow-wreaths to lay it by the side of its young mother. Thou canst nestle no more into her bosom, poor babe, it is marble cold. She stretcheth forth no fond arm to welcome and enfold thee. Only a few times didst thou gaze upon her ere she hastened away to the angels. Yet, shall not the bright drops of that affection, which were shed into her heart amid extremest agony be gathered up in heaven, and flow on as the river of life, an eternal stream?

“ Oh, when a mother meets on high,
The babe she left in its infancy,

Is there not then, for all her fears,
The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrows, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight?"

Tuesday, November 7th.

Well done, Mr. Saggitarius, thou hast brought us a fair gift, notwithstanding thy belligerent moods, and thy skill in archery—snow-flakes falling as quietly as the slumbers of innocence. This is better than to pierce us with thy frosty arrows, or smite us with ague fits.

The birds, however, are mightily discomposed. They convene in noisy Congress, clamouring for immediate emigration. Troops of orators mount the rostrum, vociferating, vanishing, and returning to the charge. Many more speakers than hearers, and no chairman to call them to order. How the black-birds chatter and gesticulate, and what throngs of swallows besiege yonder old church-steeple. My eloquent gentry, I counsel you forthwith to commence your journey; for as the ancient proverb elegantly saith, "great cry, and little wool," so this babel-like discussion helpeth not forward your weary pilgrimage. Please remember us among the groves of the Bosphorus, or the gardens of the Nile, and come back with the spring-flowers,—and so, farewell.

The domestic fowls congregate under the fences, or hay-stacks, with a remarkable solemnity. Chicklings of the last summer, who have had no regular introduction to the snow, dip their bills in it and look grave. Perhaps, like chemists, they are essaying to analyze it. The young house-cat, having the antipathy of her race to wet feet, steps into the new element, and suddenly

draws back, steps again, and draws back: then with long leaps gains the shelter of the kitchen threshold, and applies her soothing lips to her maltreated paws.

But what exultation among the boys, who rushing from school discover it. How it clings with a humid tenacity to their caps and shoulders, for the careful mother to brush off when they reach home. With what zeal they gather it in their hands, the merry urchins. How eagerly they anticipate their winter-sports, which suit so well the quick flowing blood of the young. Often have I watched the bright-browed throngs of Boston boys, gliding with swift sled over their noble Common, and rejoiced in their joy, and blessed the wisdom of those law-givers who protect the happiness of children.

Wednesday, November 29th.

The beautiful Indian summer, which our poor aborigines used to call "the smile of the Great Spirit," hath been among us. With its elastic breath it quickened all the springs of life. Between the storms it stole hither, touching the faded leaf with its early hues, and the skies with their cloudless azure, rekindling the scarlet of the woodbine and hardy rose, and whispering to our hearts of the cheerful patience that should arm them for winter's adversity. It wrapped the distant landscape in soft mists, like a dream of Paradise. Then, foreseeing the evil time, it vanished, while the snow-spirit made haste to whiten its robe as it departed.

Thursday, November 30th.

A little snow this evening, a few hoarse threats from the winds, and then the clouds relented. They would *not* cast a lasting shade over New England's almost

sole festival. For this day is her annual thanksgiving, set apart by the fathers, amid colonial toil and privation, when, amid the scanty harvest, the rude hovel, or the Indian conspiracy,

“They shook the depths of the desert-gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.”

Methinks even the pitiless storm would not willingly blot out the joy of the child, preparing to return to its home from a distant school or from service, to brighten for a brief season the loved circle around the hearth-stone.

Hark! the steam-engine shrieks, the mellow stage-horn winds, and see, they come. The spruce, young collegian arrives, ready to display new stores of knowledge to his wondering sisters; and the soberly-clad apprentice grasps heartily with his hardened hand that of parent or friend. A carriage stops at the door of a pleasant farm-house. A fair, young woman, who at the last thanksgiving wore the white robe of the bride, descends, and with her husband enters the home of her nativity.

What does she bring with her? What is so cunningly concealed beneath her warm mantle? Lo! a little rose-bud, with a beating heart. How its large, clear eyes expand with wonder, as the young people, proud of their new titles of uncle and aunt, unsheath it from its convolutions of soft blankets, and cover its face with kisses. The new father mingles in the group with rapturous delight, and bends on her, who has thus completed the climax of his joys, that smile of the heart which effaces every care. The grand-parents welcome this young scion of their house with secret pride; yet taught, by long experience in life's change-

able road, to chastise that buoyant sentiment, they wear a sedate gravity, as they lead the way to the laden board.

Invoking Heaven's blessing on their happiness, all zealously address themselves to the work before them. Justice must be done to the huge turkey and the chickens, which they themselves have reared; the numerous tarts must all be tasted, as they are the productions of the young daughters; nor must the fruits and nuts be slighted, which the boys have so carefully gathered. The satisfaction of a feast in a farmer's family is heightened by knowing the history of every viand, or having had some agency in preparing it for its post of honour.

But see, passing the window is a melancholy stranger, pale with home-sickness. His heart is with the spot of his nativity, in the distant halls where his childhood grew. Here are no fond eyes to welcome him, no kind voice to bid him to the hospitable repast.

Send thou, and gather him as a sheaf into thy garner. Make glad his soul with the incense of thy fireside charities. So shall his smile of gratitude strike to the depths of thine own spirit, and dry its secret téars.

Oh, at this festival, and at that still more sacred one of our dear Lord's nativity, forget not the forgotten, nor the forsaken, nor the poor. For if thou hast sent portions unto the needy, and if the stranger or the orphan sitteth beside thee at thy board, thine own feast shall be the sweeter, and be remembered at the banquet on high.

THE DESERTED NEST.

FLOWN! flown! my little ones? Your cunning house,
So deftly hid beneath the mantling vine,
Quite empty?

But a few short days it seems,
Since first we spied you, a strange, breathing mass,
Unfledged and shapeless, with bright, staring eyes,
And ever-open beak. We often came
To inspect your tiny tenement, because
Your parents were our lodgers, in a nook
Of the piazza, where the vine-leaves curled,
And thatched it like a cottage. 'They were out
Most of their time, upon the busy wing,
Seeking your food, while you at leisure lived,
Eating and chirping with an equal zeal
Alternately; for whatsoe'er they brought
Was eagerly received. I feared you'd be
Such gormandizers, that you'd never learn
Your gamut; for you certainly were blest
With a most wondrous appetite. And still,
To help the matter on, my little girl
Amused herself by dropping now and then
A small green grape into your gaping mouths,
Feeling so very sure 'twould do you good
But as for me, I had a thousand fears
Of cholera, and all the latent ills

That birds are heir to, and with fainter step
Stole every morning to your curtained couch,
Filled with sad visions of your early death.
But lo! you grew like mushrooms, and your sires,
Who screamed at first with terror, when we drew
So near their hopeful face, at length became
Quite passive to our visits, and partook
Our scattered crumbs complacently.

Yet now,
You're gone, my birds, and I shall miss you much,
Both morn and eve.

Methinks you were too young
To try your fortune in this world of snares,
And much I fear that some marauding cat,
With her keen feline tastes in exercise,
May seize and bear you, with your tender wings
All helpless, hanging from her whiskered mouth,
A gift to her voracious little ones.
Yet hence with such forebodings,—and I'll think
When from yon shrubbery I hear a song,
Trembling with sweet, unpractised melody,
It is your descant.

How will ye obtain
Your sustenance, thus sent as wanderers forth,
'Mid all the ignorance of infancy,
To cater for yourselves?

Yet this wide earth
Is your refectory, and the light leaf
That shivers on the gale, and the seamed trunk,
And the fresh furrow where the ploughman treads,
Show to your microscopic glance a feast
Ready and full.

Our Father feedeth you!

Ye gather not in store-house or in barn,
But seek your meat from Him.

Would that we shared
Your simple faith,—we who so duly ask
Our daily bread, and yet distrust His hand
Who feeds all creatures and upbraideth not.
And when our homes below are desolate,
Even like your empty nest, my winged ones,
And when their eyes, who loved us here below,
Shall seek and find us not, may we have risen
Where melody shall know no dissonance,
And love no parting flight.

The habits of the migratory birds form a fruitful subject of observation and inquiry. The unerring instinct that guides them through the trackless fields of air, avoiding the hostility of birds of prey, the comparative mystery of their residence in far distant regions, and the punctuality of their return, increase our respect for these winged friends, who from their lodgings upon the Sultan's harem, or amid the gardens of the Nile, remember their brown nest in the thorn-hedge or the cottage-roof, and compass earth and ocean to rebuild it.

How beautifully has an English naturalist remarked: "When we think for a moment that the swallows, martins, and swifts, that sport in our summer skies, and become inhabitants of our houses, will presently be dwelling in the heart of regions which we long in vain to know, and whither we travellers toil in vain to penetrate; that they will anon affix their nests to the Chinese pagoda, the Indian temple, or beneath the Equator, to the palm-thatched eaves of the African hut; that the


small birds which populate our hedges and fields, will quickly spread themselves, with the cuckoo over the warm regions beyond the pillars of Hercules, and the wilds of the Levant, of Greece and Syria; that the nightingale will be serenading in the chesnut groves of Italy and the rose-gardens of Persia; that the thrush and the field-fare, that share our winter, will pour out triumphant music in their native wastes, in the sudden summers of Scandinavia, the desolate rocks in the lonely ocean, the craggy and misty isles of the Orkneys and Shetlands; the wild swan re-winging its way through the lofty regions of the cloud to Iceland, and other arctic lands,—we feel how much poetry is connected with these wanderers of the earth."

We are led still more to feel His infinite wisdom and goodness, who maketh them to know their appointed time:—

Who marketh their course through the tropics bright,
Who nerveth their wing for its weary flight,
And guideth their caravan's trackless way
By the star at night and the cloud by day.

The Indian fig, with its arching screen,
Welcomes them in to its vistas green,—
And the breathing buds of the spicy trees,
Thrill at the burst of their melody;
And the bulbul starts, and his carol clear,
Such a rushing of stranger wings to hear.

O wild-wood wanderers! though far away
From your summer homes in our vales ye stray,
Yet when they awake at the call of spring,
We shall see you again with your glancing wing,
Your nest 'mid yon waving trees to raise,
And teach our spirits their maker's praise.



THE WASHINGTON ELM,

AT CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

Words! Words, Old Tree! Thou hast an aspect fair,
 A vigorous heart, a heaven-aspiring crest,
 And sleepless memories of the days that were
 Lodge in thy branches, like the song-bird's nest.

Words! give us words! Methought a gathering blast
 'Mid its green leaves began to murmur low,
 Shaping its utterance to the mighty Past,
 That backward came, on pinions floating slow.

"The ancient masters of the soil I knew,
 Whose cane-roofed wigwams flecked the forest brown,
 Their hunter-footsteps swept the early dew,
 And their keen arrow struck the eagle down.

I heard the bleak December tempest moan,
 When the tossed May-Flower moored in Plymouth
 Bay;

And watched yon classic walls, as stone by stone
 The fathers reared them slowly toward the day.

But lo! a mighty Chieftain 'neath my shade,
 Drew his bright sword, and reared his dauntless head,
 And liberty sprang forth from rock and glade,
 And donned her helmet for the hour of dread.

While in the hero's heart there dwelt a prayer,
That Heaven's protecting arm might never cease
To make his young, endangered land its care,
Till through the war-cloud looked the angel Peace.

"Be wise my children," said that ancient Tree,
In earnest tone, as though a Mentor spake,
"And prize the blood-bought birthright of the free,
And firmly guard it, for your country's sake.

Thanks, thanks, Old Elm! and for this counsel sage,
May heaven thy brow with added beauty grace,
Grant richer emeralds to thy crown of age,
And changeless honours from a future race.

This fine old Elm, on the Common, at Cambridge, doubtless a remnant of the primeval forest, has a heritage of glory. Beneath its shade Washington first drew his sword, as Commander-in-Chief of the American army. It is thus associated with one of the most important eras in our history, and in the life of that illustrious man, who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." From the flash of that sword, beneath these branches, until it was finally sheathed in York-town, what heart-stirring events transpired for the historian, the politician, and the poet. The drama, which was conceived and commenced by the "Bay State," the noble mother of New England, and which in its progress more or less convulsed every member of the "Old Thirteen," reached its catastrophe and termination of glory in the "Annexation," where first the Saxon vine took root of this New World.

The venerated Tree, thus for ever connected with the memory of the Father of our country, has a fitting and beautiful locality. Its foliage almost sweeps the walls of the most ancient University in the United States, for which the first appropriation was made in 1636, the year after the fathers of Connecticut took their departure from Cambridge, and began the settlement of Hartford.

It is touching and even sublime to recall the efforts made by our ancestors, to secure the means of education for their descendants, while themselves enduring the hardships and privations attendant on colonial life. Sixteen years from the first landing on the snow-clad rock of Plymouth had scarcely elapsed, ere they laid the plan of a collegiate institution, the poorest contributing from his poverty, perhaps only a bushel of corn, or a single volume, yet given with gladness and in hope. The infant colonies of Connecticut and New Haven testified also their sympathy and good neighbourhood, by a benefaction from every family, of twelve pence or a peck of corn,—gifts of no slight value in those days of simplicity.

How truly was it said by our ancestors, in a work written more than two hundred years since: "After God had carried us safe to New England, and we had builded our houses, provided necessaries for our livelihood, reared convenient places for God's worship, and settled the civil government, one of the next things we longed for and looked after, was to advance learning, and perpetuate it to posterity."

FAREWELL TO NIAGARA.

My spirit grieves to say, Farewell to thee,
Oh beautiful and glorious!

Thou dost robe
Thyself in mantle of the coloured mist,
Most lightly tinged, and exquisite as thought,
Decking thy forehead with a crown of gems
Woven by God's right hand.

Hadst thou but wrapped
Thy brow in clouds, and swept the blinding mist
In showers upon us, it had been less hard
To part from thee. But there thou art, sublime
In noon-day splendour, gathering all thy rays
Unto their climax, green, and fleecy white,
And changeful tinture, for which words of man
Have neither sign nor sound, until to breathe
Farewell in agony. For we have roamed
Beside thee, at our will, and drawn thy voice
Into our secret soul, and felt how good
Thus to be here, until we half implored,
While long in wildering ecstasy we gazed,
To build us tabernacles, and behold
Always thy majesty.

Fain would we dwell

Here at thy feet, and be thy worshipper,
And from the weariness and dust of earth
Steal evermore away. Yea, were it not
That many a care doth bind us here below,
And in each care, a duty, like a flower,
Thorn-hedged, perchance, yet fed with dew of heaven,
And in each duty, an enclosed joy,
Which like a honey-searching bee doth sing,—
And were it not, that ever in our path
Spring up our planted seeds of love and grief,
Which we must watch, and bring their perfect fruit
Into our Master's garner, it were sweet
To linger here, and be thy worshipper,
Until death's footstep broke this dream of life.

And now, reader and friend, our hour of pleasant gossip is finished. We have said nothing of the pictured rocks, or the great western caverns, nor wandered together in spirit on the borders of our mighty lakes, or the shores of the "father of waters." No; I have spoken only of such places as "keepers at home" may readily reach, and which probably you have yourself visited. Still it is as useful, and vastly more convenient, to admire objects near at hand than those far away; and on what the eye hath oft-times looked, we may still discover an unplucked flower, or an ungathered sunbeam, to cheer and to uplift the heart.

I have frequently used, in this little book, the language of others; sometimes, because I considered it better than my own; and sometimes because I remem-

bered the saying, that there is no greater compliment to an author than to quote from his works.

You will not, I hope, count it a deception, that while its title announces a description of *scenes*, its pages so often presents those who have peopled them. I felt that a landscape was improved by figures, and that it was a solace made stronger by advancing years, thus to deepen the heart's memorial of the good and the lovely, who are no longer among the living.

So now, reader and friend, unknown, perchance, but still a friend, Farewell. If it is morning with you, may the day be blessed and happy; and if it is evening,

“a fair good night,
And pleasant dreams and slumbers light.”

Hartford, Conn. Dec. 4, 1844.

THE END.

London : H. G. Clarke and Co., 66, Old Bailey.

THE AMBER WITCH.

Meinhold is the Author.

THE
AMBER WITCH;

The most interesting Trial for Witchcraft ever known.

EDITED FROM A DEFECTIVE MANUSCRIPT OF HER FATHER,

ABRAHAM SCHWEIDLER,

PASTOR OF COSEBOW, IN USEDOM.

BY

W. MEINHOLD,

DOCTOR OF DIVINITY, AND PASTOR, ETC.

“ Ordinary minds make every thing in the trials of witchcraft to be the work of imagination. But he who has read many such trials finds that impossible.”—JEAN PAUL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN,

BY

E. A. FRIEDLÆNDER,

LONDON :

H. G. CLARKE AND CO., 66, OLD BAILEY

—
1844.

12



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...

P R E F A C E.

IN submitting to the public this deeply affecting and very romantic trial of witchcraft, which in the foregoing title-page, I have probably not unjustly called "the most interesting hitherto known," I offer in the first place, the following account respecting the history of the manuscript.

In Coserow, upon the Island Usedom, in my former parish and the same, over which upwards of two hundred years ago our venerable author presided, there was under the singers' seat of the parish church, and almost level with the ground, a sort of niche or closet, in this I had often seen a number of written papers lying about, which on account of my short-sightedness, and the darkness of the place, I took for old hymn-books. One day however, when engaged in instructing the children at the church, I was seeking for a

paper-mark in the catechism of one of the boys, and not being able to find it immediately, my old Sexton, more than eighty years of age, (who was called Appelmann, but altogether unlike his namesake in our biography, and although poor was yet a very excellent man), went under the choir and returned with a folio book, which I had never seen before, and out of which he without any more ado, tore a strip of paper and handed it to me. I immediately laid hold of the book, and I cannot say whether after a few minutes I was more astonished or provoked at the treasure I had found. This manuscript bound in pig's-leather was not only defective at the beginning and at the end, but, I am sorry to say, there were also in the middle here and there some leaves torn out. I gave the old man such a sound talking to, as I had never done before; but he excused himself by saying that one of my predecessors had given him the manuscript for waste paper, as it had been lying about since time immemorial, and that he had often been at a loss for a little paper to wrap round the altar tapers, etc. The gray headed half-blind pastor must have taken it for old church-accounts, which were of course no longer of any use.*

Scarcely arrived at home I set about deciphering

* In the original a few accounts in fact occur which at first sight might very easily lead to this error, and the handwriting

my new found treasure, and after I had with much difficulty read through the book, I was powerfully excited by the matters recorded therein.

I soon felt the want of more light respecting the nature and circumstances of these trials for witchcraft, and indeed respecting the whole period, in which such proceedings took place. But the more I read of these truly astonishing histories, the more I became lost in amazement, and neither the trivial *Becker* (*Die bezau-berte Welt*, the enchanted world), nor the more cautious *Horst* (*Zauber-bibliothek*; magic-library) and other works of the kind to which I had referred, were able to relieve my embarrassment but only served to increase it.

There runs not merely so deep a demoniac feature through most of these shuddering histories as fills the attentive reader with horror and dismay; but even the eternal and unchangeable laws which govern our feelings and actions, are also frequently interrupted in such a violent manner as to bring the understanding in the proper sense of the word to a stand still; as for instance, in one of the original trials, which a legal friend in our province had picked up, the relation is found, that a mother, after she had already endured the rack, par-
moreover is very difficult to read, and in several parts turned quite yellow and rotten.

PREFACE.

mark in the catechism of one
being able to find it immediately, a
man eighty years of age, (who was
but altogether unlike his name-
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went under the choir and returned
which I had never seen before, and
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• In the original a few accounts in fa-
eight might very easily lead to this error,

crime of witchery where once
 l with lenity. Thus, for in-
 ucyra (314) made the whole
 ten to consist in mere excom-
 n fellowship ; the West-Goths
 rging, and Charles the Great,
 hops, caused them to be kept
 incere penance.* Only a short
 ation, Ignatius VIII. laments
 of all Christendom about the
 men were becoming so generally
 such a degree, that some most
 be taken against them ; and at the
 caused the most notorious Witch-
 us *malleficarum*) to be prepared, ac-
 such inquisition was made not only in all
 also in Protestant Christendom,
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After a close investigation of the subject of witchcraft, I soon perceived, that among all these somewhat daring, adventurous histories, not one would excel in lively interest my "Amber-Witch," and I determined to throw its fates into the form of a novel. Luckily, however, I soon said to myself: "Why should I do so? Is not the history itself the most interesting novel? Leave it perfectly in its original form; throw out what to the present reader no longer is of any interest, or is otherwise generally known, and though indeed you may not be able to restore the missing commencement and the missing end, see if the context will render it possible for you to supply the missing leaves from the middle, and then go on in the same strain and language of your ancient biographer, so that at least the difference of the representation and the insertions made do not immediately strike the eye.

This, then, with much trouble, and after many fruitless attempts, I have done, but silently pass over the places in which the scenes have taken place, in order not to cloud the interest of the greatest number of my readers. For to criticism, which, however, has never attained to a more admirable height than in our time, such a confession would here be perfectly superfluous, since without this it will very easily distinguish

where Pastor Schweldler and where Pastor Meinhold* is the speaker.

Of that, however, which I have omitted, I owe the public a more particular notice. To these pertain:

1. Long prayers, in as much as they were not distinguished by Christian unction.

2. Generally known histories of the thirty years war.

3. Miraculous signs in the clouds, said to have happened here and there, and which other writers of Pomerania on this age of terror also report; as, for instance, Micraelius;† such statements, however, as stood in connection with the whole; for instance, the cross upon the Streckelberg, and, therefore, I have of course let them remain.

4. The specification of the whole income of the church of Coserow before and during the reign of terror of the thirty years war.

5. The account of the number of dwellings which after the devastation of the enemy had remained standing in every village belonging to the parish.

6. The statement of the places whither this or that member of the church had emigrated.

* There were already preliminary specimens in the Christoterpe, 1841 and 1842.

† Of ancient Pomerania.

7. A ground plan and a description of the old parsonage, etc.

In the language, too, I have taken the liberty of here and there making a few alterations, my author himself not being very consistent in language and orthography. The latter I have retained, with but few exceptions.

And now I submit to the gentle reader this work, glowing with the fire of heaven and of hell.

MEINHOLD.

THE AMBER WITCH.

INTRODUCTION.

The descent of our biographer cannot, on account of the beginning of his work being lost, be any longer determined with accuracy. At all events, he appears not to have been a Pomeranian; for at one time he speaks of Silesia, where he had been in his youth; then he mentions far-dispersed relatives, not only in Hamburg and Cologne, but even in Antwerp, and betrays principally by his Southern German language his foreign origin. I have remarked especially the expressions, such as *eim* for *einem*; and the peculiar derivation of many adjectives, viz.: *tanein* from *Tanne*; *seidin* from *Seide*; a kind of dialect, which, as far as I know, has never been used in Pomerania, but rather in Swabia. Yet at the period of the composition of his work, he must have already lived a long time in Pomerania, because he still more frequently intermixes low German expressions, (*platt deutsche*) in every respect, just as native Pomeranian writers of that time were wont to do.

As, according to his own statements on various occasions, he is of ancient and noble descent, it is probable that some further particulars may be found in the records of the nobles of the seventeenth century, respecting the family of the Schweidlers, and conse-

quently also respecting his probable fatherland ; but I have searched in vain among all the sources accessible to me, for that name, and should therefore conjecture that our author, as has so frequently been done, has put off his title and changed his name on his becoming a pastor. But enough, I will not here venture on further conjectures. Our manuscript, in which the large number of six chapters are wanting, and which on the immediate foregoing leaves indisputably comprehended the outbreak of the thirty years' war on the island Usedom, begins with the words : " Imperials (soldiers) quartered at my house," and then proceeds as follows :

• • • Trunks, drawers, cupboards, were altogether broken open and knocked to pieces ; my priest-gown was torn to atoms, so that I was in the greatest distress and tribulation. Howbeit they had not found my poor little daughter, for as much as I had hidden her in a stable where it was dark, or else I fear they would have inflicted on me still more sorrow of heart. These scabby dogs wanted already to begin with old Ilse, a woman nearly fifty years of age, had not an old cornet bidden them to let her alone. I therefore thanked my Maker when these wild guests were off, that I at least had saved my poor child from their clutches, although not a particle of flour, nor the smallest grain of corn, nor a bit of meat the length of a finger was left ; and I wot not how to keep myself and my poor child alive. *Item*, thanked God that I had hidden the *vasa sacra*, which, with my two churchwardens—Henrich Seden and Clans Bulken, of Usteritz—I had hidden in the church in front of the altar, committing them to God's care. But, as aforesaid, I

suffered bitter hunger, so wrote I to his worship the chief-justice of the district, Wittich von Appelmann, of Pudgla,* that for the sake of God and his holy gospel he would, in such my heavy need and tribulation, grant me what His grace the Prince Philippus Julius, had laid by for me out of the *præstanda* of the Convent of Pudgla; to wit, 30 bushels of barley and 25 marks of silver, but which his worship had tarried to pay me even until now. (For he was a very hard and inhuman man, inasmuch as he despised the holy gospel and the preaching of the word, and openly and without shame made a mock of the servants of God,—saying, that they were unprofitable gormandizers, and that Luther had but half purged away the hogsties of the churches.—May God make it better!)—But he answered me not, and I should have sheer perished if Henrich Seden had not made intercession for me to the parish. God reward the honest fellow in eternity! He was the while already getting old, and was sorely tormented by his wicked wife, Lise Kolken. It be-thought me when I married them, that it would not go over well with them, seeing that by common report she had lived in unchastity with Wittich Appelmann, who ever was a notorious arch deceiver, and above all a terrible ——monger, for such the Lord never blesses. The same Seden brought me five loaves, two sausages, and a goose, of which the good wife of Loddin had made him a present; *item*, a side of bacon from Hans Tewert the farmer. The good man must, however, take care not to let his wife know, who wanted to keep

* A castle in Usedom, formerly a famous convent.

half for herself, and when he refused it, cursed him and wished him a racking head-ache,* whereat he immediately felt a swelling in the right cheek which grew thereafter very hard and troublesome. At such terrible tidings I waxed wroth, as becometh a good pastor, and asked him, whether peradventure he thought she had any wicked fellowship with that abominable Satan, and was a witch? But he was silent and shrugged up his shoulders. I bade him therefore call old Lise, who was a tall meagre hag about sixty years old, with glowing eyes, which never could look anybody straight in the face, *item*, with red hair such as her old man had also. But although I admonished her diligently out of God's word, yet she let not her voice be heard, and when firmly I said: "Wilt thou unbewitch thy old fellow (for I saw him in the street through the window raving already like a madman) or wilt thou that I inform of thee to the magistracy," she at last gave in and promised that he should soon be better; (and so indeed he was,) *item*, she besought that I would let her have a little bacon and bread, since she for three days had had nothing between her teeth save her tongue. Accordingly my dear daughter gave her half a loaf and a piece of bacon of about two hands breadth; but this she did not consider enough, but muttered between her teeth, whereupon my little daughter said; "If thou a'nt content, thou old witch, (*sack*), then be off and look first after thy old man; look how he has laid his head over Zabel's fence and is kicking his legs about with very pain!" Whereupon she went away, but again muttering between her teeth; "Yes, I will look after him and you too!"

* In the original *Kopf-gicht* literally signifies head-gout.

CHAPTER VII.

How the Imperialists robbed me of everything ; item, broke into the church, and took the vasa sacra ; also what other things happened.

After a few days when our provision was almost consumed, my last cow also perished, (the others, the wolves as above said, had already devoured), not without particular suspicion that Lise had done something to her, seeing that she had eaten bravely the day before. But I will let that pass as it liketh me not to backbite anybody ; it might also have happened through the visitation of the righteous God, whose anger I have doubtless deserved—*Summa* : I was again in great tribulation, and my little daughter Maria rent my heart yet more by her sighing and groaning, when a shout was raised that again a troop of Imperialists had come to Uekeritze, and had been marauding yet more terribly than the first, and had also set half the village on fire. Wherefore I thought me no longer safe in my hut ; but after I had commended everything to the Lord in fervent prayer, I rose and went with my little daughter and old Ilse into the Streckelberg*, where I had sought us out a hole, like unto a cave, and overgrown with bramble bushes, where we might take refuge if persecution should drive us away. We, therefore, took with us whatever remained to us of the necessities of life, and ran with lamentation and weeping into the wood,

* A considerable mountain situated at the sea side near Cossow.

whither, however, the old men and women-folk with their children, followed us, raising the while a great cry of starvation. For seeing that my little daughter sat down upon a stump, and eat a piece of meat and bread, therefore the little worms came running with their outstretched little hands, and screaming: "Me have some too, me have some too!" Wherefore since such great sorrow justly grieved me, I restrained not my little daughter from dividing all the bread and meat which was left among the hungry little children. But first made them pray: "The eyes of all wait upon thee," etc.*, on which words I then delivered a comforting address to the people, that the Lord who had now fed their little ones would also know how to fill their own bellies, if they would only not become weary of trusting in Him.

But such consolation endured not long. For after we had encamped in and around the cave near upon two hours, the bells in the village began to toll so dolefully that it almost broke every one's heart, seeing also the while a loud sound of shooting was heard; a screaming of people, and barking of dogs, so that we readily concluded that the enemy was in the midst of the village. I had, therefore, enough to do to quiet the women, that they might not by their thoughtless lamentations and wailings betray our hiding-place to the furious enemy, especially as it began to smell smoky, and soon after the bright flame glimmered through the trees. Wherefore I sent old Paasch up to the mountain, that he should see how matters stood, but to take good care that they did not spy him out in

* Psalm CXLV., 15, 16.

the village, seeing that it only began to glimmer. The same he promised, and soon came back with the tidings, that about twenty troopers had been galloping out of the village against Damerow, but that half of the village was in red flames. He said that by the rare providence of God, very many birds had made their appearance in the juniper bushes and elsewhere, and he thought if they could only be caught that they would yield excellent food for us. Then I ascended upon the mountain myself, and after I had found everything thus, likewise perceived that through the help of the merciful God the fire in the village had abated; that my little hut also, contrary to my desert and worthiness, was yet standing. I thenceforth descended, comforted the people, and said: "The Lord hath given us a sign, and will feed us, as aforetime he fed the children of Israel in the wilderness: for he has sent us an excellent flock of fieldfares over the desolate sea, which twitter forth out of every bush, as one goes near to it. Who among you will now run into the village and cut off the hair from the mane and the tail of my perished cow, which lies behind in the cow-house?" (For horse-hair there was none in the whole village, forasmuch as all the horses had already long since been taken or killed by the enemy.) But there was nobody to be found; seeing that their fear was still greater than their hunger, when my old Ilse lifted up her voice and said: "Then I will go; for I fear not, while I am in God's ways; only give me a good staff." Now when old Paasch had reached to her his staff, she began to sing to herself: "God the father us do help!" and soon ran into the wood out of our sight. In the meantime I exhorted the folk to begin the work by cutting little

rods for the springes and to gather berries, while it was moonlight, and there were a great many elder and ash trees upon the mountain. But I and my Maria watched over the little children, while the country was not safe for fear of wolves. Wherefore we made a brisk fire, around which we seated ourselves and examined the little folk in the ten commandments, when, lo, we heard a creaking and a crackling behind us, and my little daughter jumped up and ran into the cave with the words: *proh dolor, hostis!** But it happened to be only the expeditious churl that remained in the village, and now came to bring us tidings of the state of things there. Wherefore I immediately called to her: *emergas, amici!*† whereupon she also jumped forth again with great joy, and sat herself down by us near the fire. Then began my church-warden, Henrich Seden, to recount what had happened meanwhile, and how he had saved his life solely through his wife, Lise Kolken. Jurgen Flatow, Chim Burse, Claas Peer, and Chim Seideritz, however had been slain, and the last of them lay right across the church font. These ferocious incendiaries had reduced to ashes twelve houses, and it would not have been their fault that the whole village was not consumed; the wind was not favourable to them. Furthermore, for derision and mockery they even had tolled the bells, and when he and the three other young fellows had come rushing forth they had fired off their muskets at them, but with the help of the great God had hit nobody. There-

* Oh, what a calamity, the enemy is at hand!—Respecting the wonderful training of the girl, our author explains himself in the subsequent part of his history.

Don't be afraid—come forth again—they are friends!

upon his companions had jumped over the fence, but him they had caught, and already levelled a blunderbuss at him, when his wife, Lise Kolken, had stepped forth out of the church with another troop, and beckoned to them so that he was let alone. Lene Hebers, however, had they stabbed in her child-bed, speared the little babe, and thrown it over Claas Peer's wall among the nettles, where it was as yet lying, when they ran away. Whence there was now in all the village not a living soul, and what was more grievous still, not a morsel of bread, so that if the Lord had not compassion of their distress, they would all have to perish miserably with hunger.

(Well, did ever any body hear the like—and be those Christian-men!)

I now asked, when he was silent (not, however, without much groaning and lamenting, as one may easily guess) about my hut, of which albeit they knew nothing, except that it was standing; therefore I thanked the Lord, groaning in spirit, and forthwith asking old Seden what his wife had done in the church. I was ready to perish with great trouble, when I heard that the knaves, as they walked out, had carried away both the cups, together with the patins in their hands. Wherefore I spoke very wrathfully to old Lise, who now came sneaking along through the bushes, but whereupon she frowardly answered, that the foreign folk had constrained her to unlock the church, since her old fellow (husband) had verily crept behind the wall and nobody else had been there. The same had forthwith trodden before the altar, and as a stone had not well been fitted together (the which, however, was an arch lie) they then began to dig with

and in an iron pot which had yet been hidden by Staffer Zuter, to fetch a little salt water, which accordingly they did. In this water then we now dipped the little birds, and thereafter roasted them by a large fire, whereby already from the sweet savour all our mouths began to water, as we had not tasted any food for so long a time.

Quoth I then, when all was ready, and the people were all seated on the ground: "Behold, now, how the Lord yet feedeth his people Israel in the wilderness with fresh quails; should he even do more, and send us also a little bit of manna bread from heaven; what think ye? Would ye ever be weary in believing, and not the rather be willing to endure all manner of distress and tribulation, thirst and hunger, that he may hereafter lay upon you according to his gracious will? Whereupon they all answered and said; "Yea, verily." *Ego*: "Will ye faithfully promise me this?" Whereupon they again said: "Yea, that will we!" Then drew I forth with tears the bread from my pocket, lifted it up on high, and cried: "Now see, thou poor believing little flock, what sweet manna bread thy faithful Redeemer has sent thee by me." Whereat they all shrieked out, groaned, and wept; and the little children, too, came jumping up, and stretched out their little hands, crying: "Me bread, me bread!" But when I for trouble of mind could not pray myself, I bade Paasch's little girl say the *gratias*, the while my Maria cut up the loaf and gave every one his portion. And now we all joyously sat down to the blessed God's meal in the wilderness.

Meanwhile I was constrained, that I should here recount the manner in which I found the precious

manna bread, whereby I did not neglect to exhort them again, that they would ponder in their hearts on the great miraculous sign, which the merciful God hath done to them as he did in the days of his servant the prophet Elijah of old, seeing that in the great famine a raven brought him bread in the wilderness, likewise hath the Lord sent me this bread by a raven, so that it should come to pass that I should find it, for had not the Lord opened mine eyes, I should have passed by it and never seen it by the way.

As we had finally filled our stomachs with the necessary food, I held forth a thanksgiving sermon on Luke xii. v. 24, where the Lord speaks: "consider the ravens, for they neither sow nor reap, which neither have storehouse nor barn, and God feedeth them; how much more are ye better than the fowls?" But our sins rose as a loathsome savour before the Lord. For as that old Lise, as I soon found out, had not eaten her birds, because they were not savoury enough for her, but had thrown the same into the juniper-bushes, his wrath waxed sore against us, as against the children of Israel of old; and at night we had only seven birds in our snares, and the morrow only twain, also no raven came again to show us any bread. Wherefore rebuked I old Lise, and admonished the people to take upon them patiently the righteous chastisement of the Most High God, and to pray diligently and fervently that he would return into his forsaken tabernacles, and to see if haply the heart-blessed God would vouchsafe more unto them upon the sea. I also would call upon him in my prayer day and night; albeit I tarried yet awhile with my little daughter and the maid in the cave and watched the springes, if haply his wrath might

their swords, until they found the cups and the patins. Peradventure some other body had betrayed the spot to them. Therefore I ought not always to impute the trespass to her and snarl at her so violently,

Meanwhile came also the old men and women with very many berries;—*item*, my old maid with the cowtail and the mane, who told that the whole house had been ransacked, the windows all broken to pieces, the books and writings thrown into the street and trampled in the dirt, and the door lifted off the hinges. These things, however, were a less trouble to my mind than the cups, wherefore I only exhorted the folk to make bows and snares, in order that we might the next morning with the merciful God's help perform our hunting-work. Therefore I clave the rods myself till midnight, and when we had prepared a goodly number, I bade old Henrich Seden to offer up the evening prayers, to which we all gave ear, kneeling upon our knees; whereupon I finally offered up another prayer, and then exhorted the folk to shelter themselves, the men apart, and the women likewise apart, from the cold, (for it was already in the month of September, and was blowing very keenly from the sea-coast) among the bushes. I myself, however, went with my little daughter and the maid into the cave, but had not slumbered long before I heard old Seden whining very sorely, having been seized by the cholic, as he complained. I therefore rose up again and gave him my place, and seated myself again near the fire and cut springes, till I fell asleep for half an hour, and the morning dawned, whereupon he had become better, and I now forthwith got up and roused the folk to meet together for the morning worship. This time old Paasch offered up

the prayer, but could not rightly get into the spirit of it, wherefore I was obliged to help him out. Whether he had forgotten it, or it arose from fear, I will not say. *Summa* : after weall had prayed right heartily, we rose up, and forthwith went to our work ; I knocked the springes into the trees, and hung them over with berries, whilst my dear daughter was watching over the children and gathering bramble-berries for their breakfast.—But now should it be known, that we beat our way right across the bush on the way going to Uekeritze, and there (observe again the marvellous gracious providence of the merciful God.) For, when I with the hatchet in my hand, (it was Seden his hatchet that he had fetched early out of the village,) trod upon the aforesaid way, I perceived upon the earth a loaf, about the length of my arm, whereat a raven was pecking, and which, without doubt, an imperial trooper had the day before lost out of his knapsack, for there were yet fresh horse prints by it in the sand. I buttoned it therefore privily under my waist, so that nobody could mark anything, albeit as aforesaid Paasch strode close behind me ; *item*, all the rest following him at not a very great distance. When we had thus set the snares very early in the morning, there were already towards the blessed dinner-time so great a number of birds in them, that Kate Berow, who strode by the side of me, when I loosened them, could not hold them all in her apron, and at the other end old Pagels drew forth not many less from his side and coat pockets. My little daughter sat down therefore with the other women-folk to pluck the birds, and as there was a lack of salt, (for the most of us had not tasted any for a long time), she exhorted a couple of men to go towards the sea,

when she was silent I asked: "What art thou doing there, my dear daughter?" whereupon she answered: "I am eating, father," which then drew forth my tears the more earnestly, so that I began to praise her for what she would feed her poor soul, seeing that she could not do so to her poor body. I had, however, not spoken much, when she cried aloud that I should but come and behold the great marvellous work which was arising out of the sea, and was breaking in already upon the cave. For lo! a cloud formed quite like a cross, came over us, and let thick heavy drops of the size of a large pea and more fall down upon us, whereupon it forthwith sank behind the hedge. Wherefore I immediately rose up and ran with my dear daughter speedily up the mountain to look after it. It moved towards the Achter-water,* where it widely parted, and forthwith formed thitherwards a great blue streak, which the sun wondrously shone upon, so that it almost was to look upon "like a golden bridge," as my little daughter said, "whereon the blessed angels danced." Whence I instantly fell upon my knees with her and praised the Lord that our cross had overpast; but, ah! our cross was only just going to commence, as we shall read further.

* A gulf, which the river Peene forms near there.

CHAPTER VIII.

How our distress becomes yet greater ; I send old Ilse with another epistle toward Pudgla ; and what greater sorrow yet ariseth to me therefrom.

As I the next day with the common outcry of the whole village buried the miserable carcasses—(mark, there, where the linden* shades over the wall, are they all buried.) I heard with many groanings that neither the sea nor the Achter-water would yield anything. This lasted about ten days, the poor people could not catch sight of even a fish's eye. I went therefore into the field and meditated how the anger of the righteous God might be turned away from us ; while that the sharp winter was at the door, and neither corn, fish, fruit, nor meat was any longer to be found, neither in the village nor in the whole parish. Albeit of venison there was sufficient in the forests of Coserow and Uekeritze ; but the old forester Zabel Nehring had died last year of the pestilence, and there was no new one there yet. Moreover there was not to be found in all the parish a single musket or any powder, for the enemy had plundered and broken every thing. Wherefore we were constrained to see every day, how the stags, roes, hares, boars, etc. were jumping past us, while we had liev had them in our stomachs, but in our helplessness were not able to get them ; neither would they

* Now no longer in existence.

let themselves be taken in pits. Albeit, Claus Peer had caught a roe in one, and honoured me with a piece of it, for which may God reward him. *Item*, of tame beasts there was almost nothing at all left in the parish, neither a dog, nor a cat, which the people in the sore famine had in part eaten, but in part also long before killed or drowned. Old farmer Paasch, however, had yet two cows,—*item*, another old man in Uekeritze was said to have had a little pig, which was all. Wherefore all the folk almost lived on bramble and other wood-berries, which, however, also began to become scarce, as one may easily guess. Also a boy about fourteen years old (old Labahn's boy) had lost himself, and never anything was again heard of him, so that I am almost afraid that the wolves have devoured him.

Herefrom a Christian heart may judge for itself, in what sorrow and tribulation I had taken my staff, seeing that my little daughter wasted away to a shadow for very hunger; albeit, I myself, as an old *corpus*, through the grace of the merciful God, did not yet feel any particular diminution of my strength. The while I thus went in constant groaning to the Lord, perceived I on the way toward Uekeritze, which I had taken, a beggar; the same sat with his knapsack upon a stone eating a small piece of rare God's gift, that is to say, a small piece of bread. Ah, me then, poor man, my cheeks ran so full of water, that I was constrained to stoop first, and let it run down to the ground before I could ask: "Who art thou? and whence comest thou, that thou hast bread?" whereupon he answered: "that he was a poor man, from Bannemin, from whom the enemy had taken everything, and as he got to know that the

Lieper corner had had peace for a long time, he had set out to go and beg there.”—“Then!” said I; “thou poor beggar-man, give to an afflicted servant of Christ, who is poorer than thou, only a small cut of bread for his little daughter, for thou shouldst know that I am the parson of the village here, and my child is ready to die of hunger. I adjure thee by the living God that thou wilt not let me go except thou hast compassion on me as thou hast had compassion shown unto thee.” But the beggar-man would not give me any thing, whilst he spake: “that he himself had a wife and four children that were in like manner tottering to a bitter death by hunger, seeing the distress is yet much greater in Bannemin than here, where we had berries at least; and if I had not heard that a few days ago a woman there (calling her also by name, but the which, stricken with horror, I did not then regard, had killed her own child, and devoured it for hunger? * Wherefore He could not help me, and said I had better go myself to the Lieper angle.”

I shuddered at this speech, as may easily be imagined, not having heard any thing thereof in our misery; also there being little or no moving to and fro from one village to another, and remembering Jerusalem,** and almost despairing lest the Lord was visiting us as he did of old this godless city; albeit, we had neither betrayed nor crucified him, I almost forgot my misery and set down my staff in order to go onward. But scarcely had I gone a few yards, when lo, the beggar-man called after me, that I should

* This revolting occurrence is also mentioned by Micraelius in his History of Pomerania.

** Where according to Josephus the same occurred.

stay. Wherefore I turned me round again, when he came up towards me with a good cut of bread, the which he had fetched out of his wallet and spake: "There! for this pray also for me that I may get home safe, for were any of them to get to know anywise that I had some bread, even my own brother would slay me, that you may believe." The same I promised joyfully, and speedily turned round in order to bring to my dear daughter the holy Christ,* the which I had hidden in my pocket. But lo, as I came on the way as thou goest to Loddin (in my trouble I had not seen it before), I could hardly trust mine own eyes, when I there saw my field, circe seven bushels large, ready plowed, harrowed, sown and formed into blades; so that the blessed rye-sted was already shot up delightfully a finger's length. I could not believe otherwise than that the very Satan had thereby been beguiling me; albeit how much soever I rubbed my eyes—it was rye and rye it remained. And while old Paasch's piece of land which bordered so near to it, was sown in like manner, and the little blades were shooting up to the like height as mine, I could very readily judge therefrom, that the good fellow had done it, seeing that the other pieces were altogether lying waste. Wherefore I forgive him gladly for not knowing how to offer up the morning prayer, and thanking the Lord for so much love among my parish flock, and fervently supplicating him; "that he would vouchsafe me strength and faith thenceforth to continue among them without weariness even to the end, and willingly to endure all the afflictions and tribulations which according to his heart-

* A term used among children in Germany for *Christmas box*.

gracious will, he may further please to lay upon us, I ran rather than walked back to the village, and in old Paasch's court, where I found him cutting up his cow, the which for grim hunger he had now also slaughtered. "God bless thee!" said I, "thou godly man, in that thou hast husbanded my field! How am I to reward thee for it?" But the old man answered, "never heed that, only pray for us!" And when I gladly promised the same, and asked him; "how he had hidden his corn from the destroying enemy," he recounted to me; that he had privily put it in the cave in the Streckelberg, but that now also all his store was consumed. In the meantime he also cut a goodly piece of meat, the best part out of the loin, and spake: "There is something for thee too, and when that is eaten, thou canst come again." When I was now going away with much thankfulness, his little Marie laid hold of me by the hand, a little child *circa* seven years, that had prayed the *Gratias* in the Streckelberg and would go to my daughter to school. The while there as aforesaid my *custos* in the time of the pestilence had also blessed these temporal things, she was constrained to instruct the few little children in the village, the which however, had been neglected very long. I would not for this reason forbid her do so, albeit I the while feared that my dear daughter would divide the bread with her, seeing that she greatly loved the little damsel, as she was her god-child. And so verily it came to pass. For as the child saw, that I reached forth the bread she shouted at that moment for joy, and began to jump upon the bench. Wherefore she received part of the cut, our maid another part, and the third part my little daughter put into her mouth, as I would not have

anything, but said: "I feel no hunger and would wait until she had cooked the meat" which I now threw upon the bench. Then should one have seen what joy my poor child felt; moreover when I told her also of the rye she fell upon my neck, wept, sobbed, then lifted up the little damsel in her arms, danced with her in the room, and thereupon recited after her wise all manner of Latin verses which she knew. Now would she verily make ready a right goodly supper, as in a meat-cask that the Imperials had broken, a little salt clave yet to the bottom. Wherefore I let her go on in her own wise, and scraped a little soot from out the chimney the which I mingled with water, then rent a very white leaf out of the *Virgile*, and wrote to the *pastorem Liepensem*, Rev. Abraham Tiberius: "That for God's sake he would take to heart our distress, and exhort his parishioners to save us from the cruel death of hunger, and charitably send us some food and drink, which the heart-gracious God had saved for them, seeing that a beggar-man has recounted to me that they had had peace for a long time from the terrible enemy, but I wot not wherewith to seal the letter, when lo! in the church I found a little wax by one of the wooden altar candle-sticks, the which the Imperials did not think worthy to take up, and only carried away with them the brass candlesticks. With this letter three churls and the warden Henrich Seden had to get into a boat and set forth to Liepe.

But before that I communed with my old Ilse, the same being born in Liepe if she would not rather go along with them to her own home, forasmuch as she saw how we were placed, and that I could not yet awhile give her a mite of wages. (Mark: she had

saved together a goodly little sum, seeing that she had been more than twenty years with me in service, but the war-folk had taken everything from her.) But I could not prevail upon her, but she wept bitterly and entreated that I should only let her stay with the good young mistress that she had known from her very cradle. She would willingly hunger with us, if needs be, would I only not thrust her out. Wherefore I let her abide with us, and the others went forth alone.

In the mean time the soup was ready. But hardly had we prayed the *gratias* and wanted to take something, when lo! all the little children out of the village *circa*, seven in number, came in at the door and would have the bread whereof they had heard from my daughter's little god-child. Then her heart melted again, and though I prayed her to harden herself, she nevertheless comforted me with the Lieper message, and poured out to each little child her portion of soup upon a wooden platter (for these the enemy regarded not) and put also a bit of meat in their little hands so that our provision was consumed at once. Wherefore we remained fasting till the morrow noon, when the whole village assembled in the field by the sea-shore, at which time the boat came back. But, God have mercy upon us!—our hopes were quite in vain!—only six loaves and a sheep—*item*, a quartern of baking-apples was all that they had. For *Rev. Abraham Tiburtius* wrote to me after the rumour of their wealth had spread over the whole island, so many beggar-folk had run about among them that they could not possibly do justice to them, seeing that they themselves wot not how it would go with them in the end in this troublesome time. Albeit he would *see*, if happily he might raise yet more.

Then I bade them carry the little provision into the parochial ground, and although two loaves, as *Pastor Liepensis* wrote, should be for me alone, nevertheless I gave them along with the division, wherewith also all were perfectly satisfied, excepting old Seden's gloomy-eyed wife, who wanted something besides for her husband's journey, which, however, as may readily be imagined, was not done; wherefore she again, as she went away, mumbled a few words between her teeth, but the which nobody understood. It was a very wicked woman that would not suffer the word of God to come nigh her.

But now it may readily be judged, that such provision did not hold out long. Whereas now at the same time a fervent desire also after spiritual food was perceived among all the parishioners, and I and the wardens could only raise eight wittes* in the parish, the which did not suffice therewith to get bread and wine, the thought came into my mind to report our distress again to the *Amtshauptmann* (the chief governor). With what a heavy heart I did this, may be readily judged. But necessity knows no law. Whence I tore out a leaf from the end of the *Virgilio*, and prayed, for the blessed Holy Trinity's sake, that his worship would take to heart mine and the common distress of the whole parish, and give forth a little money for the holy sacrament, for the comfort of the afflicted souls; also, if possible, to buy a cup, even were it only of pewter, seeing that the enemy had stolen the one we had; as I otherwise should be compelled to consecrate the holy communion in a pot. *Item*, that he would have com-

* About twopence.

passion also on our bodily necessity, and at length give up to me my money outstanding since so many years; I wanted it not for myself alone, but would gladly divide it with all the parish, until the infinite gracious God would vouchsafe to give us more.

While I was writing thus, a considerable blot dropped upon the paper, for, as the windows were blocked up with boards, the room was dark, and only a little light came in through two small pains of glass, which I had taken out of the church and put in, such might probably be the cause that I did not take better heed. But seeing that I could not raise another morsel of paper I let it pass, and charged the maid, the same that I sent with the little epistle to Pudgla, to have me excused for this to his worship, the Lord Chief Governor; the which she also promised to do; seeing that I myself could not add thereunto the least word upon the paper, which was all full written; and I sealed it, as aforesaid.

But this poor person returned trembling with fear and weeping, and spake thus: that his worship had kicked her with his foot out of the castle-gate, and threatened to have her put in the pillory, if she shewed her face before him again. Did the priest think he was so flush of money, as he was with the ink; he surely had water enough to administer the sacrament. For if the Son of God had once changed water into wine, he might indeed often do it. If I had no cup, I should give my sheep to drink out of a *trough*, as he did; and what more there were of such like blasphemies, the which he afterwards also wrote himself to me, and whereat, as may readily be guessed, I was sorely grieved.

In such my great trouble of body and soul the

blessed Sunday drew nigh, whereon almost all the congregation willed to go to the table of the Lord, but could not. Wherefore I spake on those words of *St. Augustinus: crede et manducasti* ;* whereby I explained to them, that the fault was not mine, and faithfully recounted how my maid had fared in Pudgla, hiding at the same time much of what had happened from them, and only prayed to God that he would awaken the heart of the civil authority to the wisdom of the just. It may indeed be true, that I had spoken stronger than I ought, but what I no longer know, for I spake what was in my heart. At the conclusion all the congregation were constrained to fall on their knees for the space of an hour, and call upon the Lord for his holy sacrament ;—*item*, for the relief of their bodily necessity, the which had in like manner been hitherto done every Sunday, and commonly in the daily hours of worship, which I had been wont to hold during the troublous time of the plague. Finally I gave out that precious hymn : “ When in the greatest need we are,” which was no sooner ended than my new warden, Claus Bulk, of Uekeritze, that aforetime had been a trooper to his worship, and whom he had now installed as a farmer, ran toward Pudgla and told him what had taken place in the church. This vexed his worship sorely, insomuch that he called together the whole parish, yet *circa* 150 heads, not reckoning in the children, and *ad protocollum* wrote down what they had retained of the sermon, as he was minded to inform his princely Highness the Duke of Pomerania what blasphemous lies I had railed forth against him, whereat every christian heart must be shocked ; *item*,

* Believe, and thou hast eaten.

what a covetous man I was, that I was for ever troubling him for money, and in this grievous and troublous time, was, so to speak, daily assailing him with filthy letters, while he himself had nothing to eat. This was to break the priest's neck, for that his princely Highness did everything that he proposed and needed never man in the parish to give me henceforth anything more, but if they would only turn me out, he would take care, never fear, that they should have a better priest given to them than I was.

(But I should truly like to see that man that would be prepared to run into such a calamity.) These tidings were brought to me even that self-same night, whereat I was very sorely dismayed, forasmuch as I well perceived that I had now gotten me, not a gracious Lord in his Worship, but should have for the time of my miserable life, if verily I should be able to prolong it, an unmerciful tyrant. Nevertheless soon a something comforted me, when Chim Kruger, of Ukeritze, the same that privily brought me these tidings, drew forth a little piece of his young pig out of his pocket, wherewith he presented me. Thereat came also old Paasch, saying the same thing and reached forth a piece more of his old cow;—*item*, my other warden, Henrich Seden, with a cut of bread, with a *braxen** that he had in his wicker-basket, all of them saying that they wanted no better priest than I, and that I need only pray that the merciful God would vouchsafe to give them more, and I should also have lack of nothing; but in the mean time I should be still and not betray them. All this I vowed to do, and my little daughter Maria forthwith lifted up the blessed God's-

* A species of carp.

gift from the table and carried it into the room. But, O, the sorrow! on the morrow, as she was a going to put the meat into the pot, lo! all was gone. I wot not who has prepared me this new heart's sorrow, but I verily believe that Henrich Seden's wicked wife had done it, forasmuch as he cannot hold his tongue, and tells her, as I verily believe, every thing. Also his little damsel Paasch had seen that she had meat in the pot for the morrow's dinner,—~~item~~, that she had striven with her husband, and thrust at him with the fish-board, whereunto fresh fish scales were yet cleaving; but had recollected herself on getting sight of them. (Fye upon thee, thou old hag!—it may be true enough!) Wherefore nothing was remaining to us than to feed our poor souls with God's word. But they also were so cast down, that they, like our stomachs, would receive nothing more. For my poor dear daughter in particular, became from day to day paler, greyer, and yellower, and ever vomited her food again, as she had taken every thing without salt and bread. For a long time the bread that I had from Liebe never came to an end: but I had had a little piece thereof every day to my dinner until now. I had oftentimes asked, "whence gettest thou evermore this blessed bread; peradventure thou savest all for me alone, neither takest thou a morsel unto thyself, nor givest any thereof unto the maid." Then the twain ever took up a little piece of fir-bark, the which they had cut ready, and laid before their plates, and as it was dark in the room, I did not mark the deception, but thought they also were eating bread. But at last the maid came and told me of this thing, and that I ought not to suffer her to do so any longer, for my little daughter would not

hearken to her. Let a man judge from this how I felt at my heart, as I saw my poor child lying upon her moss-bed and wrestling with grim hunger. But sorer things yet were appointed unto me, for the Lord would dash me to pieces like a potter's vessel in his sore displeasure. For behold, at eventide of the self-same day, cometh old Paasch, running, and lamenting that all his corn and mine in the field had been cut down and miserably destroyed, and this none other could have done but Satan himself, forasmuch as there was not a mark to be seen of the feet of an ox, or of a horse; whereat my poor child cried aloud, and fell down fainting. Wherefore I would have sprung to her help, but for horrible woe I myself fell to the ground. True, we came to ourselves again, when the maid and old Paasch raised a great scream, but nevertheless I could no longer lift up myself from the earth, thus sorely had the Lord broken my bones. Wherefore I prayed, as they hastened to my help, that they would only suffer me to lie, and seeing that they refused to do this, I cried that I must needs still remain on the ground to pray, if they would only all go out of the chamber, saving my little daughter.

This did they, but I could not rightly pray. I fell into bitter unbelief and despair, and murmured against the Lord for tormenting me more grievously than Lazarus and Job. "For," cried I, wretched man that I was, "to Lazarus thou didst leave the crumbs that fell from the table, and the pitiful dogs; but to me hast thou left nothing, and I am even esteemed worse before thee than a dog: and Job thou didst not afflict until thou hadst mercifully taken his children from him, but to me thou leavest my poor little daughter, that her sorrow

may increase my own yet a thousand fold. Wherefore, I can pray to thee for nothing more, than that thou wouldst speedily take her away from this earth, that my grey head may joyfully go down after her into the grave! Woe is me, wicked father! What have I done? I have eaten bread, and left my child an hungered! O Lord Jesus, thou that hast said: '*What man is there of you that if his children ask bread will give them a stone?*' Lo, I am that man! Behold, I am this wicked father! I have eaten bread, and given my daughter wood. Punish me, I will patiently bear thy just chidings! O my righteous Jesus! I have eaten bread and given my daughter wood!"—As I did not speak this, but cried it out aloud, wringing the while my hands, my dear daughter fell sobbing round my neck, and rebuked me for murmuring against the Lord, seeing that she herself, only a weak and frail woman, did not faint in believing in his mercy, so that I soon came to myself with confusion of face and repentance of heart, and humbled myself before the Lord, because of this my transgression.

In the meantime, however, the maid ran with a great cry into the village to see if she could get a little for her poor mistress. But the folk had already consumed their dinner, and were for the most part upon the sea to seek for themselves some blessed food for the night, wherefore she could get nothing, seeing that old Seden's wife, who alone had yet some provision, would not give her any thereof; albeit, she had begged the same for Jesus' wounds' sake.

While she was recounting this we heard a racketing noise in the chamber, and forthwith her good old husband, that had privily climbed into the window, brought

us a pot of nourishing soup, the which he had taken off the fire from his wife, who had only gone awhile into the garden. He wist well, that his wife would repay him for this smartly, but that should not trouble him, and he prayed that the virgin would only drink,—it was made ready with salt, and quite savoury. He would only immediately hasten back through the window, and get into the house before his wife, that she might not mark where he had been. But my dear daughter would not take the pot, which vexed him exceedingly, so that he sat it down, cursing, on the ground, and ran back again into the chamber. Not long afterwards entered also his glowering-eyed wife at the front door, and as she saw the pot upon the ground yet smoking, cried she: “Thou thief! thou accursed thievish raven!” and wanted to lay hold of my maid’s cap. Wherefore I threatened her, and told to her what had happened; if she would not believe it, then might she go into the chamber and look through the window, where she might perhaps yet see her husband running along; the which she also did, and we then heard her screaming after him: “Wait, the devil shall rend out thy arms if thou only comest to me again into the house!” whereupon she again came in, and muttering, lifted up the pot from the ground. I prayed her for God’s sake that she would let my little daughter have a little, but she mocked me, and said: “troth, ye can preach something to her the like you have to me,” and went with the pot to the door. Albeit, my dear daughter prayed me that I should let her go, but I could not forbear calling after her: “for God’s sake only one good drink, for if thou doest it not, my poor child must give up the ghost; wilt thou, that God should have

mercy upon thee at the last day, then have thou mercy to-day on me!" But she mocked us again, and called out, "troth, ye can cook some bacon for ye," and went forth out of the door. Wherefore I sent the maid after her with the hour-glass, the which stood before me upon the table, that she would offer her this for a good drink out of her pot. But the maid came back with the hour-glass, and said she would not have it. Ah! how cried and sighed I now again, when my poor starving child hid her head again with a loud sigh in the moss.

But the merciful God was more gracious than I deserved for my unbelief. For, as the hard-hearted woman had given a little soup to old Paasch her neighbour, he brought it at once to my little daughter, for he knew from the maid how she stood, and I look upon it that this soup, through God, had alone preserved her soul alive; for from thence she again held up her head, and, an hour after she had taken it, she could go about the house again. God reward the honest fellow! Wherefore I yet had to-day great joy in my distress; but when I sate down at eve by the chimney-fire, and thought of the trouble that yet awaited me, my sorrow broke forth again, and I now resolved to run away from my house and my parsonage, and wander as a beggar, with my daughter, through the wide world. Of reasons for this there were room enough as one may think. For whereas now all hope was woefully removed from me, moreover my wholefield was ruined, and the *Amtshauptman* had become my bitterest enemy, also I had not had within five years, one wedding;—*item*, within one year only two christenings, I saw my death and my child's clearly before my eyes, inasmuch as I could not foresee,

that things would better in awhile. For through God's marvellous mercy they already began to make many a good draught both in the sea and in the Achter-water, and many had had salt, bread, grits, etc, given to them by the folk coming from Anklamm and Lass, from off their Polten and Quatzen* for their fish, nevertheless they brought me nothing, for they feared that the rumour thereof might reach Pudgla, and their ungracious master. Wherefore I beckoned my little daughter to come to me, and revealed to her what was in my thoughts, verily the infinite gracious God, said I, could still vouchsafe to me another flock should I be found worthy of such favour before him, seeing that this time of plague and war had called off many a servant of his word; *item*, I did not run away like an hireling from his flock, but had till *dato*, shared tribulation and death with it. Then I asked her if she would be able to wander one or two miles† a day? for then would we beg our way on to Hamburg to my wife, (God rest her soul) her step-brother Martin Behring, who is a great merchantman there.

Thereat she marvelled at the first, seeing that she had come so little out of our parish, and her blessed mother and little brother lay in our church yard. "Who," said she, "should then make up her grave and bedeck it with flowers?"—*item*, as the Lord had given her a smooth face, what I would do, if in this wild wrathful time, she should be fallen upon on the

* A people, who to this hour daily navigate the Achter-water in little boats (Polten and Quatzen) and purchase the capture of fish from the peasants.

† A German mile about four or five English.

high road by roving troopers and other knaves, seeing that I was a weak man, and could not shield her,—*item*, wherewith were we to shelter ourselves as winter was coming on, and the enemy had robbed us of our clothes, so that we had not wherewithal to cover our nakedness?"

All this I had not thought of, wherefore I was constrained to say she was right, and after much disputing that at night we would bring the thing before the Lord, and whatsoever he should put into our hearts on the morrow, that would we do. Albeit, we well saw that we could in no wise keep the old maid any longer. Wherefore I called her out of the kitchen, and shewed unto her that she must arise on the morrow by the break of day and go to Liebe, whilst there was yet something left to eat, for she would perish with hunger here, seeing that we ourselves, on the morrow, peradventure, would have fled from the parish and the country; I thanked her also for the love and faithfulness she had shown unto us, and prayed her at the last, amid the loud sobbing of my poor daughter, that she would go away privily forthwith, and not make both our hearts the heavier by her departure; for old Paasch would go a fishing, on the Achter-water, that night, as he had told me, and would assuredly right willingly set her on shore in Gruszow, where, in troth, she had her friends, and could eat and be satisfied. But she could bring forth never a word for much weeping; nevertheless, seeing that it was my earnest wish, she went out of the room. Not long after, we heard the house-door-latch shut too, whereat my dear daughter whimpered, "she goeth already," and speedily ran to the window, to look after her: "Yes," cried she, as she

peered through the little pane of glass, "she goeth already!" and wrung her hands, and would not be comforted. At length, however, she resigned herself, when I came to speak to her of the maid Hagar, that Abraham also had thrust out, and of whom the Lord, notwithstanding, had had compassion in the wilderness, and thereupon we committed ourselves unto the Lord, and lay down upon our moss-couch.

CHAPTER IX

How the Old Maid humbled me with her faith, and the Lord, nevertheless, blessed me, his unworthy Servant.

“ Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits. Who forgiveth all thine iniquities ; who healeth all thy diseases ; who redeemeth thy life from destruction ; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies.”—*Psalm 103, l.—iv.*

Ah, poor wretched man that I am, how shall I understand all the loving kindness and mercy which the Lord did shew unto me, even on the morrow. I cried out for joy, as aforetime, for sorrow ; and my little daughter danced in the room like a young roe, and would not go to bed ; she could only weep and dance, as she said, and then pray the 103rd psalm, and then again weep and dance until the break of morn. But as she was yet very weak, I forbid her this presumption, seeing that this was also tempting the Lord. And now mark what happened :

After we had both awoke with great sighing in the morning, and called upon the Lord, that he would reveal unto our hearts what we should do, we, nevertheless, could not come to a determination ; wherefore my child thought, that if indeed she should feel so much strength within her, as to leave her bed and throw fuel in the oven,* our maid being gone, then would we

* The Saxon word for *stove*.

further consider the matter. Accordingly she arose, but hastily returned, with a shout of joy, that the maid had again stolen into the house, and already made a fire in the oven. Wherefore I bade her come to my bedside, and marvelled at her disobedience; what could she want here any longer, but to torment me and my little daughter yet more; and why she did not go away yesterday with old Paasch? But she lamented and groaned so, that she could hardly speak, and I only understood thus much: that as she had eaten with us, therefore would she also starve with us; and if I would not thrust her out, she never more should leave the dear mistress that she had known from her cradle. Such love and faithfulness so moved my bowels of compassion, that with very tears I said: "But hast thou not heard that my dear daughter and I are purposed to wander about the country as beggars? where wilt thou then abide?" Hereupon she gave answer: that she would not go a begging; albeit, it was more seemly for her, than for us; but she did not see wherefore I should go into the wide world. If I had already forgotten that in my sermon I had said: that I would abide by my flock in tribulation and death.—Wherefore I ought yet to tarry awhile, and send her to Liepe, where she hoped that she would get something good for us among her friends and kinsfolk, or elsewhere. This speech, particularly about my introductory sermon, fell heavily upon my conscience, and I was ashamed at my unbelief, seeing that not only my little daughter, but likewise my maid servant had a stronger faith than I, who would fain be accounted a minister of the word. Whence I judged that the Lord, in order to hold me, a poor, timorous hireling back, and likewise to humble

me, had raised up this poor maid to tempt me, as afore-time the maid in the palace of the High Priest did the timorous *St Petro*. Wherefore I turned my face like *Hiskias* towards the wall, and humbled myself before the Lord, which I had scarcely done when my little daughter again came running in at the door with a scream of joy. Behold, a Christian heart had in the night privily entered into the house, and set down for us in the chamber two loaves, a large piece of flesh, a bag of grits—*item*, a bag of salt *circa a meter*. One may judge what a shout of joyfulness we all raised together. And I was not ashamed to confess my sin before my maid servant; and in our morning family prayer, which we offered up devoutly kneeling upon our knees, we renewed our vows unto the Lord that we would be henceforth more obedient and faithful unto him. Thereupon this morning we had a delicious breakfast, and moreover sent some of it to old Paasch; *item*, my dear daughter (before any one could speak a word) let all the children come again, and fed them with our provision; and as my heart of little faith sighed thereat, though I spake not, she smiled and said: "*Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself*" (Matt. vi. 34.)

This prophecy spake the Holy Ghost by her, as I cannot believe otherwise, nor thou either, my dear reader, for mark what came to pass. After mid-day she, that is to say, my dear daughter, had gone to the Streckelberg to seek bramble-berries, because old Paasch had sent word to her by the maid, that there were a few bushes yet remaining there. The maid hacked wood in the court, whereto she had borrowed for herself old Paasch's axe, for mine had the Imperial

robbers taken away, as it was nowhere to be found; but I, myself, wandered to and fro in the room, and planned out my sermon,—when my dear daughter came speedily again running in at the door with a long apron, and quite ruddy, and with sparkling eyes, but could not for joy say more than : “Father! father! what have I?”—“Well,” answered I, “what hast thou then, my child?” Whereupon she opened the apron, and I scarcely trusted mine eyes, when I, in the stead of the bramble-berries, the which she had gone to fetch, saw therein two pieces of amber glittering, each almost as large as a man’s head, not reckoning the small bits, whereof some also were of the length of my hand, and God knows I have not a very small one. Wherefore I cried: “Thou child of my heart, how camest thou by this, God’s boon?” whereupon she, as she gradually recovered breath, recounted as follows:

That whilst seeking for the berries in a *Schlucht** near to the Strand, she had seen something glisten in the sun, and when she went up to it, she had found this wonderful prize, seeing that the wind had driven off the sand from a black amber-vein.† Therefore had she broken off these pieces with a little stick, and there was yet great abundance thereof, seeing that it rattled about under the stick as she had stuck it into the sand,

* A deep dale between two hills; defile.

† A case by no means of rare occurrence, and which the Editor himself has met with. The small black vein, however, contained only a few pieces of amber mixed with charcoal; the latter a sure sign of its vegetable origin, of which, by the way, there is scarcely any doubt prevailing at present, since in Prussia, whole amber trees have even been found, and preserved in the museum at Königsberg.

the same also she could not thrust in deeper than a shoe's depth. *Item*, she recounted that she had heaped the place over with sand, and afterwards winnowed it with her apron, so that no sign might remain.

For the rest, no stranger would lightly come thither seeing that no bramble-berries grew nigh thereto, and she had gone that way more out of curiosity and to look over the sea, than out of need. But she herself never feared to find the place again, for she had marked the same herself with three little stones. What had been our first deed, after that the infinitely gracious God had taken us out of such distress, yea, as it seemed, begifted us with great riches, every man may imagine for himself. As we finally again arose from our knees, my little daughter would at the first run to the maid and tell her our oyous tidings. But I interdicted her doing that, seeing that we could not know, but the maid might tell it again to her friends, albeit, otherwise she was a faithful and God-fearing woman. But if she did this, then doubtless would the *Amtshauptmann* get to know it, and take our treasure for his grace the duke—I should say for himself—and then nothing would remain for us, saving to see it all taken from us, and thence our distress would soon begin over again. Wherefore we said, if any man should ask us concerning our blessing, we would say that my brother (blessed in heaven) who had been a counsellor in Rotterdam, had left us an inheritance of a good portion of money; this also was true, for a year ago I had inherited from him *circa* 200 Fl., but which the war-folk, as aforesaid, had cruelly taken away from me. *Item*, I would myself go the morrow to Wolgast, and sell the little pieces as well as it was possible, saying that thou hadst found them on

the sea-shore; this for my part, canst thou also say to the maid, and shew them unto her, but the great pieces thou shalt not shew to any man, the same will I send to thy uncle in Hamburg to convert into money for us. Haply I may also sell one thereof in Wolgast, if I find a convenient season, in order to provide for me and thee the needful things for the body through the winter; wherefore thou mayest go with me. The tithes, the which the parish had brought together, will we first take for our fare, and thou canst order the maid to come after us toward even-tide, and tarry for us at the ferry, in order to carry the aliments. All this she promised to do, but thought, we might first break more amber, so that we might get something seemly in Hamburg; the which also I did, and abode at home yet another day, seeing that as yet we lacked not of food, and my little daughter as well as I would first thoroughly recruit ourselves ere we entered upon our journey;—*item*, we also bethought us that the old master carpenter Rothoog in Loddin, would soon knock together a little chest whereinto to lay the amber; wherefore after mid-day I sent the maid to him whiles we ourselves went to the Streckelberg, where I, with my pooket-knife that I had hidden from the enemy, cut off a piece of fir-tree, and formed it like unto a spade, that therewith I might the better get to the bottom. But before this we looked well around us upon the mount, and as we saw no man, my little daughter went right onwards to the place, which she also forthwith found again. Great God what amber there was there!—The vein went *circa* twenty feet in length, as far as I could feel, but the depth I could not fathom. Yet we broke to-day besides four

considerable pieces, albeit not so great as those yesterday, little scrapings, not much larger than what the apothecaries pound down for incense, (or smelling) powder. After we had again most heedfully covered and winnowed over the place a great mishap might soon have befallen us. For Witthausch's little wench that was seeking bramble-berries, met us, and as she asked what my little daughter carried in the apron, and she became red and hesitated, our secret would soon have been betrayed, had I not collected myself, and said, "what is that to thee, she beareth cones, wherewithal to make a fire," the which also she believed. Wherefore we resolved in future to ascend the mount only by night and by moonlight, and come home even before the maid, and hide our treasure in the bedstead, that she might not observe it.

CHAPTER X.

How we journeyed to Wolgast and made a good market there.

Two days afterwards said my little daughter, (but old Ilse thinks three days, and I wot not which is true) went we at length to the city, seeing that Master Rothoog had not the chest ready before. My dear daughter decked it over with a piece of my blessed wife's bridal garment, which the Imperials, faith, had made havock of, howbeit as they had left it on the outside, it was driven by the wind into the parsonage fence, where we found it again. It must have been spoilt before, or else I trow they would have taken it along with them.—But for the sake of the chest we took old Ilse with us forthwith, the which she had to carry, and as amber is a very light ware, she easily believed that a little eatables only were contained in the same. Wherefore at break of day, with God's help, we set our wandering-staff before us. Near Zitze,* a hare ran before us across the way, the which is said to be no good omen; ah, yea,—when we came to Bannemin, I asked a peasant if it were true, that a mother had slaughtered a child for hunger there, as I had heard. He said, “Yea, verily,” and called the old woman Zisch. “But the blessed God had waxed wroth at such abomination, and it had not availed her, seeing that she spat

* A village half-way between Coserow and Wolgast, now called Zinnowitz.

so much with eating thereof, that she gave up the Ghost. As for the rest, he thought things were in the parish in a better standing, the while the blessed God had blessed them abundantly with fishes as well in the sea as in the Achter-water. Albeit many folk were also starved with hunger. Of his parish priest, *Rev. Johannes Lampius*,* he related that his house was burned down by the Imperials, and that he now lay in a church-booth. I bade him greet him from me and bid him ere long arise and come to me (the which the man also promised to perform) for *Rev. Johannes* is a learned, godly man, and also composed manifold Latin *Chronosticha* on this miserable time in *metro heroico*, the which pleased me much, I must say†.

As we now came over the ferry, we turned in the Castle-square at Behma, the same that is a tapster, and who told me, that the plague had not quite abated in the city yet, whereto I became very much affrighted, seeing that he moreover brought before mine eyes many other abominations and sorrows of this time of affliction; e. g., of the great famine in the land of Rugen, where many folk had become black as moors for hunger; a marvellous thing, so it be true, and one might almost guess therefrom how the first moors had

* In the parish records of this place, there are still a few, although very brief and incomplete notifications existing, respecting his sorrowful days during that war of terror.

† The old gentleman has even placed them among the still existing church accounts, a few of which may stand here as a specimen—

For 1620,

VaqVe qVo DoMIne IrasCere, sIs nobIs pater!

For 1621,

VatInq Vs DeXtra fer operam tV ChrIste benIgne!

arisen.* But that we will now leave for what it is worth. *Summa*: when Master Sehms recounted to us whatsoever news he wot of, and we thereby saw to our comfort, that the Lord had not visited us alone in this grievous time, I called him into a chamber, and asked him, if anywhere here there was not a place in which to convert a piece of amber into money, the which my little daughter had found by the sea-shore. But he said firstly, "No," but then, bethinking himself, he said: "Stop, let us see! For there are two great Flemish merchant-men abiding at the Castle Inn with Niclas Grecke, namely, Dietrich von Pehne and Jacob Kiekebusch; the same buy tar and planks; *item*, timber and rafters; peradventure they will also bargain for your amber; howbeit go yourself to the Castle, for I wot not surely if yet they be here to day."

This also I did: albeit I had not yet spent anything with the man, seeing that I would first wait the issue of the traffic, and save the church-rates till then. Then I came into the castle court. But, merciful God, how was also this His Grace's house become in a short time a very wilderness. The *Marstall*† and the hunting-house the Danes had destroyed, *anno* 1628; *item*, ruined many rooms in the castle, and in the castle of His Grace the Duke *Philippi Locoment*, where,

* *Micraelius*, also, in his *Ancient Pomerania*, v. 171, 12., mentions this circumstance, but merely says: "Those who ran over to Stralsund were quite black to look upon from the hunger they endured." Hence probably the strange exaggeration of the landlord, and the still more strange conclusion of our author.

anno 22, he had so graciously treated me and my li daughter, as will be read further on, now dwelt Host Niclas Grecke, and all the fine tapestry where the pilgrimage of His Grace the late *Bagislaus X* Jerusalem had been portrayed, was torn out, and walls left grey and marred.* This I saw with sorrow heart; then I asked forthwith after the merchant that sate behind the table, holding already their fi well-reckoning, while their luggage lay ready aro them for their departure to Stettin. As now one them sprang up from the reckoning, a little churl, w a very shapely waist, and a black plaister over nose, asked me, what I wanted? I took him asid a window, and said, that I had some fine amber, i was minded to buy it of me; the which he forthw promised to do. And after he had muttered someth into the ear of his companion, he looked qu pleasantly upon me, and first reached me the tank before we went into my lodging. Wherefore I dr right bravely, seeing that I, as aforesaid, was sober, so that I felt quite comfortable about my he (Thou blessed God, what is better than a good dri if taken with moderation.) Thereupon went we into lodging, and the maid carried the chest aside into little chamber. Howbeit, scarcely had I opened same, and drawn off the garment, when the r (namely Dietrich von Pehnen, as he had told me by

* Comp. Hellier's Chronicles of the city of Wolgast p. 49 seq.—This confusion originated probably from the succession of Philipppus Julius (†6th February, 1625), and at the same time the last Pomeranian Duke, Bogislaus XIV. having resided in Stettin. At present the castle is a complete ruin, and several large cross-vaulted cellars only are still remaining, in which the *merchants* there partly had their depot of goods.

way) lifted up his hands on high for joy, and said: that he had never seen such a blessing in amber; and now had I come thereby? Wherefore I answered, that my little daughter had found it by the sea shore; whereat he marvelled greatly that there was so much amber here, and forthwith bid me 800fl. for the whole chest. I was beside me for joy at such a bid, howbeit I did not let him mark it, but haggled with him for 500fl., and he prayed me I would but come with him into the castle, and have my money there forthwith. Then ordered I a tankard of beer from the host, and a good dinner for my little daughter, and arose and went with the man and the maid that carried the chest into the castle again, praying: that he would not, lest the people should wonder, say ought of my great blessing to the host, or any man here in the city, and count down the money for me privately, as I wot not but that robbers might lurk for me on the way, if they got to know this; the which also the man did. For he muttered forthwith something into his companion's ear again, whereupon the same opened his leathern coat; *item*, his waist and his hose, and unclasped a *Katze** from his waist, which was well filled, and reached it to him. *Summa*: it was not long before I had my riches in my pocket, and the man prayed, moreover, if I had amber again, I should by all means write to him to Amsterdam; the which also I promised to do. But the good churl lied, as hereafter I learned, at Stettin, of the plague, with his companion; the which I did not wish him.†

* A leathern money-girdle, worn to this day by the lower class of German travellers for greater security's sake.

† Micraelius also mentions these Dutch merchants, a. a. O. N.

Therefore I had nigh got into great trouble ; for as I longed to fall upon my knees, and could not await the time until I reached my lodging, I ran up the castle stairs *circa* four steps, and went into a little chamber, where I humbled myself before the Lord. But the Host Niclas Grecke followed at my heels, and thought that I was a thief, and would hold me fast ; wherefore I wot not how to get loose, having by giving forth that I had become drunken with the wine, wherewith the strange merchantmen had treated me (for he had seen what an excellent draught I had taken) seeing that this morning I was still sober, and that I was seeking a little room, for to slumber awhile ; the which lie he also believed (if so be that it was a lie ; for yea, troth I was drunken, albeit not with wine, but with thankfulness and devotion to my Creator), and therefore he let me go.

But now I must first recount my history with His princely Grace, as afore I proposed to myself. When in *anno* 22, I was haply taking a walk with my little daughter, then a child *circa* 12 years, here in Wolgast, in the castle garden, and shewed her the lovely flowers that were springing forth therein, it came to pass, that as we were turning round a bush, that we saw my Gracious Lord, Duke *Philippum Julium*, standing on a hillock, and disputing with his princely Grace the Duke of *Bogislaff*, the same that was here on a visit ; whence we would forthwith have turned back. But as my gracious Lords soon after walked

p.171 ; but mentions that the cause of their death had been doubtful, and the town physician, Dr. *Laurentius Eichstadius* in Stettin had written a peculiar medicinal discourse on the subject. Yet one of them he calls *Kickepost* instead of *Kiekebush*.

toward the castle bridge, we went to see the hillock whereon they were standing, and speedily my little damsel lifted up her voice and shouted aloud for joy, forasmuch as she had seen a precious seal-ring lying on the earth, the same which his princely Grace doubtless had lost. Then said I, come, we will quite hastily go after our gracious Lords, and thou shalt say in Latin, *Serenissimi principes quis vestrum hunc annulum perdidit ?** (For, as aforesaid, I had taught her the Latin tongue since her seventh year), and if one says *ergo*, (I), then give the ring to him. *Item*, if he should ask thee in Latin whose child thou art, be not then abashed, and speak, *ego sum filia pastoris Coserowiensis*;† then shalt thou find favour in the sight of their princely Graces, forasmuch as they are both friendly men, but specially the greater, the same being our gracious ruler of the land *Philippus Julius* himself.

The like she promised to do; but seeing that she, in going further, quaked, I exhorted her yet more, and promised to her a new garment if she did it; seeing that from a very little child she greatly esteemed goodly raiment. Wherefore coming to the castle-court, I halted by the statue of His princely Grace, the Duke Ernst Lewis,‡ and whispered to her, now to run boldly after them, as they walked only a few steps before us, and already wended themselves towards the great main-door, the which also she did, but halted suddenly, and was about turning round again, because she became affrighted at the spurs of their princely

* Worshipful princes, which of you has lost this ring?

† I am the daughter of the pastor of Coserow

‡ The father of *Philippus Julius*, at Wolgast, June 17, 1592.

Graces, as she afterwards said, specially as they had rattled and jingled very monstrously.

Howbeit my gracious lady, the Duchess Agnes saw this out of the open window, in the which she lay and called unto His princely Grace, "behold, my lord, there is a damsel behind thee, the same would speak to thee, as it seemeth to me," whereupon His princely Grace directly turned himself round, smiling, so that my little damsel's courage speedily returned, and holding the ring on high, said, in Latin, as I had bidden her. Thereat both the princes marvelled very exceedingly; and after that His princely Grace, my gracious Duke *Philippus* had felt on his finger, he answered, *Dulcissima puella ego peridi!** Whereupon she reached to him the same. For this he stroked her cheeks and asked furthermore, *Sed quænam es et unde venis?*† whereupon she boldly made her answer, and therewith pointed with her finger toward me at the statue, whereupon His princely Grace beckoned unto me to come nearer. All this my gracious lady had likewise beholden out of the window, but was gone in the twinkling of an eye. Howbeit she had already come back, ere I had yet meekly approached unto my gracious lord, then she beckoned unto my little daughter, and held *Blinsche*‡ out of the window for her. As I exhorted her to go, she ran up, but her princely Grace could not reach down so low, neither could she so high above her for to lay hold of the same, wherefore my gracious lady bade her come into the castle, and as she looked

* My sweet damsel, I have lost it.

† But who art thou, and whence comest thou?

‡ Probably *Plinze*, a sort of thin fritter or cheesecake.

around after me, timorously, and also beckoned to me to come to her, as did my gracious lord himself, who forthwith took hold of the little shy maid by the hand and walked up with His princely Grace, the Duke Bogislaff. But my gracious Lady came already to meet us at the door, caressed and embraced my little daughter so that she soon became undaunted and took the *Blinsche*. Now after my gracious Lord had asked me what was my name, *item*, wherefore I had in so strange a wise taught my little daughter the Latin language; I answered: that I had heard very great things through a cousin of mine in Cologne, of a certain woman called Schurmann,* and perceiving a

* Anna Maria Schurmann—born at Cologne on the 5th Nov., 1607, died at Wiewardin, the 5th May, 1678—was, according to the unanimous testimony of her contemporaries, a prodigy of erudition, and perhaps the most learned female that ever lived upon earth. *Mande*, the Frenchman, in passing his judgment of her, says: “whatever the hand can form and the mind comprehend is met with in her, all concentrated in one person. None excels her in painting, none produces superior workmanship in ore, wax and wood. In embroidery she surpasses all ancient and modern artificers of her sex. It is difficult to say in which department of learning she has distinguished herself most. Not contented with the European languages, she understands Hebrew, Arabic, Syric, and writes Latin, such as no man, who has devoted all his life to it, is better able to do.” The celebrated Belgian *Spanheim* calls her “an instructor of the Graces and Muses.” The still more famous *Salmasius* acknowledges, “he was at a loss to know, in which branch of learning he should give her the preference; and *Pole Rotyer* calls her even “the only exemplar of all wonders in a learned person, and a complete *Monstrum* of her sex, but without faults or blemish.” For, with all her extraordinary knowledge, she maintained indeed an admirable humility, although she herself confesses that

very excellent *ingenium* in my child, also having had sufficient time in my lonely parsonage, I delayed not to take her underhand and to instruct her, seeing that I had no little lads alive. Thereat marvelled they all, and put forth a few more Latin queries to her, the which also she answered, without my whispering anything to her, whereupon my gracious Lord Duke *Philippus* said in German: "when thou art waxed great and wilt wed, then tell me thereof for then shalt thou have a ring again from me, and whatsoever things more pertaineth unto a bride; for thou hast this day done me a good service, seeing that this ring is greatly prized by me, in that I received it from my wife." Then I whispered to her to kiss his princely Grace's hand for this promise, the which she also did.

But ah, thou most blessed God!—promising and keeping are two very different things? Where is now His princely Grace? Wherefore let me ever remember; "thou and thou only art true, and whatsoever thou promisest thou dost surely fulfil."—Psalm xxxiii., 4.* Amen!

Item, when Her princely Grace furthermore also inquired after me and my parish, and heard that I was of old and noble family, and my *Salarium* was much too

the immoderate eulogies of the learned had sometimes lead her to peculiar self-satisfaction. In later years she went over to the church of the Labadists, which seems in many respects to have resembled the modern Muckers, but died unmarried, on account of an early attachment (already in her 15th year) with *Caela*, the Dutchman, having been broken off. As a singular fact, it is stated of her that she had been fond of eating spiders. Her collective works were first edited by the celebrated Spanheim, under the title of *Annae Marian Schurmann opuscula*: Leyden, 1648.

* Luther's Version.

poor, she called unto her Chancellor Dr. Rungium, the same that stood without at the sun-dial and looked out of the window, and commanded him that I should have an addition from the convent at Pudgla, *item*, from the domain Ernsthoff, as aforesaid. But God only knows that I have never received the same; albeit the *instrumentum donationis** was soon afterward sent to me by His princely Grace's Chancellor.

Then were there also some Blinsche's for me, *item*, a glass of Italian wine out of a glass with the coat of arms painted thereon, whereafter I humbly took my departure with my little daughter.

But to come back to my bargain, every one may easily judge what joy my child felt, as I showed her the pretty Ducats and Guilders the which I had gotten for the Amber. Howbeit, to the maid we said, that we inherited the blessing from my brother in Holland, and after we had thanked the Lord upon our knees, and eaten our dinner, we made a good market of meat, bread, salt, stockfish—*item*, of clothes, seeing that I provided from the tailor for us three, the needful for the winter. But for my dear daughter I bought moreover a knitted cap and red silken bodice, with a black apron-piece and white skirt, *item*, a pair of fine earrings, as she besought me earnestly therefor, and after that I had also ordered the needful with the shoemaker we finally arose, as it was very near dark, to go on our way homeward, but could hardly carry all we bought. Wherefore a boor from Bannemin that had also been in the city helped us, and when I got to know from him that the churl that had given me the slice of bread was a man of the name of Pantermehl, and dwelt in a vil-

* Deed of Gift or Donation.

lage on the way, I thrust in two loaves for him at his house door, as we passed by it, without his perceiving it, and then went further on our way by clear moonlight, so that with the help of God we arrived at home, *circa*, 10 o'clock at even. To the other churl I also gave a loaf for his trouble, albeit he did not deserve it, seeing that he would not go any further with us than to Zitze. But I let him go, and verily I did not deserve to have been blessed thus!—

CHAPTER XI.

How I fed all the flock, item, how I journeyed to Gutzkow to the horsemarket, and what happened to me there.

The next morning my dear daughter divided the blessed bread, and sent every one in the village a good large slice. But seeing that our provision would soon be running down, I sent the maid again with a wheelbarrow, the which I had bought of Adam Lempken, to Wolgast, to fetch more bread; which also she did. *Item*, I sent notice around to all the parish, that on Sunday I would administer the Holy Sacrament; and in the mean time I bought all the large fish in the village which had been caught. When at last the blessed Sunday came, I firstly held a confession of all the congregation, and thereupon a sermon on Matthew xv., 32, "I have compassion on the multitude . . . for they have nothing to eat." In the first place I explained this only as a spiritual food, and there arose a great sighing and groaning among men and women, when, coming to the end, I pointed at the altar, whereon stood the blessed food for the soul, and repeated the words: "I have compassion on the people . . . for they have nothing to eat." (N.B.—I borrowed a pewter cup in Wolgast, and for the patine I bought a little earthen plate, till the time that Master Bloom should have got ready the silver cup and patine I had ordered.) When I had thereupon consecrated and administered the Holy Sacrament—and spoken the

last blessing, and every one was quietly praying his "paternoster," in order to go out of the church—I stepped forth again from the confessional, and beckoned to the people to tarry yet awhile, since the blessed Saviour would not only feed their souls but also their bodies, seeing that his compassion for his people remaineth the same to this day as it was with his people of old by the sea of Galilee; the which they should see. Then I went into the tower and fetched out two baskets which our maid had bought at Wolgast and I had caused to be privily put away, put them down before the altar and took off the cloth wherewith they were covered, whereupon there was a loud outcry, inasmuch as they saw the one full of broiled fish and the other full of bread, which we had secretly put in. Thereupon I did as my master, the Saviour: I gave thanks and broke it, and gave it to my churchwarden, Henrich Seden, for him to hand to the men; and to my daughter to carry round to the women; whereupon I applied the text: "I have compassion on the people . . . for they have nothing to eat" also bodily, and going up and down the church, I exhorted them, amidst a general cry, to trust in the mercy of the Lord for ever, to pray without ceasing, and diligently to labour, working with their hands, and not to indulge in any sin. That which was remaining over and above, they had to take home with them for their children and old people, who had stayed at home.

After church, and when I had scarcely put off my surplice, came Henrich Seden's gloare-eyed wife, and frowardly asked for some more for her husband to take with him on his journey to Liepe; moreover, she herself had received nothing as yet, seeing that she had

not been at church to-day. I became almost wrathful thereat, and I said to her: "Wherefore hast thou not been at church? Nevertheless, hadst thou come humbly, thou shouldest even now have gotten something, but now that thou comest so impudently, I will give thee nothing. Remember what thou hast done to me and to my child." But she kept standing at the door, and glowering impudently round the room, till my dear daughter took her by the arm, saying: "Hearest thou? thou shalt first come again, humbly, before thou gettest anything; but comest thou so, then shalt thou also have thy portion, and we will no longer reckon with thee *an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth;*' that the Lord may do if it pleaseth him, but we will readily forgive thee!" Hereupon she went at last out of the door, muttering, as she was wont, to herself, but she spat at different places in the street, as we saw through the little window.

Soon thereafter I purposed to myself taking a young man *circa* twenty years old, named Claus Neels, into my service, and seeing that old Neel's, in Loddin, his father, entreated me very exceedingly to take him, and the lad also pleased me well in manners and otherwise. And as there was a good harvest this year, I resolved moreover to buy me two horses, and to sow my land again; for though it was already late in the year, nevertheless I thought that the infinitely gracious God might yet bless the same, if it seemed good in his sight.

Neither was I greatly troubled about fodder for the horses, seeing that there was a great abundance of hay in the parish for as much as all the cattle, as aforesaid, had been stricken or driven away. Wherefore I purposed in the name of God to go with my tillersman to

ward Gutzkow, whither many Mecklingburg horses had gone to the *Jahrmarkt*,* seeing that so far times were better there.† But, in the meantime, I went with my little daughter sundry times to the Streckelberg in the night season, and at moonlight, but found nought to speak of, so that we believed our blessing to be at an end, when in the third night we broke off great pieces of amber, far greater than the two Hollanders bought. The same I now resolved to send to my brother-in-law, Martin Behring, to Hamburg, for as much as skipper Wulff of Wolgast, as I had heard, would sail thither this autumn to carry over tar and timber. Wherefore I packed all into a well made chest, and took the same with me to Wolgast, where I went with my husbandman toward Gutzkow.

Of this journey I will only recount thus much: that in that place there were many horses, but few buyers. Then bought I two fine black horses at twenty fl. each; *item*, a waggon at five fl.; *item*, twenty-five *Scheffel*‡ of rye, the which had also been brought from Mecklenburg at one fl., as there was no more to be picked up in Wolgast, and it would then cost more than three fl. Wherefore I might have made a good business here in rye, if that had been my vocation; neither did I fear that the little robbers, which had greatly multiplied in this grievous time, would have taken away my corn from me, and perchance moreover evil-entreated me, as they had done to others. For such robberies were, specially at this time, carried on at Gutzkow, in the

* Annual Fairs in small towns of Germany.

† Wallenstein having been enfeoffed with Mecklenburg by the Emperor, spared the country as much as possible.

‡ A bushel, equal 'o a sack English nearly.

forest of Strellin, with many stories about ghosts and apparitions; but with the righteous God's help it was just brought to the blessed light of day, at the very time that I had journeyed thither with my boor-lad to the fair, and this will I here yet make mention of. Several months ago a fellow had been racked on the wheel in Gutzkow, because he had been tempted by that wicked Satan to slay a wandering handicraftsman. But the same thenceforth began to haunt the place so terribly, that even in the night time he sprang down from the wheel with his *Sunderkittel** whensoever a waggon passed by the gallows, which stands on the way going toward Wolgast, sat himself behind the people, which made them drive on their horses with much horror and dismay, so that it made a great noise in the billet dam which leads from the gallows into a little wood called Kraulin. And a wondrous thing it was, that in the same night the wayfaring men were almost all plundered or murdered. Wherefore the magistrates caused the fellow to be taken down from the wheel, and buried him under the gallows, in hope the ghost would rest. But he still sat on the wheel at night time, snow-white as before, so that never man would henceforth go that way to Wolgast. Then it came to pass, that in the aforesaid fair, toward night time, the young Rudiger of Nienkerken, laying betwixt Mellenthin and Usedom, the same that had studied in Wittenberg and elsewhere, now wishing to return home with his carriage, went this way. I had, myself, exhorted him shortly before in the inn, that on account of the ghost, he would tarry that night in Gutzkow, and go

* Literally signifying sinner's smock frock; properly *Sunderhemd*, dress of a sentenced malefactor.

with me on the morrow, which however, he refused to do. Now as the same younker came riding along the way, he forthwith beheld the ghost again sitting upon the wheel, and hardly had he passed by the gallows, when the ghost sprang down and set after him. The driver became mightily dismayed, and did as all others, whipped the horses on, the which had become very shy, and voided for fright, and began to run furiously with a great noise over the billet-dam. But in the mean time the younker marked by the moonlight, that the ghost had trodden flat a horse-dung-ball, over which he was running, and forthwith concluded that this was no ghost. Wherefore he called the driver to halt, and as he did not hear him, he sprang from the waggon, unsheathed his thrusting sword, and ran up to the ghost. When the ghost perceived this, he wished to turn back; but the younker smote him with his fist in the neck, so that he fell to the ground and raised a loud wailing. *Summa*, after that the younker called his coachman, he then speedily brought the ghost back, dragged him into the city, and thus it was seen that the same was a shoemaker, named Schwelm. (This *Schelm** has had the *w* well patched in by the devil!) So then with the great throng I also ran up with the rest and saw the fellow. He quaked like an aspen leaf, and when he was sharply exhorted, that he would of his own will confess, seeing that he might then peradventure save his life, if it should be found that he had not slain any man, he also confessed, that he had a malefactor's dress made for him by his wife, arrayed himself therein, and seated himself at night (and specially when he had heard that there was a waggon going to Wolgast), before the fellow upon the wheel,

* Knave, scoundrel.

where in the darkness and distance it could not be seen that they were sitting together there. Now when a waggon came, and he sprang down and ran after it, all were forthwith dismayed, and no longer had their eye-mark upon the gallows, but on him only, and whipped on the horses and drove them over the billet-dam. But his companions in Strellin and Dambeck (two villages about three quarters of a mile apart) heard thereof, and held themselves ready to take off the horses of the wayfarers, after they had come up to them, and plunder them. When by and bye they had buried the fellow, this ghost-acting was easier still, etc. All this was the truth and nothing but the truth, and he himself had never taken ought from any man, nor slain any man; wherefore he prayed that they would forgive him, the while he was quite guiltless, and whatever had come to pass of robberies and murder had been done by his companions alone. Ay, thou cunning (Schelm) knave, the devil has not patched in the *w* for thee for nought! For as I afterwards learned, he, together with all his companions, were put to the rack on the wheel again, as they righteously deserved.

But to return to my journey, the younker now tarried with me over night in the inn, and early-on the morrow we both rose up, and as we made good acquaintance with one another, I got into his coach as he had bidden me, to hold converse together on the way, and my Claas got up behind. But I very soon remarked that he was a fine, respectable, well-informed young man; seeing that he not only despised the wild student's life and rejoiced that he had now escaped the wicked drinking-bout, but spake Latin also fluently. Wherefore I had a good deal of pastime on the way

with him. Howbeit at Wolgast the rope of the ferry-boat brake in twain, so that the stream bare us down to Zeuzin * and we at length reached the shore not without great trouble. In the mean time it had become very late, and we did not arrive in Coserow before nine o'clock, when I besought the youngker to take up his abode with me that night, whereto he consented. My little daughter sate before the fire, and stitched for her little god-child, a small vesture out of her old garments. Wherefore she became greatly affrighted and blushed, as she beheld the youngker entering in with me, and heard that he would tarry there over the night, seeing that we hitherto had no more beds than what we needed and bought of old Zabel Mering, the forester's widow at Uekeritze. Wherefore she took me aside directly, asking, what is to be done? My bed had been so put out of order to-day by her little god-child, that she laid thereon, and in her's she could not possibly let the youngker lay, even did she herself willingly creep into the maid's bed. And when I asked her, wherefore not? she blushed again like a red cloth, and began to weep, neither did she show her face again the whole evening, so that the maid had to look after everything, and at length to cover afresh her, namely, my little daughter's bed with white sheets for the youngker, as she herself would not do it. I here mention this, in order that one may see what is the manner of virgins. For on the morrow she entered into the room with her red silken waist, with the hood and the apron, *summa*, arrayed with all that I had bought her in Wolgast, so that the youngker was amazed and conversed much with her at breakfast, whereupon he then took his farewell and besought me to pay him a visit some day at his castle.

* Now Sauzin.

CHAPTER XII.

What joyous and grievous things further heppened ; ITEM, how Wittich Appelmann rides toward Damerow to the wolf-hunt, and what he insinuated to my little daughter

The Lord blessed my parish-flock marvellously this winter, seeing that they not only caught and sold a good quantity of fish, but the men of Coserow also slew four sea-dogs ;* *item*, the great tempest of the 12th *Decembris*, driving a tolerable good deal of amber to the strand, many people now also found amber, albeit not of special magnitude, and began again to buy for themselves cattle, such as cows and sheep, at Liepe and other places, as I myself also got two cows more. *Item*, my bread-corn, one half whereof I scattered upon my field and the other half upon old Paasch's, increased yet quite delightfully and charmingly, as the Lord had hitherto given us an open winter ; but as soon as it had sprung up *circa* a finger's length, it lay one morning trodden down again and destroyed by some evil spirit, because now as before, no mark of an ox or horse in the field was to be seen. But may the righteous God bring him to judgment, as verily now also it came to pass. Amen !

But in the mean time something strange happened. For as Lord Wittich, according to what I heard, espied one morning out of his window the little daughter of his fisher, a child *circa* sixteen years, that he diligently way-laid as she was going into the bush to gather dry

* Seals.

wood, he instanly arose.—why?—will I not say, but let every one judge for himself. Howbeit when for a while he had walked up the cloister-dam and cometh to the first bridge, where standeth the service-tree, he beheld two wolves running up to him, and as he carried not weapons of defence about him, saving a stick, he forthwith climbed up a tree, whereupon the wolves trotted around the same, blinking at him with their eyes, putting forth their tongues, and at length lifting on high their fore-paws against the tree and biting it, when he perceived that the one wolf which was a male, and had been the terror of the country, had only one eye. Whereupon in his anguish he began to cry, that the great, long-suffering, and merciful God would deliver him once more ; albeit he became not wise thereby. For the damsel, that had crept under a juniper bush in the field, seeing the younker coming, ran back to the castle, whereupon much folk speedily mustered together, drove away the wolves, and delivered the younker. The same therefore proclaimed a great wolf-hunt to take place on the morrow, and whosoever would bring unto him the one-eyed scourer, dead or alive, the same should have a cask of beer for his recompense. Howbeit they did not catch him, though they found this day *circa* four wolves in their nets, and slew them. Wherefore he caused the wolf-chase to be proclaimed again even in my parish. Albeit when the churl cometh, to ring the bell in the tower, he ceased not at all, as is the wont on the occasion of a wolf-chase, but shake the bell *sine mora** ever bravely on, so that every one believed that a fire had arisen and sprang forth from their houses crying aloud. Thus my

* Without pausing.

little daughter also ran up (for I myself had ridden to a sick man, to Zempin, seeing that walking had already become somewhat troublesome to me, and for as much as I now, troth, could do better), but had not long stood and enquired after the cause, when the *Amtshauptmann* himself came galloping up on his white horse, with three waggon loads of hunting-furniture behind him, and commanded the people to arise instantly, and go to the wood to rouse the wolf. Saying this he was already about to ride off with his huntsmen and others picked up from the multitude, in order to post his men behind Damerow, forasmuch as the island there is particularly small,* and the wolf shuns the water; when he got sight of my little daughter, turning his horse round again, he seized her under the chin, and pleasantly asked her who she was, and whence she came? On finding out this, he said, that she was almost as lovely as an angel, and that he had no idea at all that the priest here had such a beautiful damsel. Thereupon he rode off, looking round to her twice or thrice, and soon found the one-eyed wolf; the which had lain in one of the nets, among the bulrushes, by the sea shore, as they immediately spied out. For the male wolf ever voids upon a stone, but the female on the middle of the road; besides it is plashy, whereas his is ever very solid. This greatly delighted the youngster, and he made the huntsmen fetch him forth out of his retreat, and secure him with iron hooks; whereupon, for about an hour, he deliberately and cruelly tortured him to death, amid great laughter—a *prognosticon* of the wise in which he afterward treated my poor

* The breadth, which is gradually diminishing, scarcely extends at present beyond a gun-shot.

child; for wolf or lamb were both alike to this wicked servant. Ah, thou righteous God!—Howbeit, I will not speak before the time of that matter.

On the morrow cometh old Seden's gloaring-eyed wife, just as a lame dog threatens with his hind part, and asked my little daughter if she was not desirous of entering the *Amtshauptmann's* service, praising him as godly and virtuous, and saying: all wherewith the world backbite him were stinking lies, whereof she herself could bear witness, seeing that she had been more than ten years in his service. *Item*, praised the food she had there, and the pretty *Bier-geld** the which great lords that often tarry awhile there, gave for their being waited upon, as she herself had more than once gotten from His princely highness, the Duke Ernst Louis, a rose-noble.† Moreover it was wont to be frequented by many goodly young men, so that it might prove a lucky thing for her, forasmuch as she was a fair young woman, and only had to choose whom she would marry; but that at Coserow she might be sitting till she was crooked and stupid, before she got married, etc. Thereat my little daughter waxed wroth mightily and answered; "Aye, thou old hag, who hath told thee that I wish to go to service, in order to get married. Be off, and never come into our house again, for I have nothing to do with thee!" whereupon she directly went away again, muttering all the while to herself.

But scarcely had a few days passed over, and I was

* Literally beer-money, the common expression among Germans for menial fees or perquisites.

† An old English coin, in value anciently sixteen shillings. The succeeding kings coined *rose-nobles* and *double rose-nobles*. —*Camden*.

standing with the glazier that had been putting in new windows for me, when I heard my little daughter screaming in the chamber near to the kitchen. Wherefore I immediately ran in, and was solely afraid on beholding the *Amtshauptmann* himself in the corner, holding my child clasped round the neck. Howbeit, he directly let her go again, and said: "Aye, Reverend Abraham, what a shy little silly thing your daughter is!" When, after my wife, I wished to give her a welcome kiss, she resisted and shrieked, as if a foolish youth had stolen upon her, whereas I might have been her father. As hereupon I was silent, he began to say, that he wanted to have inspired her with confidence, for as much as I knew, that he desired to have her in his service; and many other things which he mentioned, but which I have forgotten. Thereupon I invited him into the room, for that he was my magistrate appointed by God, and asked humbly: what his worship desired of me? Whereupon he mildly answered: that he might, indeed, justly be sore displeased at me, seeing that I had rebuked him from the pulpit before all the congregation, but that he would not, and providing I would do his will, he would withdraw the accusatory libel *contra me* (against me), which he had already sent to Stettin to his princely highness, and which might easily cost me my situation. And when I asked: What his worship's will was, and excused myself as much as I could respecting the sermon, he answered: that he was greatly in need of a faithful stewardess to set over the other women-folk; and as he had learned that my little daughter was a faithful and honest person, I must let her go into his service. "Behold!" quoth he, and tapped her on the cheek.

thus will I raise thee to honour, albeit thou art so young; and notwithstanding thou screamest as if I would bring thee to dishonour. Fie, shame upon thee!" (My daughter knows all this, yet *verboten*;^{*} in troth I might have forgotten it a hundred times over, for all the woe I had afterward endured.) But she manifested her displeasure at this by springing up from the bench, and briefly answered: "I thank you for the honour, but I will only superintend my father's household, the same will be greater honour to me!" Whereupon the youngster wended himself to me, asking what I said thereto? But I must confess that I was in no little dismay, for as much as I thought of the time to come, and of the respect in which the youngster was held by his princely highness. Wherefore I humbly answered: that I could not compel my daughter, neither did I wish to part with her, seeing that my blessed housewife had already departed this life during the sore plague, and I had no other child than she alone. Wherefore I prayed that his worship would not be ungracious if I could not send her into his service. This sore displeased him; and after he had disputed yet awhile in vain, he took his leave, albeit not without threatening me that he should remember me for this. *Item*, my servant, that had been in stable, heard, that on his going round the corner, he said: "I shall be sure to catch them."

This made me again quite faint-hearted, when the Sunday after, his forester, named Johannes Kurt, a tall, comely churl, and well-dressed, came to me with a roebuck tied before him on his horse, and said that his Worship had honoured me therewith, in the hope that

* Word for word.

I would reconsider the matter in question, seeing that he had ever since in vain been looking out everywhere for a stewardess. His worship would likewise, providing I would so decide, intercede for me with His princely Highness that the donation of the Duke *Philippi Julii* should be delivered up to me out of the princely *ærario*,* etc. Howbeit the young man received the same answer as did his master himself, and I besought him that he would be so good as to take the roebuck back again. But this he refused to do; and as I had perchance told him aforetime, that venison was my most favourite eating, he promised to supply me therewith in time to come abundantly, forasmuch as there was very much game in the forest, that he oftentimes went to shoot deer here in the *Streckelberg*, and he had a special liking to (I was agoing to say—my daughter) me, seeing that I would not do his master's will, who, (in confidence be it spoken) lets no maiden have any peace, and would therefore not let my virgin alone. Although I now refused his venison, he nevertheless brought some, and came within three weeks four or five times, and became more and more friendly toward my little daughter. He talked at length also much about his excellent place, and that he was looking out for a good house-mistress for himself, when we soon marked whence the wind blew. *Ergo*† my little daughter answered him, if verily he was seeking for a housewife, she was surprised that he should lose the time for nought in riding to *Coserow*, for here she knew of no housewife for him; which very sorely displeased him, and he never came again.

* Treasury.

F

† Therefore.

Now every body would have thought that the *Amthauptmann* also would have smelled this rat, but nevertheless he soon thereafter came riding up again, and now freely wooed my little daughter for his forester. He promised also he would build her a house in the forest; ~~then~~, send her pots, dishes, beds, etc., seeing that he had brought the young fellow up from the time of his holy baptism, and that he had been well rewarded for his no less than seven years' honest services. To this my little daughter answered, that his Worship had already heard that she only wished to manage her father's household, that moreover she was much too young to fill the situation of housekeeper.

But he seemed not displeased thereat; but after he had in vain discoursed a good while, he went away friendly as a cat, the which also feigns to leave the mouse, and creeps into corners, not being in earnest, and soon springs forth again. So he doubtless saw that he managed his business very stupidly; therefore went away to go better about it; and Satan went with him as he did aforetime with Judas Iscariot.

CHAPTER XIII.

What else took place during this winter ; item, how in the spring, Witchcraft began in the village.

Nothing remarkable had taken place this winter, excepting that the merciful God gave an abundant blessing on the Achter-water as well as on the sea, and good provision came again into the parish, so that of us it might also have been said, as it is written : " For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee."* Wherefore also we became not weary of praising the Lord for his goodness ; while the congregation of the people did much good to the church ; buying also a new pulpit and altar-cloth, as the enemy had stolen the other ; *item*, would give me the money back for the new ones, the which however I did not accept.

Nevertheless about ten peasants in the parish had yet not been able to get seed-corn for the spring, seeing that they had spent their gain in cattle and the blessed bread-corn. Wherefore I made an agreement with them that I would advance them money for the same, and if they could not raise sufficient wherewith to pay me this year, then might it stand over to the next ; the which offer they also accepted thankfully, and thus we sent *circa* seven waggons towards Friedland in Mecklenburg, to fetch seed-corn for us all. For my dear brother-in-law Martin Behring, in Hamburg, had

* Isaiah liv. 7.

ready transmitted to me per the skipper Wulf, who had sailed back here at Christmas, 700fl. for the amber; and may the Lord bless him for it.

Furthermore, this winter old Thiemke of Loddin died, who had been a midwife to the pariah, and specially to my little daughter. But in the latter time she had little work, forasmuch as I have only baptized two children this year, as namely, Yung, his son of Uckeritz, and Lene Heber's little daughter, the same that the Imperialists had spared. Item, it is nearly five years since I wedded the last couple. Whence every one may easily guess that I might have starved to death, if the righteous God had not otherwise remembered me for good, and blessed me. To Him alone therefore be all the glory! Amen!

In the mean time it came to pass not long after that the *Amthauptmann* had been there the last time that witchcraft began in the village.

I was just sitting and reading with my little daughter *Virgilium*, in the second book of the horrible desolation of the city of Troy, the which had been yet more fearful than ours, when the cry came that our neighbour Zabel's red cow, that he had bought a few days ago, lay stretched all fours and was about to die, and that this was a strange thing, seeing that she had been eating heartily even only half an hour ago. They prayed my little daughter would come and pluck three hairs out of her tail and bury the same under the threshold of the stable; for they had heard that, if this be done by a pure virgin that the cow would get better. Whereupon my little daughter conformed to their will, for as much as she is the only virgin in the village (for all the rest were yet chil-

dren) and it was healed also from the self-same hour, so that every one marvelled. But it dured not long when something also happened to Witthahn's swine, whilst eating and in full health. Wherefore she came running that my little daughter would for God's sake have compassion and use means also for the cure of her swine, as wicked men had done something to it. Wherefore she also had compassion, and it availed immediately, as at the first time. Notwithstanding the woman being *gravida*, travailed from the freight; and hardly had my little daughter come out of the stable when she went moaning by, holding and propping herself against every wall, into her booth, calling together at the same time, all the women round about, as the true midwife, as aforesaid, had died, and it lasted not long when something shot forth from under her on to the ground. Howbeit when the women stooped down to see thereafter, there arose from the ground a devil's-spectre, having wings like a flitter-mouse, which hummed and rattled about the room, and then darted with a great noise through the window, so that the glass jingled into the street. Albeit, as they were looking after it, it vanished. Now one may sufficiently judge within one's self what a wide-spread rumour arose therefrom. And almost the whole village judged, that no one had wrought this devil's-work saving old Seden's gloaring-eyed wife.

But the parish soon became perplexed in this their belief. For the same woman's cow was soon taken in like manner as all their other cows. Wherefore she also came running up wailing, that my little daughter would have compassion on her as she had had compassion on others, and for God's sake help her poor

thereby, I therefore resolved not to tempt the Lord, but to wait till my stock of money should be getting low, before that we dug again.

But this she did not, albeit she had promised to do it, and from this disobedience arose all our misery. (Ah, thou blessed God, what a serious thing is thy holy fourth commandment!) For, as Rev. Johannes Lampsius of Crummin, the same that had visited me in the spring, told me, that the Cantor in Wolgast wished to sell his *opp. St. Augustini*,* and I said in her presence that for my life dearly would I have liked to have bought them, but had not the money to spare, she arose in the night, without my knowledge, to dig for amber, to convert the same into money as well as she could, and at my birth-day, which falleth on the 28th month *Augusti*,† privily to present me with the *opp. St. Augustini*. But the up-dug earth she had always covered over with fir-twigs, wherein the heath abounded, that no man might mark anything.

Howbeit in the mean time it came to pass that the young *Nobilis* Rudiger of Nienkerken came riding up one day to get some information touching the great witchery, that was reported to be going on in the village here. When I had recounted to him thereof he shook his head in unbelief, and thought that all witchcraft was very lies and fraud, whereat I was sorely afraid, seeing that I had regarded the young lord as a wiser man, but now I saw that he was an Atheist. Perceiving this he asked smiling, whether I had ever read *Johannem Wierum*,‡ who would have nothing to

* The works of St. Augustin. † Of the month of August.

‡ A Netherlandish physician, who long before Spee and The-

do with witchcraft, and argued that all witches were melancholy persons, who only fancy to themselves that they had formed a *pactum* with the devil, and seemed to him more worthy of pity—than of punishment? Hereupon I answered, that in troth I had not read the same; (for say, who can read all that fools write?) but our own eyes verily showed here, and in all places that it was a monstrous error, to deny the existence of witchcraft, inasmuch as one might as well also deny that there was any murder, adultery, or theft in the world.

But this *argumentum* he called a dilemma, and after that he had disputed much about the devil, the which I have forgotten, for as much as it strongly savoured of heresy, he said that he would recount to me one case of witchcraft that happened in Wittenberg, and whereof he himself had been an eye-witness.

When, namely, an Imperial Captain there had one morning mounted his good steed at the Elster-gate, to inspect his little flag, it immediately began to rage so furiously, rear, shake its head, snort, roar, and run, not as horses are wont to do, in that they neigh, but this sounded as if the voice came from a human throat, so that everybody marvelled and regarded the horse as

masius attacked the nuisance of the belief in witchery of his time in a work entitled *Confutatio Opinionum de Magorum Daemonomia*, Frankfurth, 1590. He himself, however, was down-cried by Bodinus and others, as the worst of all Wizards. And certainly it is strange that the same free-thinking man had in a previous work, *De Praestigiis Daemonum*, treated at large of the doctrines of exorcisms of the spirits, and therein set forth the whole of hell, with the names and surnames of its 572 princes of devils.

bewitched. Indeed it threw the captain off forthwith, and as he lay on the ground it trod on his skull with its hoof, kicked violently, and would have done more mischief had not a trooper fired off his pistol at the bewitched steed, so that it instantly dropped down dead. He went up also with the rest; for inasmuch as the colonel had forthwith given orders to the field-surgeon to cut open the steed, for to see how it was within. But all was right, and both field-surgeon and field-physician testified that it was a thoroughly sound horse; wherefore all the people clamoured yet more grievously against witchcraft. In the mean time, however, he himself (understand; the young *Noblar*) had seen that a fine snake issued from the nostrils of the steed, and as he stooped down, he had immediately pulled forth a bait, almost of a finger's length, the which was yet burning, and which a knave had privily poked into his nostrils with a needle. Then all the witchery vanished in the twinkling of an eye, and they sought for the evil-doer, who was also soon found, namely, the groom of the captain himself. For his master having given him a sound thrashing, he took an oath, which the provost had heard himself, who chanced to be standing by the stall, that he would make him pay for it: *Item*, another groom testified that he had seen how the fellow had cut off a piece of the lunt, shortly before he brought out the horse for his master.—Thus in like manner, thought the young nobleman, was it with all witchcraft, if searched into the ground thereof; as in troth I had myself also seen in Gutakow, where the devil's-spectre had been a shoemaker, and so would it doubtless likewise be in the village here. Because of

this speech, however, my heart turned away from the youngster from that very hour, as from an atheist ; albeit, in after-time, I saw to my sorrow that he had been quite right, for had it not been for the youngster, verily, what would have become of my child ?

Howbeit I will not anticipate.—*Summa* : I walked about the room exceedingly troubled at these words, and now the youngster began to dispute with my little daughter touching witchcraft, first in German, then in Latin, whatsoever came to his tongue first, and then called upon her to give her opinion likewise. But she answered that she was a stupid thing, and could have no opinion ; but that nevertheless she believed that the ghost here in the village must have something to do with witchcraft. Hereat the maid called me aside (I no longer remember what she wanted), but when I came into the room again, my little daughter was as red as scarlet, and the youngster stood right before her. Wherefore I asked her, as soon as he had ridden off, whether anything had happened ; the which, however, she at first denied, but (not until) afterwards confessed : that in my absence he had said that he only knew one person that could bewitch ; and when she asked him who the same person was, he had seized her hand and said : “ It is thou, thyself, dear virgin ; for I feel thou hast wrought something in my heart.” But more than this he did not say, only he, at the same time, stared her in the face with such glowing eyes, that therefore she had thus blushed.

But such is the wise of maidens ; they ever have their secrets, whensoever one's back is turned, and true is the proverb :

•

Matens to hoden
Un Kucken to moten
Sall den Duwel sulst vertreten !*

As also it will be found by and by.

* i.e. To have to watch over girls and chickens is enough to provoke the very devil himself, at the same time it ought to be observed that the picturesque word *moten* has no equivalent term in the English language to express it, and which properly signifies: to guard or protect, with outstretched arms, the corn, or any other alluring object, from the intrusion of animals.

CHAPTER XIV.

How old Seden suddenly, vanished; item, the great Gustavus Adolphus afterward cometh to Pomerania, and taketh possession of the fortress of Peenemunde.

As touching witchcraft, every thing was now quiet for a good while, saving the caterpillars, that lamentably ruined my orchard, and the which assuredly was a strange thing. For the trees all blossomed so lovely and sweet, that my dear daughter one day said, as we walked about under them, and praised the almighty power of the merciful God: "if the Lord be pleased to vouchsafe his blessing unto us furthermore, then will it be *heiliger Christ* (Christmas) with us all the winter!" But the Lord had ordained it otherwise. For, on looking around, there were found so many caterpillars (great and small, also of all manner of colour and shade) upon the trees, that one might have meted them almost with bushels; and it lasted not long, ere my poor little trees looked altogether like unto besom-twigs, and the precious fruit hanging thereon fell off, and was hardly befitting my pig to eat. I will not hereby think evil of any one, albeit I thenceforth had my own thoughts thereon, and have them yet. As for the rest, my barley-corn, whereof I had scattered, *circa* 3 *Sheffels* in the fenced ground, stood very well. But I had not sowed anything in the field, seeing that I feared the wickedness of that abominable Satan. But

the parish-folk had no great blessing of corn this year, forasmuch as they, in a great measure from sore distress, had not sown any winter-seed, and the summer-seed would not thrive well. Otherwise, of fishes caught, they had, by the blessing of God, in all villages a great abundance, specially of herrings, the which, however, are cheap. Likewise they slew many a sea-dog, and I myself slew one about Whitsuntide, as I was walking by the sea-shore with my little daughter. The same lay upon a stone, close to the water, and snored like unto a man. Wherefore I took off my shoes from off my feet, and sneaked up to him unawares, whereupon I smote him with my staff, in such a manner, over the nose (for he can bear little thereon), that he directly tumbled into the water. Stunned by the blow, I could easily dispatch him. It was a fat beast, albeit not very large, and we extracted well nigh forty pots of train-oil out of him, which we determined to preserve for winter use.

In the meantime, however, it came to pass, that something suddenly happened to old Seden, insomuch that he desired to have the holy sacrament administered unto him. He could give no reason, when I came unto him, but I rather think that he would not do so, for fear of his old Lise, who, with her gloaring eyes, ever watched him, and never went out of the room. Besides, Zuter, his little maid, a child *circa* twelve years, is said to have heard at the garden-fence in the street where she was plucking grass for the cattle, that the man and his wife had a few days before been quarrelling together again, and that the old man told her that he had now positively ascertained that she had an *evil spirit*, and he would forthwith go to the priest and

tell it unto him. Although these are only childish stories, they may, nevertheless, be true, seeing that children and fools, as they say, generally speak the truth.

Howbeit I leave this for what it is worth. *Summa* : matters got ever worse with my old churchwarden ; and when I, as is my wont with the sick, visited him every morn and eve for to pray with him, and oftentimes, indeed, marked that he had as yet something on his mind, he nevertheless could not bring forth anything, seeing that old Lise ever stood at her post.

Thus things remained for a time, when he one day about noon sent to me, saying, "that he wished I could scrape him a little silver out of the communion cup, for as much as he had been counselled that then he should get better if he took the same with hen-dung. I would not go about it for a long time, seeing that I directly suspected that there was some devil's work at the bottom of it, but he teased me so long, that I let him have his will.

And, lo ! it made him whole from that very hour, so that at eve, when I came to pray with him, he was already sitting upon the bench with a pot betwixt his knees, whereout he sipped his soup. Howbeit he would not pray (a marvellous thing, for that at other times he would lief have prayed, and oftentimes could hardly await till I came, so that he sent for me well unto twice or thrice, if it so happened that I was not instantly at hand, or had some business elsewhere), but said, he had already prayed ; and that for my trouble he would give me the cock for my Sunday's soup, whereof he had taken the dung, as he had nothing better. And the hens were already at roost ; he went up to the roost, the which he kept in the room behind the stove, and

reached down the cock, and put it under the arm of my maid, who had come to call me away.

I would not have eaten the cock for anything in the world, so I set him adrift. As I was going away, I asked him again whether I should return thanks unto God on the Sunday for his late mercy vouchsafed unto him; whereupon, however, he answered, that I might do as I pleased about that. Wherefore I left his house, shaking my head, and resolved to send for him directly I got to know that his old Lise was not at home, (for she oftentimes went to the *Amtshauptmann* to fetch flax to spin. But behold what happened already a few days after! There was a rumour that old Seden was missing, and no man knew what had become of him. His wife thought he had gone to the *Streckelberg*; wherefore, this accursed hag came running to me with great howling, and enquired of my little daughter whether she had not seen her old man running about there, forasmuch as she went unto the *berg* (mount) every day. My little daughter said, no; howsoever, to God be my complaint, she was to hear enough of him. For as she one morning, ere the sun had yet arisen, came back from her forbidden digging-work, and descended into the forest, she suddenly heard on one side a green-speck (the which assuredly had been old Lise herself) crying so lamentably, that she went into the bushes to see what was the matter. Thus sate this woodpecker upon the ground, before a tuft of hair, as red, and altogether like old Seden's, but on getting sight of her he made a great noise with his bill, and forthwith crept into a knot-hole. While my little daughter yet stood looking at this devil's spectre, came old *Paasch*, who had also heard the noise, and had been

hewing wood for himself and with his lad Shingles in the mount, also running up, and became affrighted in like manner, on beholding the hair on the ground. At first they thought that a wolf had devoured him; then they looked about all over, but found not so much as one little bone. But on looking on high it appeared unto them as if on the top of the tree above, there was also something red glimmering; wherefore they made the lad climb up the tree, where presently he cried out that here also there was a good deal of red hair lying upon some leaves, the which had been cleaving together with the leaves, as with pitch. But it was no pitch; it looked red and white, speckled like the entrails of fishes. *Item*, the leaves round about, where there was no hair, were of divers colours, and speckled, and full of horrible stench. Whence the lad at the bidding of his master, threw down the clotted twig, and at the same time called down to them both, that he was sure that this was old Seden's hair and brain, and that the devil had taken him alive, because he would not pray and thank the Lord for restoring him from his sickness. This I also believed myself, and represented it likewise to my congregation on the Sunday. But by and by it will be seen that the Lord had had other causes to give him up into the hands of the wicked Satan, seeing that he had suffered himself to be persuaded by his wicked wife to depart from his Creator only to get better again. For the present, however, this devil's-whore feigned yet, as if the greatest calamity had befallen her, forasmuch as she plucked out her red hair by whole handfuls, as soon as she heard of the green-speck through my daughter and old Paasch, and lamented that she was now left a

poor widow, and who would provide for her in time to come, etc.

In the mean time we celebrated, even at this desolate coast, (as well as we could) the 25th day *mensis Junii*, with the whole protestant church, when now one hundred years ago, the states of the holy Roman Empire laid their Augsburg Confession before the high and mighty Emperor, Carolo V. ; and I delivered a sermon on Matth. x. 82, of the right confession of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ; whereafter the whole congregation partook of the sacrament. However toward even of the self-same day, as I was walking with my little daughter toward the sea, we saw about Ruden, many hundred masts of great and small ships, and also heard a notable firing, and forthwith concluded that it might be the high and mighty King, *Gustavus Adolphus*, who had now come according to his promise, to the help of poor enthralled Christendom. But whiles thus judging, a boat from Oie* came sailing up, wherein sate Kate Berow's son, the same that is a boor, and wished to visit his old mother. The same recounted that it verily was the king, who had this morning run up to Ruden with his fleet from Rugen, whereat a few Oler folk, who were fishing, saw that he forthwith had landed with his officers, and then fallen on his knees with uncovered head.†

Ah! thou righteous God, then had I, thy unworthy servant, on that blessed even, a yet greater joy of jubilee, than on the blessed morn, and one may readily guess that I lingered not forthwith to fall upon my

* Ruden and Oie, two little islands between Usedom and Rugen.

† See also *The Atrum Europæum*. J. 226 fl.

knees with my little daughter, and follow the example of the king. And God knoweth, never in my life have I prayed so fervently as this even, whereon the Lord manifested unto us such a marvellous sign, in that the deliverer of his poor Christian people, should arrive on the very day wherein they were crying unto him upon their knees, with tears and supplications in all places, for his mercy and help against the murder and subtlety of the pope and the devil. Neither could I sleep that night for joy, but very early on the morrow I went to Damerow, where something had befallen Vithen's lad. I was ready to believe it to be the work of witchcraft also; but at this time it was not so, seeing that the lad had eaten something bad in the wood. What kind of berries they had been, he could no longer say; howbeit the *Malum*, that turned his skin quite red as scarlet, speedily passed over. Wherefore as I was presently after going on my way homeward, I met a messenger from Peenemunde, sent by His Majesty, the high and mighty king, *Gustavus Adolphus* to the *Amtshauptmann*, that on the 29th June, at ten o'clock in the morning, he would appoint three guides to be ready waiting at Coserow, to lead his Majesty through the woods to Swine, where the Imperialists had entrenched. *Item*, he related that His Majesty had yesterday already taken the fortress of Peenemunde (which possibly may account for the firing we heard the evening before) and that the Imperialists had all speedily dispersed, and rightly played the part of bush-troopers. For after they set their camp on fire, they sprang into the bush in order to escape part toward Wolgast and part toward Swine.

In my joy I forthwith determined to prepare a *carmen gratulatorium** for his majesty, if with the help of Al-

* A congratulatory poem.

mighty God I should see him, which my little daughter might present into his hands.

Wherefore, after I had come home, I immediately made the proposal to her; whereat for joy she clung round my neck, and then began to dance about the room. But after she had considered a little she thought that her dress was not good enough therein to wait upon his majesty; wherefore, I should buy her another blue silk dress with a yellow apron, as this was the Swedish colour, and would, doubtless, be well-pleasing to his majesty. But I could not make up my mind for a long while, for as much as I hated such pride of life, but she coaxed me so long with her sweet words and kisses that I, old fool, said *yes*, and commanded my husbandman to ride that very day with her to Wolgast to buy the stuff. Wherefore I consider that the righteous God, *who resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble*, justly chastised me because of this pride. For I myself had a sinful joy, when she came back with two women, who were to help her to sew, and shewed me the stuff. On the morrow the needle work began with the break of day, while I prepared my *carmen*; but had not gotten far when the young nobleman, *Rudiger of Nienkerken*, came riding up to enquire, as he said whether his majesty would in troth pass through Cose-row. And as I told him what I knew thereof, *item*, communicated to him our purpose, he commended the same exceedingly, and instructed my little daughter (who looked on him more friendly to-day, than pleased me) how the Swedes speak latin, as: *ratscho* for *ratio* *uct* for *ut*, *shis* for *scis*, etc., that she might not be short coming for an answer to his majesty. Moreover he had had frequent intercourse with Swedes in Wittenberg

and wherefore, if she thought good, he would try a little *colloquium*, and he himself would represent the king.

Hereupon he seated himself upon the bench before her, and forthwith they began their babbling, which very sorely vexed me, specially when I saw, that she bestirred herself not with her needle, but tell me I pray, what could I do in this matter?—Wherefore I went on with my own business and let them prate till noon, when the younker at last arose again. Howbeit he promised that on Tuesday if the king came he would also come back again, and thought that the whole island would then be flocking together to Coserow. When he was gone, and, as may easily be guessed, my *vena poetica** was stopped, I bade my waggon to be got ready, and rode through the whole parish, exhorting the folk in all the villages, that on Tuesday at 9 o'clock they should assemble themselves together at the hen-gate of Cose-row, and that there they should all fall down upon their knees when they saw the king coming, and that I would fall upon my knee; *item*, to join in singing the Ambrosian hymn, as soon as the bells begin to ring and I start the tune. This they all promised to do, and after I had exhorted them once more thereunto on the Sunday at church, and most heartily prayed unto the Lord for his majesty, we could hardly await the blessed Tuesday for exceeding great joy.

* Poetic vein.

CHAPTER XV.

Of the arrival of the high and mighty king GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, and what other things happened at that time.

In the mean time I had finished my *Carmen in metro elegiaco*,* which my little daughter copied (forasmuch as her handwriting is more excellent than mine) and committed well to memory in order to recite it to his Majesty. *Item*, the clothes were gotten ready, the which befitted her very well, and the Monday before she went to the Streckelberg, notwithstanding there being so great a heat that the crow upon the wall gasped for breath. She would gather flowers for a wreath which she thought to put on, and which were to be blue and yellow. And in troth towards even she came back with an apron full of flowers of divers sorts; albeit her hair was quite wet and hung quite shaggy and clammy about her shoulders. (O God, God! thus to me, poor man, did all things work together to my ruin!) Wherefore I inquired of her where she had been, that her hair was thus dishevelled, whereto she answered that from the Kölpin,† where she had been plucking flowers; she had gone to the strand and bathed in the sea there, because of the great heat, but nobody had seen her. Now in troth, as she continued pleasantly, could she appear on the morrow as a pure virgin in the presence of his Majesty.

* In elegiac metre. † A small lake near the sea.

I did not like this exactly, so I looked grave and said nothing.

On the morrow the folk, men, women, and children, *Summa*: whomsoever could go were all already assembled, at the sixth hour, about the hen-gate; and at length my little daughter likewise was already quite festively arrayed; namely, in a blue silk vesture, yellow apron, little yellow neckerchief, and a yellow hood, whereon she placed the little wreath of blue and yellow flowers. It lasted not long, when my younker also arrived, in like manner as neat and smartly rigged out as beseemeth a nobleman, saying that he should like to know when I purposed going with my little daughter to the gate, seeing that his father, Hans von Nienkerken, *item*, Wittich Appelman, as also the Lepels of Gnitze, were likewise coming; furthermore a great multitude of people were running about everywhere on the highway, as if a fair was to be held here to-day. But I was well aware that his only aim was the damsel, forasmuch as he was soon busy with her again, and thus soon began his Latin *colloquium*. He made her repeat her *carmen* to his Majesty, whereat, playing the part of the king, he answered: *Dulcissima et venustissima puella, quae mihi in coloribus coeli, ut angelus domini appares, utinam semper mecum esses, nunqua mihi male cederet!** At these words she blushed, nor went it with me much otherwise, albeit with vexation, as may easily be guessed. Wherefore I besought his Worship that he would be pleased to arise and go to the gate, seeing that my little daughter had yet to help me to put on my robe,

* Thou sweetest and most charming maid, who appearest to me as an angel of the Lord, in the colours of heaven, wert thou but ever about me, then would no evil ever happen unto me.

whereat, however, he answered, that he would wait so long in the room, and that we might walk together. *Summa*: I excused myself again before this younker, but what availed it? As he would not go away, I was obliged to wink at it, and soon thereafter we went together to the gate, where first of all I picked three hearty churls out of the crowd, that they should go to the tower and begin to ring the bells as soon as they should see me upon the rock and waving my handkerchief. This they promised to do, and forthwith went away, whereupon I seated myself with my little daughter upon the rock, and assuredly thought the younker would maintain his dignity, but he did it not, but sate himself with us upon the rock. Thus sat we three, quite alone there, and all the people stared at us; howbeit no one came near to behold my little daughter's attire, not even the young damsels, who were wont to do so at other times, which did not strike me till afterward, when I ascertained how matters already stood with us at that time. About nine of the clock came Hans von Nienkerken and Wittich Appelman, galloping up, and forthwith old Nienkerken called his son away, in a violent tone, and as he did not hear directly, he sprang up to us near to the rock, and cried so loud, that all the world might hear: "Canst thou not hear, lad, when thy father calls thee!" whereupon he followed him loathly, and from the distance we saw that he threatened his son, and spat out at him. Howbeit we wot not yet what this meant, but soon, alas, we were to find it out from painful experience. Presently, thereafter, came also the two Lepels, of Gnitze,* from the way of Damerow, and the noblemen greeted each other upon the green sward, close by us, albeit without look-

* A small peninsula in Usedom.

ing at us. And I heard the Lepels, that had come that way, say, that there was no appearance as yet of his Majesty; but the *Scheren-fleet** about Ruden began already to move, and came sailing along, many hundred ships in number. As many had heard this, all the people forthwith rushed to the sea (which is only a very little way from the rock) and even the noblemen rode up, saving Wittich, who had dismounted from his horse, and seeing that I sent old Paasch, his boy, into a high oak, to look out for the King, he again made up to my little daughter, who sate quite alone upon the rock, asking her: "Wherefore did she not take his huntsman, and whether she would not consider the matter over again, and take him yet, or otherwise enter into his (the *Amtshauptmann's*) service; for if she refused to do so, he thought that she might have to repent of it." Whereat she, as she said, answered him; that she was only sorry for one thing, and that was, that His Worship should give himself so much trouble about it, and saying this, she hastily rose up, and came to me by the tree, where I was looking after the boy, as he was climbing up. But our old Ilse said, that he uttered a great curse when my little daughter turned her back on him, and forthwith went into the alderwood, that runneth up close to the highway, and where the old hag, Lise Kolken, was also standing.

Meanwhile, however, I also went with my little daughter to the sea-side, and found it to be true that the whole fleet was coming over from Ruden and Oie, and steering toward Wolgast; many ships also passed so close by us, that we could see the soldiers upon them, and their weapons glitter. Item, we heard the horses neigh, and the war-folk laugh. On one of them

* A fleet composed of small Swedish ships.

we heard the drums beat, and upon another sheep and cows bleat. But whiles thus looking on, we presently perceived some smoke issuing from one of the ships, followed by a great crack, so that we soon after saw the ball running along the surface of the water, whereby it foamed and spouted round about, and coming direct upon us. Wherefore the people dispersed in all directions, whereat we clearly heard the troops upon the ships laugh heartily. But the ball forthwith rose on high, and struck an oak close by Paasch's lad, so that about two *fuders* of shrubs fell to the ground, with a tremendous crash by the blow, and overstrewn the way, where his majesty had to come. Then the lad would no longer abide on the tree, howmuchsoever I exhorted him thereto, but cried whiles climbing down, that a great multitude of troops were now coming out of the wood of Damerow, and that this verily might be the king. Wherefore the *Amtshauptmann* speedily commanded the way to be cleared, and this lasted some time, forasmuch as the thick branches and twigs had got fastened among the trees all round; the noblemen purposed, when all was ready, to ride off to meet his Majesty, but halted upon the little sward, seeing that close before us, in the wood, a great sound of vehicles, horses, and voices were heard.

Nor did it last long before the cannons appeared with the three guides seated thereon. As I knew one of them, who was Stoffer Krauthahn of Peenemunde, I went up and besought him to tell me, when the king was coming. But he answered, that he was going further with the cannons, even to Coserow, and that I need only have my eye upon the tall dark man, having on his head a hat with a feather, and a golden chain

about his neck, for the same was the king, who was riding immediately behind the main-flag, whereon was the golden lion. Wherefore I watched the train narrowly as it broke forth out of the wood. Thus came after the artillery, first the Finlandish and Laplandish archers, who in the middle of the summer, to my astonishment, trotted along yet clad in pelts. Thereafter came much folk, the which I did not get to know what they were. Then presently I saw over the hazel-bush, which stood in my way so that I could not observe everything at once as it came past the bush, the great head-flag with the lion, and behind the same also the head of an exceeding dark man with a chain of gold about his neck, so that I concluded that this must be the king. Wherefore I waved my kerchief toward the tower, whereat the bells immediately struck up, and whiles the dark man rode nearer to us, I pulled off my little cap, fell upon my knee and began to sing the Ambrosian hymn, wherein all the folk joined me, also took off their hats from their heads, and sunk down on all sides singing upon the earth, men, women, and children, saving the noble folk, that quietly halted on the little grassy hill, and not until they saw that his Majesty stopped his horse (a coal black stead and just halted with his forefeet on the piece of ground where I was, the which I considered as a token for good) took they also their hats off and demeaned themselves with great humility. After we had finished, the *Amtshauptmann* dismounted speedily from his horse and would go with his three guides, that walked behind him, to the king; *item*, I had taken my little daughter by the hand and would also go to the king. Then his Majesty beckoned to the *Amtshauptmann* to go aside,

whereupon I saluted his majesty in latin and extolled his generous heart, in that he would visit the German soil for the defence and help of poor oppressed Christendom, and that I considered as a sign from God, that this should just happen at the very jubilee of our poor church. Furthermore that his majesty would be graciously pleased to accept of something which my little daughter thought of presenting to him ; whereupon his Majesty looked at her with a pleasant smile. This friendly demeanour inspired her again with confidence, as before this she had evidently trembled, and she answered, whiles handing to him a blue and yellow wreath, whereon lay the *carmen* :—*accipe hanc vilam coronam et haec ;** whereupon she began to offer up the *carmen*. Meanwhile his Majesty became more and more pleased, looked at her and at the *carmen*, and nodded kindly with his head when coming to the conclusion, the which was as follows :—

“ tempus erit, quo tu reversus hostibus ultor
intrabis patriæ libera regna meæ ;
tunc meliora student nostræ tibi carmina musæ
tunc tua, maxime rex, Martia facta canam
tu modo versiculis ne spernas vilibus ausum
auguror et res est ista futura brevi !
six felix, fortisque diu, vive optime princeps,
omnia, et ut possis vincere, dura. Vale ! †

When she left off speaking His Majesty said : *pro-*

* Accept this trivial wreath, and this.

† A time will come, when thou from vanquished foes,
Shalt bring our country Freedom and Repose,
Then shall my Muse in loftier numbers sing,
Thy deeds of martial prowess, mighty king.
Despise not thou this poor and feeble lay,
And soon, I trust, shall dawn that brighter day.
Farewell, best Prince—Life, Valour, Fortune, still
Be thine, triumphant o'er opposing ill.

prius accedas patria virgo, ut te osculer! * whereupon she stepped up to him blushing at the side of his horse. Then methought, he would only kiss her on the forehead as the potentates are wont to do, but no! he kissed her straight on her lips, so that it smacked, and his long hat-feathers hung down upon her neck, so as to make me feel quite uneasy about her. Howbeit he soon raised himself up again, took off his golden-chain, whereto his portrait was attached, and hung it about the neck of my little daughter, with these words:

hocce tuæ pulchritudini! et si favente deo redux fuero
victor, promissum carmen et præterea duo oscula exspecto†

Hereupon the *Amtshauptmann* came up again with his three churls and bowed himself to the ground before His Majesty. But as he did not know latin, *item*, nor Italian or French, I forthwith played the interpreter. For His Majesty asked how far it was to Swine, and whether there were many foreign troops there? And the *Amtshauptmann* thought that there were still two hundred life-guards encamped there; whereupon His Majesty gave the spur to his steed, and with a friendly nod, exclaimed: *valet!* †

Now troth came forth the other troops, *circa* three thousand strong, out of the bush, which also looked well and played no tricks, as is their wont generally, whiles they passed our crowd and the women and walked along very comely to behold. Then followed we the train even beyond Coserow as far as the wood, where we commended them to the keeping of the Almighty, and every man went his way home again.

* Come nearer, patriotic maiden, that I may kiss thee.

† This for thy beauty, and should I with God's help return victorious, I shall expect the promised poem and two kisses besides

1 Fare ye well!

CHAPTER XVI.

How little Maria Paasch becometh sorely tormented by the Devil, and all my Flock forsaketh me.

Before I go any further I will first mention that His most gracious Highness, King Gustavus Adolphus, (as the news soon reached us,) had cut down *circa* three hundred life-guardsmen, and after that set sail for Stettin. God be gracious unto him evermore. Amen!

But now my troubles increased from day to day, seeing that the devil became as busy as he had ever been before. I verily believed that God had inclined his ear to our fervent supplications, albeit it pleased him to visit us yet with greater afflictions. For a few days after the arrival of his most gracious Highness King G. A., it was rumoured that my daughter's little god-child was possessed and grievously tormented of the devil, so that no man could keep her in bed at home. Wherefore my little daughter forthwith arose and went to her little god-child, but soon returned weeping, that old Paasch would not suffer her to see her, but spake sharply to her and said, she should never come into his house again, forasmuch as his child had gotten it from the wheat-bread I had given her in the morning. And it is true that my little daughter had given her some, as the maid the day before had been in Wolgast, and brought back a cloth full of little wheaten loaves.

These tidings vexed me very sorely, and after I had

put on my priest-gown I arose and went to old Paasch to cast out that abominable Satan, and to turn away this reproach from my child. Whence I found the old man upon the floor weeping, and after that I had said "the peace of God," I asked him first, whether he verily believed that his little Marie had gotten it from the wheaten bread, the which my little daughter had given unto her, he said: yes! and when thereat I answered: that then I myself must have gotten it; *item*, Pagel's little maid, seeing that we also had eaten of the wheaten bread, he was silent, and then asked with a sigh: if I would not go into the room, and see how it was. As I then entered in "with the peace of God" there were about six persons standing round little Marie's bed; she had her eyes closed, and was as stiff as a board; wherefore Stoffer Wels (being a young and strong fellow) took hold of the child by one leg, stretched it out like a stake, that I might see how the devil tormented it. As I now began to pray, and Satan perceived that a servant of Christ had come, he began to make such a dreadful noise in the child, that it was grievous to look upon. For she struck about with her hands and feet in such a manner that scarcely four men could hold her; *item*, her belly heaved up and down as violently as if a living creature moved therein, so that old hag Lise Kolken at length seated herself thereon. As it became a little better, I called upon the child to say the belief* in order to see whether it was really the devil wherewith she was possessed†, but it became even

* The Apostolic Creed.

† It was supposed in that terrible time, that, if the sick could repeat the three Articles, and in addition thereto, a few texts of scripture having immediate reference to the work of redemption,

worse than before, seeing she began to gnash with her teeth, to turn up her eyes, and to knock about so awfully with her hands and feet as to throw her father, who held one of her legs, almost into the middle of the room, and then so bruised her leg against the bedstead, that the blood gushed forth; *item*, Lise Kolken rose up and down on her little belly, like unto a man sitting in a swing. And when after this I ceased not to adjure Satan to come out of her, she first began to howl and then to bark like unto a dog, *item*, to laugh, and at last spake with a gruff bass voice like unto that of an old man: "I shall not go away!" But, troth, he should have gone away, if father and mother had not adjured me by God's Sacrament to let their poor child be in peace, seeing that surely it availed nothing, but rather grew worse and worse with her. Wherefore of necessity I ceased from my purpose, and only exhorted the parents that they, like unto the woman of Canaan, should seek for help in true repentance and instant prayer, and with her also cry evermore in faith: *O Lord, thou son of David, have mercy on me; my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil,** then would the Saviour's heart soon be moved with compassion, so that he would have mercy on her little daughter, and command Satan to depart from out of her. *Item*, I promised to pray for her on Sunday with all the congregation, and entreated them, if any wise possible, to carry her into the church, considering that a fervent prayer of the church passeth through the clouds and entereth into the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth. This she promised to he could not be possessed, forasmuch as "no man can say, that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost." 1 Cor. xii. 3.

* Matth. xv. 22.

do, and now I went home sorrowful, but soon heard that she was getting a little better, whence it was again verified, that Satan hateth nothing more, (excepting the Lord Jesus,) than the servants of the gospel. But stay, he shall yet bruise thy head,* whatsoever thou mayest do!

Howbeit, even before the blessed Sunday came, I perceived that every one went out of my way in the village, as well as in all the parish, where I visited the sick. When, specially as I went to the young Tittelwitz in Uekeritz, it happened to me, as follows: Clas Pieper, the boor, was standing in his court cleaving wood, but on getting sight of me he forthwith threw away his axe, so that it stuck into the earth, and ran into his swine-stall, whilst he crossed himself. Wherefore I beckoned unto him that he should stop, and asked him: Wherefore he ran away from me, his confessor? whether he thought that my little daughter had bewitched her little god-child?

Ille:† Yes' that he verily believed, forasmuch as all the parish believed it.

Ego: Wherefore then had she been so kind to her aforetime, and in the most grievous famine treated her like unto a little sister!

Ille: She had doubtless wrought more than this.

Ego: What then had she wrought?

Ille: That signifies nought.

Ego: He must tell it unto me, or I would deliver him up to the judge.

Ille: I ought to do that by all means, and then went his way in defiance.

* Gen. iii. 15. † He, the former.

And now it may easily be guessed that I neglected nothing in finding out what it was that the folk thought my little daughter had wrought, but no man would tell me anything, so that I might have vexed and grieved myself to death because of this false and evil report. Neither came any child all this week to my little daughter to school, and when I sent out my maid to know the cause thereof, she came back with the report, that the little children were either sick, or the parents would keep them at home to work. Wherefore I guessed and guessed, but all of no avail, till the blessed Sunday came, when I thought I would administer the Holy Sacrament to all the people, seeing that many of them had already given notice before to come to the Lord's table. Howbeit it seemed strange to me that I saw none standing in the church-yard, as heretofore they were wont to do; but I thought they had gone into their houses. When, however, I came into the church with my little daughter, there were only six persons assembled, with Lise Kolken in the midst, and no sooner this cursed hag saw my little daughter coming after me, then forthwith she crossed herself and ran out of the church again, whereupon the remaining five, together with my only warden, Claus Bulken, (for I had not as yet taken one in the room of old Seden,) followed her. I waxed wroth so that my blood began to boil within me, and I shook in such a manner that I fell with my shoulder against the confessional. Wherefore my little daughter, to whom I had not yet told anything, to spare her feelings, inquired: "Father, what aileth the folk?—perchance they are also possessed?" Whereat I came to myself again and went into the church-yard to look after them.

But they were all gone, saving my warden, Claus Bulken, who was standing nigh to a linden-tree, and whistling a hymn to himself. Then went I up to him and asked what had come to the people? Whereat he answered, that he wot not. And when again I asked, wherefore then he himself had run away?—he said: what should he have done in the church alone, seeing that the *Kling-beutel** could not have gone round. Whence I conjured him to tell me in troth, what horrible suspicion against me had gotten among the people? But he answered; I should soon find it out myself, and sprang over the wall, and went into old Lise's house, the which stood close by the church-yard. My dear daughter had prepared veal broth for dinner, which at other times I preferred to everything, nevertheless I could not swallow a spoonful, but sat leaning my head on my hand, and pondering whether I should reveal to her the matter or not. In the mean time came in the old maid, quite ready for a journey, and with a cloth full of things in her hand, beseeching me, weeping, "that I should send her away." My poor child waxed pale like unto a corpse, and asked her, astounded, "what had come to her?" But she merely answered: "Nothing!" and wiped her eyes with her apron. When I had regained my speech, that had nigh left me, forasmuch as I saw that this old faithful woman had also turned against me, I began to examine her, wherefore she would go away, seeing that she had abidden with me so long, neither would leave us even in the sore famine, but faithfully endured; verily more-

* More properly *Klingel-beutel*, a purse with a bell, with which the Churchwardens go about the church during the service and collect alms from the congregation.

over had confounded and humbled me with her faith, and exhorted us steadfastly to endure to the end,—all which acts that she had done should never be forgotten while I had my being. Hereupon she began to cry, to weep, and to sob the more bitterly, and at length broke forth: "That she had yet a mother about eighty years old, abiding in Liepe, and she would go thither to comfort the same to her life's end." Whereupon my little daughter sprang up and answered, weeping: "Ah, old Ilse, wilt thou therefore go away? surely not, for troth thy aged mother is with thy brother; tell me then, I pray thee, wherefore it is that thou wilt leave us, and what I have done unto thee, that I may make peace between us again?" But she hid her face in her apron and sobbed, without uttering a word; whence my little daughter would draw away her apron and stroke her cheeks to make her speak. Howbeit when she saw this, she struck at my poor child's hand, crying: "Fie!" and spat out before her, and forthwith went out of the door. The like she had never done before since my dear daughter was a little child; and we both were so sore vexed that we could not speak, nay, never a word.

Howbeit it lasted not long before my poor child lifted up her voice with a loud cry, and threw herself on the seat and wept, evermore calling out, "what is the matter? What has happened?" Wherefore I thought I must tell her what I had heard, namely, that she was regarded by the people as a witch, whereat she began to smile instead of to weep the more bitterly, and ran out of the door for to overtake the maid that had already left the house, as we had seen. However after an hour's time she came back with a great

cry, that all the people in the village had run away from her, when she wished to enquire of them whither the maid was gone to. *Item*, all the little children that she taught in her school, screamed, and ran away and hid themselves for fear of her, neither did any man answer her so much as a word, but spat at her, in like manner as did the maid. Nevertheless on the way home she heard that a boat was already on the water, then she ran speedily down to the water side, and cried with all her might after old Ilse, who was already being seated in the boat. But she never heeded any thing, neither did she even once turn round to look, but beckoned with her hand for her to go away.

And now continued she to weep and to sob all the day and all the night long, so that I was more wretched than aforetime in the sore famine. Howbeit greater sorrows were yet appointed unto me, as will be seen in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XVII.

How my poor child is apprehended as a Witch, and led away to Padgia.

The day after, Monday the 12th July, in the morning about eight of the clock, whiles sitting and talking over our troubles (and who could have wrought for us these sorrows of heart? we soon agreed that it had been none other than that accursed hag Lise Kolken,) a carriage with four horses came driving up before my house, whereon sat six churls, who instantly sprang down. Twain of them went to take their stand at the fore-door, other twain at the back or Achter-door, and twain again (one of these being Jacob Knake, the beadle) came into the room and gave me an open writing from the *Amtschauptmann*, that my little daughter being commonly reported to be a notorious witch, should, by act of the penal laws, be taken and examined. Now every one will easily conceive for himself, how I must have felt in my heart when I read this. I fell to the ground like a hewn-down tree, and did not come to myself again till my little daughter threw herself upon me with a great cry, and her tears flowed down warm upon my face. But when she saw that I came to myself again, she began to praise God for it with a loud voice, also sought to comfort me, seeing that verily she was guiltless and had a conscience void of offence toward all men, wherewith she could appear before her judge; item, quoted she to me that sweet little text,—

Matth. v. 11. "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you *falsely* for my sake."

Then she besought me that I would but arise and put on my coat and come with her, for without me she would not consent to be brought before the *Amtshauptmann*. In the mean time, however, all the village folk, men, women, and children, had rushed up to the door but behaved themselves quietly, and only looked in at the windows as if they would look through the house. When we had both made ourselves ready, and the beadle who at first would not take me with him, but reconsidered the matter on seeing the *Trink-geld*,* the which my little daughter had put into his hand, we went to the carriage, but I was so powerless that I could not get up.

Then old Paasch, seeing this, came and helped me into the carriage, saying: "God comfort ye!—what sorrows have ye to live to see on yen own child!" and kissed my hand whiles bidding me farewell.

Other folk came up to the carriage, wishing to follow it, but I besought them that they would not make my heart heavier still, and only have a christian eye to my house and the things pertaining thereunto, until my return. *Item*, that they would continue steadfast in prayer for me and my little daughter, that that abominable satan, who for so long a time had been going about in our village as a roaring lion, and is now threatening to devour me, even myself, might not accomplish his will, but leave me and my child, as he did the spotless Saviour in the wilderness. But to this

* *Literally drinking-money, fee to servants and other subordinates; sometimes also a bribe.*

no man answered a word, but as we rode off, I very well heard that many behind us spat out, and one said (my little daughter thought it had been the voice of the woman Berow), "We would liever set fire to yea coat than pray for ye!"—We were yet sighing at these words when we came up to the church-yard, where the accursed hag Lise Kolken, sate at her house-door with her hymn-book before her and croaked out aloud that Hymn: "God the father with us be," as we drove by; which so grieved my poor little daughter that she fainted and fell upon me as if she were dead, wherefore I besought the driver to halt, and called to old Lise, that she should bring us a pitcher of water; but she seemed as one that could not hear, and continued to sing so loud as to fill the air with the sound thereof. Then the beadle sprang off and ran, as I desired him, back into my house to fetch a pitcher of water; soon he returned with the pitcher, and all the people after him, who now began loudly to declare that it was an evil conscience that had smitten my child, and that she had already bewrayed herself. Wherefore I thanked God when she came to life again, and we got out of the village. But neither was a better lot awaiting us in Ukeritz, for there also all the folk gathered themselves together, and stood on the sward before Labahn's court, as we arrived.

These, however, behaved themselves tolerably quiet, as we passed by, saving a few who cried; "How is it possible! How is it possible!" but I heard nothing more. But in the wood by the watermill, the miller broke forth with all his Knappen* and cried, laughing: "look at the witch, look at the witch!" whereat one

* Journeymen millers, etc.

of the men hit my poor child with a flour-bag, the which he had in his hand, so that she became quite white, and the flour rose like a cloud around the carriage. At my rebuke, the wicked rascal laughed and said: that, if she should never get any other smoke than this into her nose, it could do her no harm. *Item* it became very much worse in Pudgla, than at the mill. The people stood so thickly crowded upon the hill before the castle, that we could hardly get through, and the *Amtshauptmann* moreover as an *Aviso*, caused the *arme Sunder-glocke** to be rung in the castle tower, whereupon the people came flocking up more and more from out of the beer-houses, and their own. Some cried, "is that the witch!" Some, "look at the priest-witch," and many things more, the which I do not like to record here for very shame; they likewise gathered up mud out of the gutter, the which runneth from the castle-kitchen, and threw it upon us, *item*, a large stone, albeit the same fell upon a horse, so that it became restiff thereby, and would perchance have overthrown the waggon, had not a churl sprung up to it and held it in. All this happened before the castle-gate, whereat the *Amtshauptmann* with an heron feather in his gray hat stood smiling and looking at us. Howbeit when the horse was quiet again, he came up to the waggon and spake mockingly to my little daughter: "behold young woman! thou wouldst not come to me, and now troth thou comest after all!" whereat she answered, yea I come; and may'st thou one day come to thy judge, as I to thee!" whereat I said: "Amen!" and asked him

* The bell appointed to be rung previous to the execution of any malefactor.

how his worship would justify himself before God and man for what he was doing to me, a poor man, and my child. But he asked, wherefore had I come hither with her? and when I recounted to him the naughtiness of the people; *item* of the wickedness of the miller's men, he thought that was not his fault, threatened also the people round about with his fist, who were making a great tumult. Then commanded my little daughter to dismount and to follow him, whilst leading the way into the castle: beckoning to the beadle who would have gone along with us, to tarry at the foot of the stairs, and began to ascend the winding staircase leading to the upper chambers with my child alone. Howbeit she privily whispered to me: "Father, leave me not!" wherefore I soon followed softly after them, and heard from the sound of their voices in what chamber they were, and laid my ear against the door to hearken. Then heard I the villain say unto her, that if she would love him, none of all those things should harm her, seeing that he had the power in his hands to save her from the people; but if she would not—then should she be brought to judgment, on the morrow, and she might conclude for herself what would be her doom, forasmuch as she, according to the testimony of many, had wrought fornication even with Satan himself, and suffered herself to be kissed by him. Hereat she was silent and only sobbed, which the arch-knave thought a good sign and proceeded: "hast thou loved Satan, then canst thou also love me, never fear!" and went nearer to her to embrace her, as I marked. For she gave a loud cry and would have rushed out of the door, but he held her fast and entreated and threatened according to the suggestions of the devil. And already

it was in my thoughts to go in, when I heard, that with those words: "depart from me Satan!" she smote him on the cheek, so that he let her go. Whereupon, ere he was aware, she sprang out at the door, so that she threw me to the ground, and with a loud cry fell even over me. Hereat the *Amtshauptmann* who had followed her became horribly affrighted, but soon began to cry: "Wait priest, I'll teach thee to hearken again!" and ran down and beckoned to the beadle that was standing at the foot of the stairs. The same he charged to clap me into prison for the night, then to come again and put my little daughter into another dungeon. But he bethought himself again, as we were going down the winding staircase and said: he would forgive me this once, the beadle should send me about my business, and put my little daughter into the strong ward, then give the keys to him, seeing that she was a stiff-necked, hardened person, as he had found out at the very first examination of her.

Hereupon my poor child was torn from me and I fainted on the stairs, neither wist I how I came down, but when I came to myself again, I was in the beadle's room, and his wife sprinkled water upon my face. There I tarried sitting all night upon a chair and sorrowed more than I prayed, seeing that my faith had become very weak, and the Lord came not to strengthen it.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Of the First Trial, and the consequences thereof.

On the morrow, as I was walking to and fro in the fore-court, having many times, albeit in vain, entreated the beadle to lead me to my dear daughter, (but he would not even tell me where her ward was), and at last run about there for very disquietude, there arrived towards 6 o'clock a carriage from Uxdom,* wherein sat his worship, Herr Samuel Pieper *Council dirigens*†; item, the *Camerarius*, Gebhard Wenzel, and a *Scriba*‡, whose name I heard, but have forgotten again. My little daughter also has forgotten it, notwithstanding she has in general a very excellent memory, and dictated to me the most of what henceforth follows; for my old head was ready to split, so that I myself remembered but little thereof. Then I forthwith went up to the carriage and prayed, that the honourable council would grant me the permission to be present at the trial, seeing that my little daughter was not yet of age, the which, albeit the *Amtshauptmann*, (who in the meantime had stepped up to the carriage, having overlooked all from the window), would not

* Or Usedom, a small town, from which the whole Island takes its name.

† i. e. Chief burgomaster, or Mayor.

‡ Recorder.

allow. Howbeit his worship, Herr Samuel Pleper—the same being a little, short manniken, with a fat little belly, and a beard mingled with grey, hanging down to his girdle—reached me straightway his hand, and comforted me like a Christian in my tribulation, saying, I ought in God's name to come into the judgment-hall, and he wished with all his heart that all might be proved to be but foul lies that had been raised against my little daughter. But I had yet patiently to endure tarrying two hours, ere the judges came down the winding staircase again. At length toward 9 o'clock, I heard the beadle moving the chairs and benches in the court, and thinking that the time had now come, I went in and seated myself upon a bench. Howbeit there was never a man there as yet, saving the beadle and his little daughter, who was wiping the table, and held a little rose betwixt her lips. This I begged her to give me to smell thereon; and verily I believe that they would have carried me dead out of the place that day had I not had it. Such are the ways of God, who maketh even a poor little flower the instrument in his hand wherewith to preserve a soul alive, whensoever he pleaseth!—

At length came the ministers of justice and seated themselves around the table, whereafter *Dn. Consul** first beckoned unto the beadle, and ordered him to fetch my little daughter. In the meantime he asked the *Amtshauptmann*, whether he had kept the *Rea†* in bonds? and when he said: no! he rebuked him sharply, so that it entered into my very bones and

* i. e. Dominus Consul, or Lord Mayor.

† The defendant

save her from the hands of her enemies, as he had delivered the chaste Susanna of old.

When hereupon she left off speaking for loud sobbings, *Dr. Consul*, after looking at the *Amstchauptmann's* nose, as we all had done, and finding there, in troth, the scar, sprang up from his seat and cried out as if confounded: "Speak, for God's sake speak, what am I to hear from his worship?"—whereat the *Amstchauptmann*, without blushing, answered: that albeit he had no need to speak before this honourable council, seeing that he himself was the head of the court, and that it goeth forth from innumerable *indictis*, that *Res* is a wicked witch and therefore no testimony against him could be borne by any man, nevertheless, not to give any offence to the court, he would answer for himself.

All the accusations, namely, which that person had brought forward against him, were vile and foul lies. Howbeit he would not deny that he had been desirous to hire her for his stewardess, inasmuch as he greatly needed such an one, as his old housekeeper was already getting too infirm. In like manner had he, it is true, yesterday privily examined her, for the purpose of kindly inducing her to a confession, that thereby her punishment might be mitigated, seeing that he had pity on her youthfulness, but never said an unbecoming word to her; neither did he come to her at night, but the scar had been made by his little lap-dog, *Below*, with which he was playing this morning. All this his housekeeper could testify, and that subtle witch had directly made use of this to set the court at variance, and thereby, with the devil's help, avail herself of her advantage; seeing that she is a crafty creature as the court will verily soon find on further scrutiny.

But now I also gathered courage, and represented

that everything was verity and truth as my little daughter stated, and that I myself had yesterday hearkened at the door, and heard his Worship make offers to her and try all manner of stratagems with her; *item*, that in Coserow even he had once tried to kiss her; *item*, how his Worship had evil entreated me also wise, on account of the money owing me for manure.

But the *Amtshauptmann* forthwith cried me down and said: "If, as an innocent man, I had spoken evil of him from the pulpit in my church, as all the congregation could testify, it would be an easy matter for me to do so here before the Court, irrespective of the further consideration, that no father can bear witness for his child."

But *Dn. Consul* became as if quite confounded, and was silent, and leaned his head on the table in deep thought. In the mean time, however, the audacious beadle began by putting his arm through his to finger his beard, and *Dn. Consul* doubtless thought it was a fly, and struck at it with his hand without looking up. But as his hand hit the beadle, he lifted himself up, and asked what he wanted? Whereat the fellow answered: "Oh, it was only an insect that was crawling upon you, the which I wished to catch."

This audacity so sorely vexed his Worship that he gave him a sound box on the ear, and threatened to punish him severely if he ever ventured to come nearer to him again than the door.

Hereupon he turned himself to the *Amtshauptmann* and cried wrathfully: "What the deuce does this mean; is this the sort of respect which his Worship trains his beadle to? Moreover all these things seem a mystery to me, which I cannot unravel!"

But the *Amtshauptmann* answered: "Can you not? Can you not make it out, when you think of the eels?"

Hereupon *Dn. Consul* all at once turned quite pale, so that he began to quake, as it appeared to me, and he called the *Amtshauptmann* aside into another room. I have never been able to find out what was the meaning of the eels, whereof he spake.

In the meantime, however, sate *Dominus Camerarius* Gebhard Weuzel, biting a pen, and gazed the while with great wrath, first on me, then on my little daughter, but without uttering a single word, neither answered he the *Scriba* anything, who often whispered something into his ear, but only grumbled. At length the two gentlemen came in again, and *Dn. Consul* began, after he and the *Amtshauptmann* had seated themselves again, to speak very sharply to my child, that she had tried to impeach a worthy Judge, forasmuch as his Worship had shewn to him the little dog himself that had scratched him, which had also been testified by his old stewardess. (Yea, troth, neither would she betray him; for the old slut had played her part with him these many years and had had moreover a lad by him, now half up-grown, as will be seen by-and-by!)

Item, said he, there are so many *indicia* of her evil doings, that it was impossible to give credence to any of her statements; wherefore she should give glory to God, and in all things honestly confess, in order to mitigate her punishment; for then might she yet, on account of her youth, come off with her life, etc.

Hereupon he put on his spectacles and began to examine her, from a paper which he held in his hand, for the space of four hours. And these are about the principal points, which both of us have retained thereof:

Questio.—Whether she could bewitch?

Responsio.—No; she knew nothing of witchcraft.

Q.—Whether she could unbewitch?

R.—That was in like manner unknown to her.

Q.—Whether she had at any time been on the Blocksberg?

R.—The same had been too far off for her, and she knew but little of other mounts, saving the Streckelberg, where she had oftentimes been.

Q.—What she had wrought there?

R.—She had looked over the sea or plucked flowers, *item*, sometimes fetched an apron full of withered brushwood.

Q.—Whether she had there invoked the devil?

R.—The like had never entered her thoughts.

Q.—Whether then the devil had there appeared unto her without invocation?

R.—God forbid!

Q.—So then she cannot bewitch?

R.—No!

Q.—What then had come to Staffer Zuter, his speckled cow, the which had perished in her sight?

R.—That she did not know, and was moreover an odd question.

Q.—Then it would in like manner be an odd question, I trow, wherefore Kate Berow's little pig had perished?

R.—Assuredly; she wondered at those things whereof she is accused.

Q.—Then had she not bewitched this either?

R.—No, God forbid!

Q.—But wherefore, seeing that she was guiltless, had she promised another pig when her father's cow brought forth her young?

R.—This had she done out of a good heart.—Hereupon she began to weep sorely, and said: she saw well that she had to thank old Lise Kolken for all this, the same having oftentimes threatened her, whensoever she would not fulfil her wishes, for that she lusted after every thing that came before her eyes. The same also had gone among the folk, when the cattle in the village were bewitched, and told them that if a pure virgin would only pluck a few hairs out of the tail of any cow, the same would be better. So then she had compassion and went thither, seeing that she knew herself to be a pure virgin; the which also availed sundry times, albeit not latterly.

Q.—In what case was it availing?

R.—In Zabel's red cow; *item*, Witthahn's swine; also old Lise's own cow.

Q.—Wherefore was it not availing in aftertimes?

R.—That she did not know, but thought, though she would not trouble any one, that old Lise Kolken, the same that had been commonly reported as a witch, had wrought all this, and bewitched the cattle in her name, and also unbewitched them, as she pleased, for nought but to bring her into trouble.

Q.—Wherefore then had old Lise bewitched even her own cow, *item*, let her own little pig perish, if she had raised the rumour in the village and really could bewitch?

R.—That she did not know; but there might be some one (then she gazed at the *Amtshauptmann*) that would recompense her double for all.

Q.—Invain sought she to ward off the guilt from herself, for had she not bewitched old Paasch's, yea, her own father's crop, and had it destroyed by the

devil ; *item*, brought the caterpillars into her father's orchard ?

R.—The question was almost as monstrous as the very deed. There sat her father.—His worship might ask him himself if ever she had shewn herself wicked towards him.—Here I wished to rise and begin to speak, but *Dn. Consul* would not let me say a word, but went on with his examination, wherefore I sat down, still and confounded.

Q.—Whether furthermore she denied having been the cause whereof the woman Witthahn brought forth a devil's-monster into the world, that forthwith arose and flew through the window, and afterward when the midwife looked after it, it had vanished.

R.—Yea verily, she had rather done good to the folk all her life-time, than harmed them, and oftentimes taken bread out of her own mouth, even in the time of the sore famine and parted it with others, specially with the little children. This the whole parish would testify if called upon. But as wizards and witches always did evil, and never good to men, as our Lord Jesus taught, (*Matth. xii.*), where the pharisees had also blasphemed him for casting out devils by Beelzebub ; his Worship might thence judge, whether in troth she can be a witch.

Q.—He would soon shew forth her blasphemies ; he could very well see that she had a fine tongue, and she must only answer the questions that may be put to her. For the question here is not about *what* good she had done to the poor, but *wherewith* this had been done. Wherefore he desired that she would declare how she and her father had so suddenly attained to such riches, as to strut about proudly in silk garments, seeing that they had been quite poor before ?

Hereat she looked at me and said : " Father, shall I tell ? " Whereupon I answered, " Yea, my dear daughter, now must thou tell all plainly and fairly, even were we thereby to become miserably poor again." She declared therefore how first of all, in our great need, we found the amber, and what we had gotten for it of the two Dutch merchants.

Q.—What were the names of those merchants ?

R.—Diterich von Pehnen and Jacob Kiekebush, who, however, as we had heard from a skipper, died of the plague in Stettin.

Q.—Wherefore had we concealed this discovery ?

R.—For fear of our enemy, the *Amtshauptmann*, who, according to all appearance, would have let us perish of hunger, forasmuch as he forebade the parish, on the penalty of severe punishment, to give us any thing, and said that he would take care that they should be supplied with a better priest.

Hereat *Dn. Consul* again looked the *Amtshauptmann* hard in the face, who answered, that he certainly had said so, seeing that the priest had railed against and rebuked him from the pulpit, but that he also knew very well that they were in no danger of starvation.

Q.—Whence came so much amber in the Streckelberg ? she had better confess at once that the devil had brought it thither for her.

R.—Thereof she knew nothing ; howbeit, there was a large vein of amber there, the which she could point out even unto this day ; she had broken pieces therefrom, and covered the hole carefully over again with fir-twigs, so that no man might find it.

Q.—When had she gone to the mount—by day or by night ?

Hereat she blushed and was silent for a moment, and then answered : " Sometimes by day, and sometimes at night ! "

Q.—Wherefore did she falter ? She had better freely confess, that her punishment might be lighter. Had she not given up old Seden to Satan, who had carried him off through the air, so that part of his brains and his hair were still cleaving on the top of an oak-tree ?

R.—She wist not whether it was his hair and brains, neither how such had come there ; but having one morning heard a wood-pecker shriek so mournfully, she went up to the tree ; *item*, old Paasch also hearing this noise, straightway followed her with his axe.

Q.—Whether the wood-pecker was not the devil, who himself had come to fetch old Seden ?

R.—That wist she not ; but he must have been long dead, inasmuch as the brains and blood, which the young man brought down from the tree, were quite dry.

Q.—How, and when did he come by his death ?

R.—That, God Almighty knows ; but Zuter's little maid had said that, one day as she was plucking nettles for her cow against Seden's hedge, she had heard that the old man threatened his gloaring-eyed wife ; that he would tell the priest, that she, as he now certainly knew, had an evil spirit ;—whereupon the old man had soon disappeared. Howbeit, these might be children's tales ; she wished to bring no one into trouble therewith.

Hereupon *Dn. Consul* again looked at the *Amtshauptmann* full in the face, and said : " old Lise Kolken must be overtaken and brought hither this very day." But as the *Amtshauptmann* gave no answer to this, he proceeded :

Q.—Whether then she meant to abide by her declaration, that she knew nothing of the devil ?

R.—She would affirm it again and again, and abide by it to her blessed end.

Q.—And yet had she, as eye witnesses will testify, suffered herself to be baptized by him in the sea.

Here she changed colour for a moment, and was silent.

Q.—Why did she change colour again?—wherefore, she ought for God's sake to think of her salvation, and confess the truth.

R.—She had bathed in the sea, seeing that it was a very hot day: "that was the whole truth."

Q.—"What chaste virgin, troth, would ever bathe in the open sea? Thou liest! Wilt thou still deny that thou hast bewitched old Paasch's little maid with a cake?"

R.—"Ah, me! ah, me! yea, verily."—For she loved the child as her own dear little sister; she had not only instructed her in everything without recompense, but also in the sore famine she had oftentimes taken the bit out of her own mouth and put it into her's, how then could she have inflicted this evil upon her?

Q.—Wilt thou still persist in denying the truth?—Rev. Abraham, what a hardened child is this of yours!—Look here, then, is this no witch's salve*, which the beadle took out of thy coffer last night?—Is this no witch's salve, eh?

R.—It was only a little salve for the skin, which maketh it white and soft, as the apothecary in Wolgast, of whom she had bought it, had told her.

Hereupon he shook his head and proceeded:

* It was supposed that the devil gave the witches a salve, by the use of which they might render themselves invisible, transform themselves into animals, pass through the air, &c.

Q.—What! Wilt thou, then, last of all, deny that this last Saturday, the 10th July, about midnight, thou callest upon thy lover, the devil, in the Streckelberg with awful words; that thereafter a great and hairy giant appeared unto thee, and embraced and hugged thee?

At these words she turned paler than a corpse, and began to tremble so violently, that she was obliged to hold fast by a chair. When I, wretched man that I am, who would have sworn for her to my death, saw and heard this, I was bereft of my senses; so that I fell from the bench, and *Dn. Consul* was obliged to call in the beadle to help me up again.

When I came to myself a little, and the audacious fellow saw our general confusion, he cried out grinning at the court: "Is't out? is't out? has she confessed?" whereupon *Dn. Consul* shewed him the door again with many chiding words, as one may easily guess. This rascal presumed on being his *pander*, or else, I trow, he would not have been so forward.

Summa: I should have perished in my misery had I not had the little rose, which, with the blessing of God, strengthened me greatly; now all the court arose and adjured my drooping child by the living God, and the salvation of her soul, to lie no longer, but to have compassion on herself, and on her father, and confess the truth.

Hereupon she heaved a great sigh, and became as red as she had been pale, so that her hand upon the chair looked like scarlet, and she could not lift up her eyes from the ground.

R.—She would now verily confess the whole truth, as she saw that wicked people had stolen after her at night.

and watched her. She was getting some amber from the mount, and whiles thus working had after her wise, and to banish her fears recited the Latin *carmen* which her father had composed for His Highness King Gustavus Adolphus, when the young Rudiger of Niemkerken, who had oftentimes come to her father's house and made love to her, stepped forth from the bush, and as she shrieked out for fright, had spoken to her in Latin, and taken her in his arms. The same had a great wolf's pelt on, that the people might not know him if haply they should meet him, and tell it unto his father that he had been on the mount in the night-season.

At such her confession my anger was kindled, and in my fury I cried out: "O, thou godless and disobedient child, it seemeth then that after all thou hast a lover! Did I not forbid thee to go to the mount by night? What hast thou to do on the mount by night? And I began to weep and to wail, and to wring my hands, in so much that even *Dn. Consul's* bowels of compassion were moved, and he came near to me to comfort me. Meanwhile, however, she too came up to me, and began to defend herself with many tears: that she had gone to the mount against my orders, only to get as much amber as wherewith to buy secretly the *Opera Sancti Augustini*, which the Cantor of Wolgast offered to sell, and to present them to me on my birth-day. She was not aware of the younker's design in way-laying her by night on the mount; albeit, she would swear by the living God that nothing unseemly had taken place there, and that she was unto this day a pure virgin.

Thus ended the first hearing; for after *Dn. Consul* had whispered something into the ears of the sheriff, he called in the beadle again, and commanded him to

give a watchful eye to the prisoner ; *item*, not to let her go about the prison free, but put her in bonds. These words pierced my very heart, and I conjured his worship for the sake of my rank, and my ancient noble family, not to clothe me with such shame as to have my little daughter put in bonds. I would be surety with the honourable court, even at the peril of my life, that she should not run away, whereupon *Dn. Consul*, after he had gone out and overlooked the prison, granted me my request, and charged the beadle to leave her as before

CHAPTER XIX.

How that hateful Satan, under the sufferance of the righteous God, diligently studied utterly to oppress us; and how all hope forsook us.

On the selfsame day, about three o'clock in the afternoon, as I went to the beer-house, kept by Conrad Seep, to get a little refreshment, forasmuch as I had not tasted anything for two days, saving my tears, and the same having set before me a little bread and sausage, *item*, a can of beer, the beadle came into the room, without even taking his hat off, and said; the *Amtshauptmann* sendeth greeting, and desireth to know whether I would not dine with his worship, and hoped to be excused for not having thought of it before, but that I might not yet have broken my fast because of the long hearing. Hereupon I sent my answer by the beadle, that I had my dinner already ordered before me, as he saw, and returned thanks to his worship. Thereat the fellow seemed astounded, and answered: Did I not see how well his worship's thoughts are toward me, notwithstanding I had reviled and rebuked him from the pulpit like a Turk. Whatever I did, I should at all events think of my daughter, and yield to his worship's will, for then, peradventure, all might yet have a happy issue. For his worship was not such an uncouth ass as Dr. Consul, and was favourably minded towards me and my child, as becometh an honourable magistrate.

When, after much trouble, I had ridden myself of this audacious fox, I tried to partake of a little refreshment, but I could not swallow anything, saving a little beer. Then began I to think again, whether I should take up my lodging with Conrad Seep, that I might ever be near my child; *item*, whether I had not better give up my poor wandering flock to *M. Vigelio*, the pastor of Beuz, so long as the Lord kept me in the furnace of affliction. After an hour's time, I perceived through the window that an empty carriage came driving up before the castle, into which forthwith the *Amtshauptmann* and *Dn. Consul* stepped, with my little daughter; *item*, the beadle, who got up behind. Then left I all standing and lying, and ran up to the carriage, humbly asking: whither they thought of taking my child? And when I heard that they would go to the Streckelberg, to look after the amber, I besought them that they would take me with them, and suffer me to sit by my child; for who could know, how much longer I might have her to sit with. This request was granted unto me, and on the way the *Amtshauptmann* proposed that I should take up my abode with him in the castle, and eat at his table, as long as I liked, and he would also send some food every day to my little daughter. For he had a Christian heart, and knew very well that we ought to forgive our enemies. I humbly thanked him for this friendship, as did also my little daughter; but we were not so poor yet, as not to be able to keep ourselves. On passing by the water-mill, the godless miller's man again thrust his head out of a hole, and made a wry face at my little daughter. *But, my dear reader, it was ordained that he should be recompensed for it!*

For the *Amtschauptmann* beckoned unto the beadle that he should bring the rascal out, and after he had reproved him for his twofold vile tricks that he had played upon my child, he bade the beadle take the whip from the coachman and to give him fifty lashes, the which, God knows, were not milk and water. He roared at last like an ox, but from the noise of the wheels no one could hear in the mill, and as he pretended not to be able to walk, we let him lie on the ground, and went on our way.

In Uekeritz there was also a great concourse of people as we passed through, but they behaved themselves tolerably quiet, saving one man, who *salvo venia* strutted in the way as he saw us coming.* The beadle again sprang down and ran after him, but could not overtake him, and the rest would not betray him, but declared: that they had only been looking at our carriage and had not noticed it. This may indeed be true! when I trow it might have been Satan himself incarnate, come to mock at us; for mark, for God's sake, what happened unto us in the Streckelberg! Ah, we could not find the place again, where we had dug up the amber, forasmuch as Satan, the wicked enemy, had blinded us. For where we thought it ought to be, there was a great heap of sand, as if drifted together by a tempest, and moreover the fir-twigs, which my little daughter had strewed over it, were gone. She was nigh fainting on seeing this, and wrung her hands and cried out like her Redeemer: "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me!"

* Either perhaps to express his contempt, or from some superstitious motive.

Meanwhile, however, the beadle and the coachman had to dig. But not one piece of amber was found, no, not even as big as a grain of corn ; whereupon *Dn. Consul* shook his head and sharply rebuked my poor child. And when I answered : that that hateful Satan had, as it seemed, filled up the pit for to get us altogether into his power, he made the beadle fetch a long pole out of the bush for to dig yet deeper therewith. Notwithstanding there was nowhere a hard *objectum* to feel ; albeit the *Amtshauptmann*, *Dn. Consul*, and even I myself, in my fear, tried all over with the pole.

Then besought my little daughter the judges to come with her to Coserow, where as yet she had a great deal of amber in her coffer, the which she had found here. For, were all this the work of the devil, then would that also be transformed, forasmuch as she heard that all presents which the devil is wont to give unto witches, forthwith transform themselves into dung or coals.

But, God 'a' mercy, God 'a' mercy ! as we, to my astonishment, arrived again in Coserow, and my little daughter went to her box, all her apparel therein was torn to pieces, and the amber gone. Thereat she cried out so loud as that it might have melted a stone, saying : " that wicked beadle has done this ! for when he took the salve out of the box, he also took the amber from me, wretched maid that I am ! " But the beadle who stood by, seized her by her hair and cried : " thou witch, thou accursed witch, is it not enough that thou speakest evil of my master, wilt thou also bring a false accusation against me ? " Howbeit, *Dn. Consul* interposed, and forbade him to molest her. Item, all her money that she had saved together, from the amber privily sold, which, she trowed, amounted already to 10*Fl.*, was gone.

unto her wedding-day, she stared into the
cried: "Yea, when I shall be burnt, O, Je-
Jesu!"—

Here *Dr. Consul* shuddered and said: "thou ever and anon smitest thyself with words! For God and thy salvation's sake for if thou art without offence, how canst thou that thou shalt burn?"

Howbeit she continued to look him straight the face and began to exclaim in Latin: *quid est innocentia? ubi libido dominatur innocentiæ præsidium est.**

Here *Dr. Consul* again shuddered so that he heard ahook, and spake; "What, knowest thou in troth?" And when I had answered him in troth as well as for sobbing I was able, he bowed his head and said: "never in my life have I

not better return, seeing that night was fast drawing on? But he answered: "No! I must first have the compact-paper* that Satan has given her;" and continued to rummage about all over until it was quite dark. But they found nothing, albeit *Dn. Consul* and the beadle had not spared to search every crack and corner in the kitchen and in the cellar. Thereupon he stepped grumbling into the carriage again, and ordered my little daughter to seat herself so that she could not look at him.

And now we had the same *spectalum* again with that accursed hag, old Lise Kolken, seeing that she sat again before her door as we rode by, and began to sing with all her might: "Thee, O Lord, do we adore!" Howbeit, she squeaked like a stuck calf, so that *Dn. Consul* marvelled at it, and after he had heard who she was, he asked the *Amtshauptmann* whether he would not have her instantly taken up by the beadle and tied to the carriage, to run after it, as we had no room for her. For he had often heard, that all old women that had red gloaring eyes and a pimpled throat were also witches, irrespective of that which *Rea* declares of her of a suspicious nature. But he answered, that he could not do that, because old Lise was a blameless and godly woman, as *Dn. Consul* himself might have heard. Nevertheless he summoned her to appear on the morrow with the rest of the witnesses.

Yea, verily, a pretty godly woman!—for hardly had we got out of the village when such a storm arose accompanied by thunder and lightning, tempest and

* Arising from an erroneous opinion that as man pledges himself to the devil, so also the devil pledges himself to man in writing.

hail-stones, that the corn round about was levelled to the ground, as by a reaper, and the horses in our carriage became affrighted; albeit this was of short duration. Nevertheless my poor little daughter was again obliged to bear the blame thereof;* forasmuch as *Dn. Consul* trowed that not old Lise, (though this was as clear as the sun), but my poor child had caused this storm. For pray tell me of what avail could this have been to her, even had she understood the craft? But this *Dn. Consul* did not see, and that abominable Satan was, by the righteous God, permitted to inflict upon us greater evils still. For no sooner had we come to the *Herrendamm*,† than he came riding over us like an *Aderbar*,‡ and threw down from above a *Pogge*§ with so exact an aim that it fell into my little daughter's lap. She cried out aloud, but I whispered to her to sit still, and that I would privily throw it away with my foot.

But the beadle saw it and cried: "Lord, O Lord! look at that accursed witch; look what the devil has thrown into her lap!" Whereat the *Amtshauptmann* and *Dn. Consul* looked round and found a toad crawling in her lap, the which the beadle first blew at thrice before he took it up and shewed it unto his lords. On seeing this *Dn. Consul* was seized with vomiting, and commanding the coachman, after it was over, to halt, went out of the carriage and said: we should straightway ride home, and, as he felt sick, he would follow on foot,

* For the origin of the like sudden storms was also ascribed to witches.

† So called to this very day, being distant about a quarter of a mile (German) from Coserow.

‡ A stork. § Low German for frog or toad.

and see if thereby he would get the better of it. But before this he whispered privily into the beadle's ear (which we, however, clearly understood,) that as soon as he came home he should forthwith bind my poor child hand and foot, however sorely she might weep and sob.

But the *Amtshauptmann* also had heard what he said, and as we could not see him any longer, he began to stroke my little daughter's cheeks from behind: she might make herself easy, as he also had something to say in the matter, and the beadle should not bind her yet. But then she should cease to demean herself so coldly towards him, as she had done hitherto, and come and sit beside him, that he might give her secret counsel what was to be done. Hereupon she answered, with many tears; she would keep her seat by the side of her father, inasmuch as she did not know how long she might have to sit by him, and she entreated his Worship for this one thing only to let her remain in peace. But this he did not, but pressed her with his knees into her back and sides, and seeing that she patiently endured this, in that she could not do otherwise, he waxed bolder and took this for a good sign.

Meanwhile *Dn. Consul* cried out close behind us: (for being horribly afraid, he trotted close behind the carriage) "Beadle! beadle! come quickly hither; here lieth a hedge-hog in the midst of the way!" whereat the beadle sprang from the carriage.

But this made the *Amtshauptmann* more daring still, and at length my little daughter rose up and said: "Father, we also will go on foot, I can no longer keep myself safe from him behind!" But he pulled her down again by her garment, and cried wrathfully: "wait, thou malicious witch! I'll help thee to go on

foot if thou wilt, for in troth shalt thou this very night be put to the rack!" whereat she answered: "do whatever thou canst not leave undone; the God, that judgeth righteously, will one day also do with thee, what he cannot leave undone!"

In the meantime, however, we arrived at the castle, and hardly had we got out of the carriage, when *Dn. Consul*, who had run himself into a great sweat, also arrived with the beadle, and forthwith delivered over my child into his hands, so that I had hardly time to say farewell to her. Wherefore I remained wringing my hands and standing in the dark on the floor to hearken whither they went, for I had not the courage to follow them, when *Dn. Consul*, who had gone into a room with the *Amtshauptmann*, looked out of the door again, and called after the beadle to bring hither *Ros* once more. And when he had done so, and I went in with her into the room, *Dn. Consul* held a letter in his hand, and after he spat out three times, he began: "Wilt thou still deny, thou hardened witch? Only hearken, what the old knight, Hans von Nienkerken writes to the court!" And herewith he read aloud to us: "that his son is sore grieved touching the thing which the accursed witch had wrought on him, so that from that very hour he had fallen sick, and he, the father, was not a wit better. His son Rudiger, it is true, had at sundry times, when his way led him hitherward, turned in at Pastor Schweidler's, with whom he had become acquainted while on a journey, but wished he might become black, if ever he had sported or played any foolish tricks with that accursed devil, his daughter, much less been on the mount at night-time, and there embraced her."

At such horrible tidings we both dropped down (understand, my daughter and I) fainting together, seeing that we had till then placed our last hope on the younker, and I wot not what further they did with me. For on coming to myself again, the innkeeper, Conrad Seep, stood over me and held a funnel between my teeth, into which he poured some bier-suppe;* never in my life was I more wretched. Whereupon Master Seep had also to take off my clothes for me, like a little child, and carry me to bed.

* A beverage made by boiling beer or ale with spice, sugar and sops of bread.

CHAPTER XX.

Of the maliciousness of the Amtshauptmann and old Elias ; item, of the hearing of the witnesses.

On the morrow my hair, that hitherto was mingled with grey, was as white as snow, albeit in many things the Lord blessed me marvellously. For at break of day there came a nightingale into the elder-bush under my window, and sang so sweetly, that I verily believed it to be a good angel. For after I had listened to it for a while, I found the spirit of prayer and of supplication as it were return to me all at once, as if poured out upon me from on high, for I could again pray, the which I could not since last Sunday. And as the spirit of our Lord Jesus Christ began to cry in my heart: "Abba, father?"* I took good courage thereby; that God would again graciously receive me, his wretched child; and after offering up my thanksgivings unto Him for so many mercies, I after a while enjoyed such a refreshing repose that the blessed sun stood already high in the firmament when I awoke.

While I yet felt this confidence in my heart I raised myself up in bed, and sang with a loud voice: "Fear not thou, O little flock!" etc., whereupon Master Seep entered into the chamber, trowing that I had called him. Howbeit he devoutly waited until I had finished, and after he had first declared his astonishment at my snow-white hair, he informed me that it was already

* Gal. iv, 6.

seven o'clock ; *item*, that half of my parishioners were already assembled here at his house, to appear as witnesses this day, among which number was also my husbandman, Claus Neels. When I heard this I made the tapster send him forthwith to the castle to enquire when the trial would begin ; whereupon he returned with the message that they could not tell him ; forasmuch as *Dn. Consul* had this morning left for Mellen-thin, whither he had gone to old Nienkerken, but had not returned yet. This message cheered my spirits again, and I asked the lad : whether he had also come to bear witness against my poor child ? Thereupon he said : " No ! I know nothing of her but what is good, and verily I should like to let those fellows know it."

At this saying I marvelled greatly, and I very strongly urged him to open his heart to me. But he began to weep and at last said : he knew nothing. Ah, he knew but too much, and might now have saved my poor child, if he would. From fear of the rack he was silent, as he afterwards confessed. And here will I at once insert what had happened to him this morning.

As soon as the cock crew this morning, he came out of his house with his bride alone, who went with him a little way (she is Steffen's daughter, of Zempin ; but understand, not the boor, but the lame gouty Steffen) and arrived at Pudgla by five o'clock, but found no one at the beer-house, save old Lise Kolken, who straightway however waddles off to the castle. And as his bride returned home again, the time seemed long to him and he gat over the tapster's-wall into the castle garden, where he throweth himself beneath a bush upon his belly for to sleep. But not long after cometh the *Amtshauptmann*, with old Lise, and after they had

looked about and saw no one, they went to a bower just before him, and carried on a conversation as follows:

*Ille**.—Now they were both quite alone; what was the thing she desired of him?

Illa†—She came to receive the money for the witchcraft she had wrought in the village.

Ille.—Of what avail was all this witchcraft to him? My little daughter would not be moved nor dismayed, but waxed more stubborn and daring; neither could he believe that he should ever get her for the accomplishment of his purpose.

Illa.—He need only have patience; when once she got a taste of the rack, her copul—desire would soon come on, never fear.

Ille.—That might be possible, but not until then should she have any money?

Illa.—What? Should she do anything to his cattle?

Ille.—Yes if her *podex* was starving, she might do so. In troth, he thought that she had already done something to his own person, seeing that he felt such a burning lust to the priest's daughter, as he had never felt before.

Illa (laughing).—The same thing had he said thirty years hence, when for the first time he made up to her.

Ille.—Fye, thou old slut! don't tell me of this, but only see that thou gettest three witnesses, as I told thee the last time, for if thou dost not, I fear after all they'll stretch thy old lame limbs for thee.

Illa.—She had gotten the three witnesses, and for

* He.

† She.

the rest she relied on him. For if she should be racked, she would disclose every thing that she knew.

Ille.—She might hold her long tongue, and go to the devil.

Ille.—Yes; but first she would have her money.

Ille.—She should get no money until she brought my little daughter to yield to his will.

Ille.—Then should he at least first pay her for the little pig; the which she herself bewitched to death purposely not to get out of favour.

Ille.—Well, she might pick out another, when his swine were breeding, and all she need to say was, that she had paid him for it.

Herewith, said my servant-lad, the swine were already breeding, and one of them ran into the garden, as the gate was open, and seeing that the swine-herd followed after it, they both separated, albeit the witch muttered yet something to herself: "Now help, devil; help that I——;" but more he could not understand.

All this that timorous lad kept secret, as aforesaid, and only said, with tears: he knew nothing. Wherefore I believed him, and seated myself before the window, to look out, when *Dn. Consul* should come home again. And seeing this I arose, and straightway went into the castle, where, in the judgment-hall, the beadle already met me, with my little daughter, that he had brought in. Ah, she looked happier than I had seen her for a long time, and smiled at me with her lovely little mouth; but as she perceived my snow-white hair, she uttered a shriek, so that *Dn. Consul* threw open the court doors, and called out: "Ha, ha! thou surmisest already, I trow, what manner of tidings I bring thee; only come in, thou hardened child of the

devil!" Whereupon we entered, and he began to address himself to me, after he had sat down with *Amthauptmann*, who was then present.

After he had had me conveyed yester-night, dead man, to Master Seep (said he), and restored the hardened child to life again, he had again adjured with all the entreaties in his power no longer to turn unto the living God, but to confess the truth, whereupon, however, she waxed quite wild, wrang her hands, wept and sobbed, and at last answered: that the *Nobilis* could not possibly have said such things, that his father had written this, who is disaffected towards her, as she well marked, when the Swedish was in Coserow. This, her statement, *Dr. Canis* immediately doubted, but, as a righteous judge, together with the *Scriba*, had gone over towards Lenthin, early this morn, in order to examine the youngster.

And now I might judge of myself what a wickedness reigneth in the heart of my child. The old Knight had taken him to the bedside of her who as yet was lying sick with sheer vexation, and had confirmed all things whatsoever the father had written, and cursed the infamous fiend (as he called the child) in that she would rob him of his noble position.—"What sayst thou now," continued he, "thou still deny thy evil deeds? Behold here the *collum*, the which the youngster has subscribed *propria!*"—But the wretched maid had in the time fallen down again, and the beadle no sooner perceived this than he ran into the kitchen and came back with a burning brimstone match, the which he would have put to her nose.

But I forbade him, and sprinkled a pitcher of water over her face, so that she again opened her eyes, and raised herself up whiles holding on a table. Howbeit she now stood a great while without uttering a word or regarding my woefulness; then she began to smile at me, and to speak in this manner: She saw very well how truly saith the Holy Ghost—"Cursed be the man that trusteth in man!"* and the unfaithfulness of the younker towards her would assuredly have broken her heart, if the merciful God had not graciously prevented her and given unto her a dream in the night, which she would recount, not to persuade the judge, but to uplift the hoary head of her poor father.

"After I had been sitting and watching the whole night," said she, "I heard toward the break of day a nightingale singing very sweetly in the castle-garden, whereupon my eyelids closed and I fell asleep. Presently it seemed unto me as if I were a little lamb, and was quietly pasturing in my bleach-yard in Coserow. Then leaped the *Amtshauptmann* over the fence, but transformed himself into a wolf, that took me in his mouth and ran with me up the Streckelberg, where he had his lair. I, poor little lamb, quaked and bleated in vain, and saw death before mine eyes, when he set me down before his lair, where his mate lay with her young. But lo, a hand like unto the hand of a man instantly stretched itself forth out of the bush, and seized the wolves, each one of them with a finger, and shattered them, so that nothing was remaining of them saving a grey powder. Thereupon the hand took me up and carried me again to my pasture."

Dear reader, canst thou conceive how I now felt

* Jer. xvii. 5.

within me, when I heard all this, and also about the sweet nightingale, whence I trow that thou also wilt no longer doubt, that she was a servant of the Most High God. I instantly embraced my dear little daughter with a thousand tears and recounted to her how things had gone with me, and we both gained such courage and confidence as we had never had before, insomuch as *Dr. Consul* greatly marvelled, whiles the *Amtshauptmann* waxed pale as a sheet, when now she went up to the two *Dominas* and spake "Now do ye with me whatsoever ye list; the little lamb feareth none of those things that ye can do, for it standeth upholden by the hand of the Good Shepherd!"

Meanwhile *Dominus Camerarius* entered in with the *Scriba*, but became affrighted as the hem of his garment chanced to touch my little daughter's apron, and stood scraping at his garment, like unto a woman scraping fish. At length, after he had first spat out thrice, he spake unto the judge asking, whether they would not begin to take the oaths from the witnesses, seeing that all the people had long since assembled in the Castle and at the Inn. This proposition was gladly received, and the beadle was ordered to keep my child in ward until the court should send for her.

Wherefore I went with her; howbeit we were sorely tormented by that daring knave, forasmuch as he was not ashamed to lay his arm on my little daughter's shoulder and in *mea presentia* ask a kiss from her. But before I could even utter a word, she tore away from him and cried: "Ay, thou wicked servant, shall I accuse thee unto the judges? hast thou forgotten what thou hast already to answer for?" Whereupon, however, he answered: "Lawk, lawk, how modest!"

and then continued to persuade her that she should be more complying and not forget her own advantage thereby ; for his intentions towards her were as good as his master's, she may believe it or not ; and more of scandalous things, which I overheard. For I took my little daughter on my lap and laid my head on her neck, and thus sate we still and wept.

CHAPTER XXI.

*De confrontations testium.**

When we were called up again the whole court was full of people, and some shuddered as they beheld us; others grinned. My little daughter's declaration was just as before mentioned. But when our old Ilse was called up, that was sitting behind upon a bench, so that we could not see her, all the strength, wherewith the Lord had clothed her, was gone again and she repeated the Saviour's words: "He that eateth bread with me hath lifted up his heel against me,"† and supported herself by holding fast to my chair. Neither could old Ilse stand upright for sorrow of heart, neither again could she utter a word for tearful sobbings, but wrang and writhed before the judges like a woman in travail. But when *Dn. Consul* threatened her that the beadle would soon make her open her lips, she testified that my child had very often arisen in the night season when all men were asleep and loudly called upon the wicked enemy.

Q.—Whether she had heard that Satan answered her.

R.—That she had never heard.

Q.—Whether she had discovered that *Rea* had an evil spirit, and in what form? She should think of her oath and speak the truth.

R.—That she had never discovered.

* Of the confronting of the witnesses. † John xiii. 18.

Q.—Whether she had heard that she has flown out of the chimney?

R.—No, she had always gone privily out of the door.

Q.—Whether in the morning she had never missed a broom-stick, or an oven-fork?

R.—Once she missed her besom, but she found it again behind the baking-oven, and it might be that she herself had set it there in thoughtlessness.

Q.—Whether she had never heard that *Rea* had had some doings with witchcraft, or bewitched this or that person?

R.—No, never; but her thoughts and wishes towards her neighbours were only for good continually; also in the sore famine she had taken the last bit out of her own mouth and given it unto others.

Q.—Whether then she had no knowledge also of this salve that had been found in *Rea's* coffer?

R.—O yes, the young mistress had brought it home with her from Wolgast, wherewith to rub her skin; she had also given her some thereof, when once she had chapped hands, and it had cured them famously.

Q.—Whether she had anything else yet to say?

R.—No, nothing; saving all good things.

Hereupon my servant-lad, Claus Neels, was called up. The same also came forward weeping, but answered all questions with—"No!" and at last testified that he had never seen nor heard anything wrong of my little daughter, neither was he aware of her walking out at night, seeing that he slept in the stable with the horses, and assuredly believed that malicious people (whereby he looked at old Lise) had brought about this heart-rending mischievous work, and that she was quite innocent.

When now the turn came to this old tool of the Devil, to perform the part of a principal witness, my little daughter again declared that she would not accept the testimony of that old Lise, and called upon the court for justice, for that from a child she had borne a hatred against her, and had been longer decried as a witch than she had herself.

But that old hag cried: "God forgive thee thy sins! all the village knoweth me to be a godly woman, fearing and serving my God as becometh me!" Whereupon she called upon old Zuter Witthahn and my warden, Claus Bulk, who were also to bear witness unto her. But old Paasch stood and shook his head; howbeit when my dear daughter said: "Paasch, wherefore shakest thou thine head?" he started and answered: "Oh! nothing!"

But *Dn. Consul* seeing this, asked him: whether he had any naughtiness to bring forward against old Lise, for then he should give glory unto God and confess it; *item*, every one was at liberty to do so; yea, the court commanded him to speak, if he knew aught.

But for fear of that old dragon they all remained as still as mice, so that one could hear a fly buzzing about the inkstand. Then I, wretched man that I am, arose and stretched forth my arms over my timorous and dismayed flock, and said: can you crucify me thus with my poor child? Have I deserved this at your hands? Speak then!—ah! will no one speak? Howbeit I heard some howl, but never a one speak, and now my poor little daughter saw nothing left for her but patiently to endure.

Moreover, so great was the wickedness of that old hag that she not only accused my child of the most

horrible deeds of witchcraft, but declared even to know the exact time when she had given herself up to that hateful Satan, whereby to rob her at the same time of her virgin fame ; seeing that she maintained, that at that time Satan doubtless had taken her virginity from her, when she could no longer heal the cattle ; but they had died. Howbeit, to this my dear daughter said nothing, but only cast down her eyes and blushed at such lewdness, and to the other railing accusations, which that wretch vented with many tears, namely : that she had delivered her husband alive into the hands of Satan—she answered as afore-mentioned. But when the hag came to speak of her fresh baptism in the sea, and pretended that she had been seeking strawberries among the bushes, whereupon she forthwith recognised my little daughter's voice, and had come up softly un-awares to her and thus discovered the devil's-work—she interrupted her smiling, and answered : “ ay, thou wicked woman, how could'st thou hear my voice on the top of the mount in the wood, when I spake by the sea-shore ? Verily thou liest : for the murmuring of the waves rendered it impossible for thee ! ” This vexed the old dragon, and wishing to mend the matter, she made it still worse, by saying : “ surely thou didst move thy lips as I could see, and thence have I concluded that thou didst call upon the devil, thy paramour.”

My dear daughter instantly replied : “ O thou godless woman, thou sayest that thou wast in the wood when thou heardest my voice ; how then couldest thou see in the wood whether I was moving my lips near the water below or not ? ”

Such contradiction also astounded *Dn. Consul*, and

he began to threaten the old hag that after all, her end would be the rack if she brought forward such lies, whereat she answered and said: "see then if I lie!" When she went naked into the water she had no mark yet about her body, whereas when she came out of the water again, I saw that she had a mark between her breast of the size of a *Witten*,* whence I judged that the devil must have given her it; albeit I did not see him about her, nor any other spirit or child of man, but it seemed that she was quite alone.

Hereupon the *Amtschauptmann* sprang from his seat and cried: that this thing should be examined; whereat *Dn. Consul* answered: yea, but not by us, but by two honourable women; for he regarded not my daughter saying: that it was a mole, and that she had it from the day of her birth. Wherefore the beadle's wife came, into whose ear *Dn. Consul* whispered something, and as no entreaties nor weeping availed, my little daughter was obliged to go with her. Howbeit this was granted unto her: that Lise Kolken should not follow her, as she in troth wanted, but our maid, old Ilse. And in my grief I also went with them, forasmuch as I did not know what the women would do with her. She wept bitterly as they took off her clothes, and held her hand before her eyes for shame.

Ah, God! she was just as white about her body as my blessed wife, now in heaven, while that in her youth, as far as I can remember, she looked quite yellow, and I saw to my astonishment the spot between her breasts, of the which I had before known nothing. But presently she shrieked out violently and sprang back,

* A silver sixpence.

seeing that the beadle's wife, when nobody perceived, had thrust a needle into the spot, so that the red blood ran over her breasts. Thereat my wrath was mightily kindled within me and I rebuked the woman, who defended herself by saying : that she had done according to the injunction of the judge,* as verily it was the case. For when we came into the court again, and the *Amtshauptmann* asked how the matter stood, she testified that there certainly was a mark found there of the size of a *Gulden*,† and looking yellow, but that there was feeling in it, for that *Rea* had cried out aloud when she had pricked it unawares. In the meantime however, *Dn. Camerarius* suddenly sprang up and went to my little daughter and lifted up her eyelids, whereupon he began to tremble and exclaimed : " behold here the mark which is ever infallible ! " ‡ whereupon all the judges sprang up and inspected the little spot which showed itself under the right eyelid that had proceeded from a sty, but which no one would believe. *Dn. Consul* then said : " Behold, Satan has marked thee both on body and soul ; and notwithstanding thou continuest to lie unto the Holy Ghost ; but it will avail thee nothing, and thou only makest thy condemnation to be the sorer ! O, thou shameless woman, wilt thou not receive old Lise's witness, neither the witness of these people who have all heard thee on the mount calling on thy lover, the devil, whereupon he appeared unto thee as a hairy giant, and hugged thee and kissed thee ?

* It was supposed that such like spots on witches *then* were indubitable marks of the devil when they had *no* feeling ; and this procedure was adopted with every person suspected of witchcraft.

† A silver coin value from 1s. 6d. to 2s.

‡ See among others *Delrio disquisit. magicæ* lib. V. Tit. xiv. 63.

Hereupon old Paasch, Witthahn, and Zuter, came forward and testified that this happened at midnight, and that they would live and die with this confession on their lips. Old Lise had roused them on Saturday night by 11 o'clock, put before them a pot of beer, and persuaded them secretly to go after the priest's daughter for to see what she was doing on the mount. That at first they refused to go, but in order to get at the bottom of the work of witchcraft going forward in the village they had at length, after offering up a devout prayer, consented and followed her in God's name.


They were not long before they saw the witch through the bushes in the moonlight, where she seemed as if she were digging, and talked loud in a strange language, whereupon the grim arch-fiend suddenly appeared and clasped her round the neck. Then they ran away with horror and dismay, and with the help of Almighty God, in whom they ever trusted, were also happily preserved and protected from the power of the wicked enemy. For albeit, he had looked about after them, when it rustled in the bush, nevertheless he was not suffered to harm them.

At length it was also interpreted as a *Crimen* against my poor daughter, that she had fainted when she was led away from Coserow towards Pudgla, and again no one would believe her that this arose from grievous vexation at old Lise's singing, and not from an evil conscience as the judge given it out.

Now, when all the witnesses were examined, *Dn. Consul* asked her yet: whether she had caused the storm; *item*, what was the meaning of the frog that had fallen into her lap; *item*, the hedge-hog that was lying before him in the way? Whereupon she

answered: that she had done the one as little as she knew about the other; but at this *Dn. Consul* again shook his head, and finally asked her: If she would have an Advocate, or commit every thing to the best judgment of the court? whereupon she answered: that she by all means desired to have an Advocate. Wherefore I sent my servant-lad, *Claus Neels*, on the morrow to Wolgast to fetch the *Syndicus* Michelsen, who was a pious man, and with whom I put up at sundry times when I rode to the town, forasmuch as he courteously invited me.

I must yet observe that my old Ilse now returned into our service, for after the witnesses were gone away she remained yet alone in the court, and came up to me earnestly entreating me that she might be allowed to attend again on her old master, and her dear young mistress. For now she had saved her poor soul, and revealed everything that she knew. Wherefore she could no longer endure to see her old family in such a sad state, not having even a mouthful to eat, seeing that she heard that old Seep's wife, that hitherto made ready the food for me and my Child, had often let the grits burn; *item*, oversalted the fish and other food. Also, that I was so weak with old age and trouble, that I must have succour, and that she would faithfully render such unto me, and would even sleep in the stable, if needs be. As for wages, she desired none, would I only not reject her. Such goodness of heart melted my little daughter even unto tears, and she said unto me: "Lo, father, the good among the people are already coming to us again, would the good angels then forsake us for ever?" "I thank thee, old Ilse, yea, verily thou shalt make ready my food for



me, and even bring it unto me to the prison;
thou mayest not go any further, and then
what the beadle doeth therewith, hearest thou.

This the maid promised to do, and from thence
she took up her night's lodging in the stable.
God reward her at the judgment day for what
she hath done for me and my poor child!

CHAPTER XXII.

How the Syndicus Dn. Michelsen arrived, and ordered his defence for my poor little daughter.

On the morrow about three o'clock in the afternoon came Dn. Syndicus riding in his chariot, and alighted at my inn. He had a great sack of books with him; albeit he was not so friendly as I was wont to see him before, but looked grave and reserved. And when he saluted me in my room, and asked how it was possible for such a calamity to befall my child, I recounted to him the whole of the procedures, whereat, however, he only shook his head. On my question, whether he was minded to go to my daughter this day, he answered: No! but that he would first study the acts. After that he had partaken of a little wild duck, the which my old Ilse had roasted for him, he lingered not awhile but straightway went to the castle, from whence he did not return until the following afternoon. But he was not more friendly then than he was at his arrival, and I followed him sighing, when he invited me now to go with him to my little daughter. As we entered with the beadle, and I for the first time saw my poor child, who in all her life had never harmed the smallest worm, fettered in chains before me, I verily could have again given up the Ghost for bitter sorrow of heart. Howbeit she smiled, and called to Dn. Syndicus: "Art thou that angel who will deliver me from my bonds as

aforetime *St. Petrus*!"* whereat he replied with a sigh "God Almighty grant it!" And as there was no other chair in the prison (the which was a filthy and stinking hole, more full of wood lice than I had ever seen in my life), than the one she sat on against the wall, *Dn. Syndicus*, and I, seated ourselves upon her bed, which on my entreaty they suffered her to have, and he charged the beadle now to go about his business until he should call for him. Hereupon he asked my little daughter what she would bring forward for her defence, and she had not got far, when, by the shadow that moved at the door, I concluded some one must be standing before the same. Wherefore I hastily went to the door which stood half open, and hit upon the audacious beadle, who had kept standing there to listen. This so vexed *Dn. Syndicus*, that he took up his stick to give him a farewell remembrance; but the arch-knave speedily ran away as soon as he perceived this. My little daughter embraced this opportunity to inform her *Dn. Defensori* what she had endured of this rude fellow, and that another jailor ought to be given unto her, forasmuch as he in the last night had come to her with wicked intentions, so that she at last cried out aloud, and struck him on the head with her chains, whereupon he at length departed from her. This *Dn. Syndicus* promised to attend to, but as touching her defence, which she now proceeded with he thought that it would be better if no further mention was made of the *impeturi* which the *Antshauptmann* tried upon her chastity. "For," said he, "as the princely high court of justice in Wolgast has to pass judgment upon thee, hence such declarations would injure thee more than profit thee seeing that the *Princess* of the same is a cousin of

* Acts xii. 7.

† black.

the *Amtshauptmann*, and frequently converses with him whiles hunting together. Add to this, that thou as one accused of so great a crime, hast no *fidem*, especially as thou canst not raise any witnesses against him. Wherefore it never would be thought right against thee that thou shouldst confirm such declarations in the *Urgicht**, as from which to deliver thee by my defence, I have come hither. Such reasons at last appeared to us reasonable, and we resolved to leave all revenge to that Almighty God who hath said: "Vengeance is mine, I will repay,"† to Him who seeth in secret, and to whom alone we would pour out our complaints, seeing that we could not do so unto men. But whatsoever things else my little daughter declared of old Lise; *item*, in the good repute in which she formerly stood with every one—all this he would note down on paper, and add as much of his own and as forcibly as he could, in order to deliver her from the torture, with the help of Almighty God. She should only keep herself at peace, and commit herself unto Him. Within two days he hoped to be ready with his defence, so as to be able to read it to her. When he now again called the beadle, he did not come, but sent his wife to lock the prison doors, and I took my farewell of my child with many tears, whiles *Dn. Syndicus*, in the meantime rebuked her impertinent old man, and told her what had happened, that she might tell him again. Howbeit he once more sent away the woman, and then went back again, saying: he had quite forgotten to ask the question, whether in troth she understood Latin. Wherefore she should just once try to repeat her de-

* Confession on the rack.

† Rom. xii. 19.

fence in Latin if she could. And now she began to carry on the same for a quarter of an hour and above, insomuch that not only *Dr. Syndicus*, but I myself marvelled at her, seeing that she was not short-coming, nay, not so much even as a single little word, saving the word "hedge-hog," which for the moment, troth, neither of us knew when she asked us for it. *Summa*: *Dr. Syndicus* waxed more friendly in a great measure when she ended her oration, and took leave of her with the promise forthwith to set about his work.

From that time I did not see his face again until ten o'clock on the morn of the third day, seeing that he was working in a room in the castle, the which the *Amthauptmann* had given up to him, wherein he had also eaten, as he had sent me word by old Ilse, when on the morrow she brought unto him his breakfast.

But at the above mentioned time he sent for me by the new beadle, who had already arrived from Usedom at his intercession. For the *Amthauptmann* had waxed exceedingly wrath, when he heard that daring fellow had attempted my child in prison, and exclaimed in his anger: "Zounds, I'll teach thee to carce!" wherupon he soundly scourged his back till it turned black and blue, so that she would now have some peace from him, I trow.

Howbeit the new beadle was almost worse than the old one, as alas, we shall soon hear. He was called Master Köppner, and was a tall fellow with a cruel countenance, and so great a mouth, that at every word he spoke the spittle ran out at the sides and clave to his long beard like soap lather, insomuch that my little daughter dreaded the very sight of him. Also at every occasion he did as if he laughed one to scorn, as was

the case when he opened the prison doors for us, and saw my poor child sitting in her misery. Howbeit he went his way forthwith even unasked, whereupon *Dn. Syndicus* drew his defence out of his pocket in order to read it to us. And hereof we have only retained the principal clauses, which I will here mention, albeit we have forgotten most of the *Autores*.

1. He began: that my daughter had hitherto been in good repute, as not only the whole village, but my servants testified, *ergo*, she cannot be a witch, for as much as the Saviour hath said: "a good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit."—(Matt. vii.)

2. As touching the witchcraft in the village, such might well have been wrought by old Lise, seeing that she bore a hatred toward *Rea*, and had long been evil reported, and that the people of the parish were not willing to declare the truth only for fear of this old witch. Wherefore Zuter's little maid must of necessity be examined yet, forasmuch as she had heard that her own wedded husband said to old Lise: she had an evil spirit, and that he would tell it unto the priest. For albeit the same was as yet a child, it is nevertheless written, (Psalm viii.) "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength," and the Saviour himself had appealed unto the testimony of such children.—Matt. xxi.

3. Hence old Lise might well also have bewitched the piece of land; *item*, the fruit-trees, seeing that it could not be admitted, that *Rea*, who hitherto had manifested herself as a dutiful child, should have bewitched her own father's corn, or conjured up caterpillars for him; for the Scripture saith, "No man can serve two masters," Matt. vi. 24.

4. *Item*, she might in like manner have been the green-speck (wood-pecker) that *Rea* and old Pansch met in the Streckelberg, and for fear of the priest herself delivered her own wedded husband to the wicked enemy, considering how Spitzel taught *de expugnatione Orci*; *item*, the *malleus maleficarum** placed it beyond doubt that the accursed children of Satan oftentimes transformed themselves into all manner of beasts, no less than that hateful fiend himself had done even in paradise, where he beguiled our first parents under the similitude of a serpent. (Gen. iii.)

5. Hence might old Lise also have raised the storm when *Dn. Consul* was coming with *Rea* from the Streckelberg; inasmuch as it was impossible for this to have been *Rea*, seeing that she was sitting in the carriage; and the witches, whenever they raise a storm, always stand in water and throw the same backwards over their heads; *item*, beat the stones soundly with a stick as Haunold maintains. Whence she may also best know about the frog and the hedge-hog.

6. It hath been erroneously interpreted as a *crimen* of *Rea* which must necessarily redound to her justification, namely—her sudden wealth. For the *malleus maleficarum* says expressly that a witch never waxeth rich, but that Satan to dishonour God always buyeth them at a dead bargain, that they might not by such riches bewray themselves* but as *Rea* had waxed

* The celebrated code of laws for trials of witches by Innocentius VIII. that appeared 1489, and which prescribed the course of procedure to be observed in the trials of witches.

* The original words of the code Tom. I. quaest 18, on the question: *cur maleficae non ditentur* run thus: *ut juxta complacentiam daemonis in contumelian creatoris, quantum possibile est, pro vilissimo pretio emantur, et secundo, ne in divitiis notentur.*

rich, she could not have gotten her property by the accursed arch-fiend, but verily found the amber in the mount. That the vein, however, was not to be found might likewise have been done by the witchcraft of old Lise, or the sea also might have washed over the foot of the mount as had often been the case, so as to have filled up the place, thus a mere *miraculum naturale* had happened. The proof which he brought forward from Scripture we have forgotten, as it was not particularly striking.

7. As touching her fresh baptism, the old slut had said herself that she had not seen either the devil or any spirit or man about *Rea*, wherefore she may well have bathed naturally for to greet the Swedish king on the morrow, seeing that it was hot weather, and such a thing is not contrary to the modesty of a virgin.

For that any one could see her she would have as little suspected as Bath-sheba the daughter of Eliam, the wife of Uriah the Hittite, who had also bathed, as is written, ii. *Sam.* xi. 2, 3, without knowing that David saw her. Neither can her mole be a mark of Satan forasmuch as there was a feeling in it, *ergo*, it was a natural mark, and false that she had not had it before she bathed. Moreover that the old doxy was not to be trusted in this point, as she the while had contradicted herself time after time, as the *Acta* say.

8. *Item*, the witchcraft with Paasch's little maid cannot in like manner be justly imputed to *Rea*. For, as old Lise had also been going in and out of the room, yea, had seated herself upon the little maid's belly, when the Pastor visited her, this wicked woman, who ever bore great hatred and ill will toward *Rea* might well and truly by permission of the righteous God have

wrought this work of witchcraft through the power of the evil one. "For Satan is a liar, and the father of it," as our Lord Christ said John viii. 44.

9. Now as touching the spectre of the hateful reprobate, who appeared on the mount in the form of a hairy giant, this certainly would be the most ponderous *Gravamen*, inasmuch as not only old Lise, but also three witnesses of good report had seen her. But who could tell whether old Lise had not also called up this devil's spectre for the utter destruction of her enemy. For albeit the younker had not been this ghost, as *Rea* declared, nevertheless it was very possible that she had not spoken falsely, but regarded Satan, who had assumed the form of the younker, for the same. *Exemplum*, are even recorded in Scripture. For all the *Theologi* of the united Protestant churches agreed in this, that the apparition which the witch of Endor shewed unto King Saul had not been Samuel in troth, but that hateful Satan. Nevertheless Saul had taken him for Samuel. Thus may that old hag in like manner have called up that accursed devil, without that she perceived it was not the younker, but Satan, who had only assumed the form of the younker to lead her astray. For as *Rea* is a fair woman, it was not to be wondered that the devil should give himself more trouble about her than for an old withered doxy, seeing that he had ever lusted after fair women to lie with him. (Gen. vi. 2.)

Finally, he offered: that *Rea* was not even marked as a witch, having neither a crooked nose nor gloaring eyes; whilst old Lise had both, which *Theophrastus Paracelsus* declares as an infallable characteristic of a witch, saying, "nature never marks any man thus except it be a miscreate; and these are the main marks

of witches when the spirit *Astendens* has overcome them."

When *Dn. Syndicus* had finished with his defence my little daughter was so rejoiced that she would kiss his hand; but he drew back his hand and blew thrice over it, so that we could easily suppose that even he himself was not in earnest with this defence. Whence also he immediately broke off sullenly, commending her to the protection of the Most High, and beseeching me not to detain him any longer, as he would return home this very day, the which alas I was obliged to do.

CHAPTER XXIII.

How my poor little daughter is to be laid on the rack.

After the *Acta* had been sent in to the High Court of Justice it lasted well nigh unto fourteen days before that an answer came. And his Worship the *Amthauptmann* was particularly friendly toward me; granted me also, as the court had broken up, that I could see my little daughter as often as I desired; whence I was most of the day about her. And when the beadle waxed tired of waiting so long for me, I gave him a *Trink-geld*, and made him lock me up with my child. Also the merciful God was gracious unto us, in that He inclined our hearts to frequent prayer. For we again had a strong hope, and thought that the affliction we had seen, would soon have passed over and the grim wolf would get his reward if an honorable court would look into the *Acta* and listen to the excellent defence which *Dn. Syndicus* had prepared for my child. Whence I began to cheer up again, specially when I saw that my little daughter's cheeks were waxing lovely red. However on Thursday, the 28th, *Meusis Augusti* about noon, the ministers of justice again returned to the Castle court, as I after my wise was again sitting in prison with my child and old Ilse brought us our food, who, however could not tell us these tidings for tears. But the great beadle looked in at the door and cried: "Ho, ho, now they are here;

now the tickling, I trow, will begin" whereat my poor child shuddered, albeit, more at the fellow than at the tidings. And hardly had he gone away, when he returned to take off her fetters and to fetch her. Wherefore I followed her into the Hall where *Dn. Consul* read aloud the sentence of a worthy court, that she should once more be questioned by conciliatory means touching the framed articles, and should she remain stubborn, she was to be subjected to the tortures of the rack, for the defence brought forward does not clear away, but there were *indicia legitima, vragnantia et sufficientia ad torturam ipsam**—as :

1. *Mala fama*†

2. *Maleficium, publice commissum*‡

3. *Apparitio Daemonis in monte*||

Whereat the High worthy Court cited *circa 20 Auctores*, whereof however we remember little. When *Dn. Consul* had read this to my little daughter, he again began to exhort her with many words, that she would of her own free will confess, for the truth would now surely be brought to light.

Hereupon she steadfastly answered: that albeit she had verily hoped for a better judgment from the defence of *Dn. Syndicus*; nevertheless, seeing that it pleaseth God to try and to prove her yet more sorely, she would commit herself wholly into His gracious hand; and that she could not confess otherwise than she had done before, namely, that she was innocent, and that wicked men had brought her into this trouble. Hereupon *Dn. Consul* beckoned unto the beadle, who, from a

* Lawful, preponderating, and sufficient grounds for the rack.

† Evil report. ‡ Witchcraft publicly committed.

|| The appearance of the devil on the mount.

side room, let *Pastorem Benzensem** enter in his surplice, the same being appointed by the court to exhort and admonish her the better out of God's word. The same groaned deeply and spake: "Maria, Maria, how must I see thee again!" whereupon she began to weep very bitterly and again to protest her innocence. But he took no heed of her wailings and lamentations, but after he had made her pray the "*Paternoster*;"† "the eyes of all wait upon thee," and "God the father with us be," he began to show forth unto her the abomination with which the living God looks down upon all witches, seeing that they were condemned to the judgment of hell-fire, not only in the Old Testament, but the Holy Ghost in the New Testament also plainly declared: Gal. v: "that no workers of witchcraft shall inherit the kingdom of heaven," but: "shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death."—(Rev. xxi.) Wherefore, knowing this, she ought not to be rebellious, neither impute the fault unto the court, if she were thus tormented, for all this was done from Christian charity, and to save her poor soul. Then should she for God and her salvation's sake no longer put off her repentance, cause her body to be tortured, and give up her poor soul unto Satan, who would after all not give her in hell what he had promised here upon earth; for, "he was a murderer from the beginning and the father of lies."—(John viii.)

"O, Maria," exclaimed he, "my dear child, thou who hast so often sat upon my knee, and for whom I now every morning and every evening cry unto my God, wilt thou have no pity on thyself and on me,

* The minister of Benz, a village situate not far from Pudgla.

† The Lord's prayer.

then have thou pity on thy righteous father, whom I cannot look upon for tears, seeing that his hair hath waxed white as snow in so few days, and save thy soul, my child, and confess! Behold thy heavenly Father sorroweth at this time over thee no less than thine earthly father, yea, even the holy angels cover their eyes before thee, that thou, who wast once their dear little sister, hast now become a sister and bride of that hideous Satan. Wherefore turn thee and repent! Thy Saviour calleth unto thee, his wandering lamb, this day to return to his fold. Should not she be loosed, who verily is a daughter of Abraham, from the bonds with which Satan has bound her?—saith his gracious word, Luke xiii; *item*, “return, thou backsliding daughter of Israel, and I will not cause mine anger to fall upon thee; for I am merciful and will not keep anger for ever; only acknowledge thine iniquity.” Jer. iii.—“Return then, thou backsliding soul, unto the Lord thy God!”—That God, who heard the penitent prayer of an idolatrous Manasseh; for, “when he was in affliction he besought the Lord his God and humbled himself greatly before the God of his fathers and prayed unto him, he was entreated of him and heard his supplication.”—2 Chron. xxxiii. 12, 13. “He who had graciously received the exorcists at Ephesus, at the hand of Paul.”—Acts xix. The same merciful God calleth unto thee now, as aforetime to the angels, (that is, the ministers) of the churches of Ephesus: “Remember therefore from whence thou art fallen, and repent.”—Rev. ii. Oh, Maria, Maria, remember from whence thou art fallen, my little daughter, and repent!”

When hereupon he was silent, it lasted a very long time before, for tears and sobbings, she could bring

forth even the least word, till at length she answered : " If lies are not less an abomination unto God, than witchcraft, then neither dare I lie, but must for God's sake protest, as I have ever protested, that I am innocent."

Hereat the anger of the *Dn. Consul* kindled within him and his countenance fell with sore displeasure, and he asked the great beadle, whether all things were ready ; *item*, the women at hand for to strip *Ros* ? whereupon he answered in his wise, laughing : " Ay, ay, I am always ready and at hand, and, troth, shall not be far off and missing to-day. I'll tickle her confession out of her, ne'er fear !"

After he had said this, *Dn. Consul* turned himself to my little daughter again and spake : " Thou art a stupid thing, and knowest not the torture that awaiteth thee, therefore it is that thou art and remainest stubborn. But now follow me into the torture-chamber that the executioner may shew thee the instrument, if haply thou mightest change thy mind, when once thou hast seen the purport of the rack.

Hereupon he led the way into another apartment and the beadle followed him with my child. Howbeit when I would go after them, *Pastor Benzensis* held me fast and conjured me with many tears, not to do this thing but to remain here. But I hearkened not unto him, but tore myself from him, and swore at the same time that as long as I had a vein and a sinew in my poor body, I would not leave my child. Then I went into the other room and from thence down into a cellar were the torture-chamber was, but in the which there was no window, so that no man might hear the cries of the tortured from without. Wherefore two torches

were already burning here, when I entered, and albeit *Dn. Consul* would at first thrust me back, he was at length moved to compassion and suffered me to remain.

And now this hellish hound, the beadle, stepped forth and showed my poor child with fiendish joy, first the rack, saying: "See, thereupon wilt thou first be laid and thy hands and feet be bound. Then thou gettest the thumb-screws fastened on, wherefrom the blood will instantly squirt out from thy finger-ends, as thou mayest see it, yet red with the blood of the old woman, Gust Biehlk, who was burnt a year ago and would not confess at first. Wilt thou then not confess, then I'll put thee on the Spanish boots, and should they be too large for thee, then I'll knock a wedge in for thee, so that the calf from behind cometh to be before, and the blood the while shooteth out of thy feet as if thou wert pressing bramble-berries through a bag."

"Wilt thou then not confess—holla!" he now roared and kicked with his foot against a door behind him so that the whole vault shook again, and my poor child fell upon her knees with horrible dread. Not long after two women brought a caldron in which glowing pitch and brimstone bubbled; then the hellish dog bade them set the caldron upon the ground, pulled forth from under his red mantle, that he had about him, a *Flederwish* * whereout he pulled about six quills and then dipped the same into the glowing brimstone. After this was done and he had holden it for a time in the caldron, he threw them upon the ground, whereupon they moved to and fro, and spirted the brimstone out again. He then again called unto my poor child

* A goose-wing, used for dusting among the common people in the place of a hand-broom.

"behold! these feathers will I then throw upon thy white loins and forthwith the glowing brimstone will eat up thy flesh to the bones, that thou mayst get a foretaste of the pleasures of the hell that awaiteth thee."

As he had spoken thus much with scornful laughter, I was suddenly seized with great indignation, so that I sprang forth from the corner, where I had supported my limbs by clinging to an old cask and cried: "O thou hell-hound, speakest thou this of thine own self, or have others bidden thee do it;" for which however the fellow gave me a thrust on my breast, so that I fell back against the wall, and *Dr. Consul* cried out in great rage; "Old fool, seeing thou wouldest by all means remain here, then let my beadle alone, otherwise I'll soon have thee turned out of the room. What the beadle has said, is his duty, and thus will it be done unto thy daughter, if she does not confess, and it might be supposed that the hellish-fiend would give her something against the torture."*

Hereupon the hell-hound turned himself again to my poor little daughter and said, without taking any further notice of me, than laughing at me in the face: "See, when now thy wool has been taken off thee,—ho, ho, ho,—then I'll draw thee by these two rings below unto the earth, and above unto the ceiling on high, and stretch thine arms out and bind them above unto

* It was erroneously supposed, that, when the witch endured the torture with uncommon patience, or moreover fell asleep by it, as it often mysteriously happened, the devil had given them this insensibility through an Amulet, (a sort of physical composition or charm to wear about the person, as a preservative against plague, poison, enchantment, or to remove diseases etc.) which they kept concealed about some private parts of their body. See Zedler's Universal-lexicon, vol. 44. under the article Torture.

the roof; then I'll take these two torches and hold them under thy shoulders, so that thy skin forthwith waxeth like unto a sward of bacon, that hath been hanging in the smoke. Then thy hellish lover will no longer succour thee, and thou'lt confess the truth I'll promise thee. Now then thou hast seen and heard all what in the name of God and the judicial authority I'll do with thee.

Now *Dn. Consul* again came forward and exhorted her again to confess the truth. But as she remained firm to her declaration, he delivered her up unto the women that brought the caldron, that they should strip her as naked as she had come into the world and then put on her the black torture-shirt, and then once more lead her up the stairs barefooted before the worthy court. But as one of those women was the *Amts-hauptmann's* stewardess (the other was the beadle's wife) my little daughter said that she would not suffer herself to be touched saving by honourable women, and not by that stewardess; and *Dn. Consul* should send for her maid who was no doubt yet sitting in prison reading her bible, if so be that he knew of no woman of good report in the neighbourhood. Hereupon the stewardess began to give way to her tongue, and to rail and to revile her shamefully; but this *Dn. Consul* forbade, and my little daughter said: that she hoped he would indulge her in this matter also and only send the daring beadle's wife for to bring the maid hither from prison. After he had given his orders he took hold of me by the arm and entreated me so much to go up with him, for no harm should yet be done to my little daughter, till I consented thereunto.

But not long afterwards she herself came up bare-

footed, and in the black vesture of those condemned to the rack, with the two women, albeit so pale, that I myself hardly knew her again. The abominable beadle, however, who went close behind her, seized her by the hand and placed her before the honourable court.

This being done the exhortations again began, and *Dn. Consul* said: she should only look down upon the brown spots on the vesture. These were yet the blood-stains of the old woman Biehlk; wherefore she should consider that in a few minutes her own blood would gush forth through it.

Hereupon, however, she answered: "I will consider this, nevertheless I hope that my faithful Saviour, who subjects me to this torture, will in like manner also help me to bear it, as he did the holy martyrs. For if they with God's help have overcome the torments in true faith, which the blind heathen inflicted on them, then shall I also overcome the torments which blind heathens inflict on me, who feign to be Christian, but are more cruel than those of old. For the ancient heathens verily have caused holy virgins to be torn to pieces by furious beasts; but ye, who have the new commandment: '*that ye love one another as your Saviour has loved you, that by this all men may know that ye are his disciples,*'* ye yourselves would act the part of those ferocious beasts and rend alive the body of an innocent virgin, who is your sister and has never done you any harm. Then do whatsoever ye list, according as ye will have to answer for it before your Highest Judge. Again, I say: the little lamb feareth none of

* John xiii., 34, 35.

those things that ye can do, for it is in the hands of the good and faithful shepherd."

When my unparalleled child had thus spoken, *Dn. Consul* arose and took off his black cap, that he always wore, as his hair upon his scalp had already fallen off, bowed also before the judges, and spake: "Be it known to the Honourable Court that the confession on the rack of the hardened and blaspheming witch, Maria Schweidler, is now about to commence, In the name of God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen!"

Hereupon all the judges arose, save the *Amtshauptmann*, who had before already arisen, and walked to and fro in the court. Howbeit, I do not remember a word more of all that now followed, and I myself did; nevertheless I will faithfully record it according as my little daughter and other *testes* have informed me. And their testimony speaketh on this wise:

When *Dn. Consul* after those words had taken up the hour-glass that stood upon the table, and walked off foremost, I was determined to go with him, whereupon first *Pastor Benzensis* implored me with many words and tears to desist from my purpose, but as it availed nothing, my little daughter herself then stroked my cheeks and said: "Father, have ye verily read that the holy virgin was present, witnessing the scourging of her innocent son? Wherefore then go ye also now aside. But this will I promise ye, ye shall stand by my funeral pile, as the holy virgin stood under the cross, but now go, go, for ye'll not be able to bear it, neither shall I!—"

But seeing that this also was unavailing *Dn. Consul* commanded the beadle to take me by force and lock me

up in a room; whereupon, however, I tore myself away, fell at his feet, and conjured him by the wounds of Jesus Christ that he would not rend me away from my dear little daughter. Such favour and kindness I promised him I should never forget, but pray for him day and night, yea even intercede for him with God and his holy angels at the last judgment-day if he would suffer me to go with her. Also that I would keep myself quite still, and not say a single word, but go with her I must, etc.

This so moved the good man to compassion, that he burst out into tears, and so trembled with commiseration for me, that the hour-glass dropped out of his hand and rolled to the *Amtshauptmann's* feet, as if our blessed God had given him a sign unto himself, that his would soon run down. And well did he understand it; for he waxed pale like chalk as he took it up and restored it unto *Dn. Consul*. He at length relented, saying: that this day would make him ten years older, but commanded the beadle, who also went with them, to take me away, if I should make an uproar amidst the torture. And now the judges descended, albeit without the *Amtshauptmann*, who said, that his head ached, and he believed that his old *malum*, the gout, was coming on again, whence he retired into an adjoining room.

Below in the cell the beadies in the first place brought tables and chairs; whereupon the judges seated themselves, and *Dn. Consul* also pushed a chair to me; howbeit I did not sit down, but had thrown myself upon my knees in a corner. This being done, those awful exhortations again began, but as my little daughter, like unto her innocent Saviour, answered

her unrighteous judges never a word, *Dn. Consul* arose and commanded the tall beadle to put her on the rack forthwith.

She trembled like unto an aspen leaf as he was binding her hand and foot, and when now he was about tying an old dirty and filthy cloth, wherein he had carried fish, as my maid had seen, and whereon the bright scales were yet sticking by handfuls about her lovely little eyes, I had perceived it and took off my silk neckerchief, praying he would take this, the which also he did. Hereupon the thumb screws were fastened on her, and she was asked again kindly ; but she only shook her blinded head, and with her dying Saviour cried with a loud voice : *Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani*, and then in Greek : *Θεέ μου Θεέ μου ἵνα τί με ἐγκατέλιπες** Thereupon *Dn. Consul* started back and crossed himself (for not understanding Greek he believed, as he afterward himself confessed, that she had called upon the devil to help her), and now cried with a loud voice unto the beadle : SCREW !

But when I heard this, I gave such a dreadful shriek, that all the vault trembled again ; whereupon my poor child, dying with agony and despair, as she recognized my voice, first moved her fettered hands and feet, like a lamb upon the slaughter-bench, that is about to expire, and then cried : "unloose me, and I will confess all that ye list." This so greatly rejoiced *Dn. Consul*, that, while the beadle was unloosing her, he fell upon his knees, and thanked God that he had delivered him from this trouble. Howbeit, no sooner was my child unloosed, and had put off her thorn-crown (to wit, my

* *That is to say : My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me ? Matthew xxvii. 46.*

silk neckerchief), when she sprang down from the rack, and rushed upon me, who, as a dead man, was lying in a deep swoon, in a corner.

This sorely vexed the honourable judges; and, after the two beadles had carried me away, *Res* was exhorted to make her confession, as she had promised. But she, being too weak to stand upon her legs, (and, albeit *Dn. Camerarius* had grumbled,) *Dn. Consul*, notwithstanding, gave her a chair, upon which she seated herself. And these were the principal questions which, as *Dn. Consul* said, were put to her, by command of the judges, and taken *ad protocollum*:

Q.—Whether she could bewitch?

R.—Yes, she could bewitch.

Q.—Who had taught her this?

R.—Accursed Satan himself.

Q.—How many devils had she?

R.—She had enough of one.

Q.—What was the name of that devil?

Illa (reflecting).—His name was DISIDAEMONIA.*

Hereupon *Dn. Consul* shuddered, and said, that must be a very awful devil, as he had never heard such a name before in all his life. She must spell it, that the *Scriba* might not make an error; which verily she did, and then he continued as follows:

Q.—In what form he had appeared unto her.

R.—In the form of the *Amtshauptmann*, oftentimes also in the similitude of a buck with grim horns.

Q.—Whether and where Satan had re-baptised her?

R.—In the sea.

Q.—What name he had given her.

* In Greek, and according to the pronunciation of Erasmus, DEISIDAIMONIA, i. e., bigotry —What a wonderful woman!

R.—*

Q.—Whether any of her neighbours had been present on her baptism, and who they were ?

Here my incomparable child raised her little eyes toward heaven, remained silent awhile, as if she was considering whether she should give in the name of old Lise, or not, and at length said : No !

Q.—She must have had sponsors ! Who were they, and what did they put into her *Pathen-brief*.†

R.—There were only spirits present, whence also old Lise had not seen anything, when she had come up to the baptism.

Q.—Whether the devil had been living‡ with her ?

R.—She had never lived with any one, saving her father.

Q. She doubtless would not understand. Whether she had not committed fornication with that hateful Satan, and had fleshly intercourse with him ?

Here she so blushed with shame, that she held her eyes closed with both her hands, and then began to weep and to sob, and as after many questions she gave no utterance to her voice, she was exhorted to speak the truth, or upon the failure thereof, the executioner should lift her again upon the rack. Howbeit she at length said “no !” which however the honourable judges did not believe, but gave her up to the executioner again, whereupon she answered “yes !”

* This name cannot possibly be deciphered in the manuscript.

† A kind of paper, printed with symbols, &c., in which the present for a god-child is put at its christening.

‡ The word rendered *living* here, *beiwohnen*, has a twofold signification, implying also to *cohabit* with.

Q.* — — —

R. That she no longer could recollect.

Q. Whether she had become *gravidatus* by the devil, or begotten an oaf, and in what form?

R. No that had never happened.

Q. Whether the evil spirit had not given her some mark or sign about her body, and where?

R. The mole the honourable judges had already seen

Now all the witchcraft in the village was brought up again, which she confessed. Howbeit she would not acknowledge any thing touching Seden's death; *item*, about the little Paasch, her sickness, as lastly, that with the power of the wicked enemy she had cut down my field, and made caterpillars to come forth in my orchard. And, albeit, she was again threatened with the rack, and the executioner was obliged to lay her upon the bench, and put on the thumb-screws, whiles feigning to be in earnest, she nevertheless remained firm, and said: wherefore would ye torture me, seeing that I have confessed far more heinous crimes than these are, which it will not save my life if I deny.

This verily the honourable judges at last perceived, and caused her to be taken off the rack, specially as she has confessed the *articulum principalum*,† that Satan hath verily and truly appeared unto her as a giant, on the mount. Howbeit, of the weather and the frog, *item*, the hedge-hog, no further mention was made, forasmuch as the honourable court itself had seen the folly, I trow, of believing that she could have conjured

* This horrible question I can only give in Latin: "*numse mea Daemonis calidum fuerit aut frigidum.*" This question in fact occurs in all trials of witchcraft, and is, mysteriously, always answered with *frigidum*.

† The principal article.

up the storm while she was calmly sitting in the carriage. Finally, she yet prayed, that they would grant unto her, that whensoever she should be brought to suffer death, she might do so in the same garment that she had on when she saluted the Swedish King; *item*, to grant unto her wretched father that he might go with her to the pile, and to stand by, at what time soever she should be burned, as, in troth, she had promised him in the presence of the honorable court.

Thereupon she was again delivered up unto the tall beadle, who received the charge to put her into another and a worse prison. Howbeit, ere he had gone out of the room with her, the *Amtshauptmann's* bastard, that he had begotten of the housekeeper, came down into the cell with a drum, drumming as hard as he could, and crying: "Come to the goose-roasting! come to the goose-roasting!" so that *Dn. Consul's* wrath was kindled thereat, and he ran after him. Howbeit he was not able to catch him, for that he well knew all the ins and outs of this the cellar. And, doubtless, the Lord sent me into this swoon, that I might not have to feel this fresh sorrow of heart. Wherefore, to Him alone be the glory. Amen

CHAPTER XXIV.

How the devil taketh old Las Kelken in my presence.

When I had come to myself again after my afore-
swoon the tapster's wife stood over me with my
maid, and poured some *bier-suppe* down my thro-
at. That faithful old woman cried aloud for joy, wh-
again I opened mine eyes, and then recounted to m-
on my enquiry that my little daughter did not let h-
self be racked again, but had freely confessed her in-
quity, and given herself out for a witch. Such tidin-
were almost refreshing unto me in my state of woefu-
ness, seeing that I regarded the fire a less punishme-
than the rack. But when I would begin to pray,
found I could not rightly; whereat I again fell in
great sadness and doubtings, and believed that th-
Holy Ghost had turned away his face utterly from m-
wretched man that I am. And albeit the old mai-
when she perceived this, placed herself by my bed, an-
sought to stir up my spirit unto prayer, in that sh-
began to pray first; it was nevertheless of no ava-
and I was and remained a hardened sinner. Notwith-
standing, the Lord had compassion on me, withou-
any merit and worthiness of my own; forasmuch as
soon fell into a profound sleep, and did not wake aga-
until the next morn, about the time the prayer-bel-
were ringing, when I could again pray, yea and eve-
exult in my heart at this grace of God. Then my se-
vant-lad, Claus Neels, entered in at the door and r-

counted that he had come yesterday to report unto me as touching my oats, for that he had now gathered in all, and the beadle that went to take old Lise Kolken, by orders of the High Court, as he gave it out, had also come with him. And thereat all the village was rejoiced; but *Rea* also had sung and jubileed, and on the way said to them and the beadle, (for the beadle had allowed her to get up a little behind) this will be a pretty thing for the *Amtshauptmann*. Let her only once come before the court, then troth she'll never fear to open her lips and speak out plainly, and everybody shall marvel at what she'll bring forward. Such a court, verily, was something ridiculous to her, and she proudly railed *salva venia* against the whole fraternity, etc.

When I heard this I again formed a strong hope and arose for to go to old Lise. Howbeit, I had not quite finished putting on my clothes, when she herself even sent the insolent beadle, praying that I would come to her with all speed, and administer the sacrament unto her, forasmuch as she had waxed very weak this night. I thought much about it to myself and followed the beadle in haste, albeit not to administer the sacrament as every one may easily guess. But I, old weak man, forgot to take witnesses with me at the same time. For all the bitter sorrows that I had hitherto endured had so beclouded my senses, that none of these things ever entered my thoughts. The villainous beadle only followed me, and further we shall hear, how this knave had sold himself, body and soul, unto Satan, to sacrifice my child, when he might have saved her. For when he opened the prison (it was the same hole where my little daughter had

hitherto been sitting) saw we old Lise lying upon the earth on a bundle of straw, and a besom for her pillow (as if thereon she would now ride down into hell, as she no longer could ride thereupon to the Blocksberg) so that I shuddered when I got sight of her.

And scarcely had I entered when she fearfully cried out: "I am a witch, I am a witch, have compassion on me and quickly give me the sacrament, and verily I will confess all unto you!" And when I called unto her "confess then!" she said that she herself had wrought all the witchcraft in the village with the *Amtshauptmann*, and that my little child was as innocent of it as the sun in the firmament of heaven. Howbeit the *Amtshauptmann* was most guilty, seeing that he was a witch-priest, and had a much stronger spirit than she, which is called *Dudaim*,* and had this night given her a thrust in the neck, so that she never could recover from it again. The same spirit it was that had trodden down the field; covered over the amber, wrought the tempest; cast the frog upon my little daughter's lap; *item*, carried off her old wedded husband from thence through the air.

* This remarkable word occurs in Gen. xxx., 15, (in the Hebrew and also in Luther's version, but in the English under the term *mandrake*) as the name of a plant exciting female procreation. commentators, however, have at all times differed in their opinions respecting the essence and nature of it. The LXX render it by *mandragoras*, and it has been understood by the most authentic ancient and modern divines as the mandrake-root, so notorious in the history of witchcraft. Moreover, strange to say, the devils always assume Christian names; whence the spirit of old Lise was soon afterwards called *Stoffer*, i. e. Christopher.

And when I asked how that could have been possible as the old man had almost to his very end been a child of God, and greatly delighted in prayer, albeit, I had wondered that suddenly in his last sickness he had gotten other thoughts, she answered: that he had one day seen her spirit, which she had in her box in the shape of a black cat and was called Stoffer, and as he threatened to tell these things unto me she became afraid, and she had caused him to be made so sick by her spirit, that he despaired of his recovery. Then had she beguiled him with the fair hope that she would forthwith heal him again of his sickness if he would renounce God, who could not help him, as he well saw. This he had promised to do, and as she had quickly made him hearty again, they had both gone down with the silver, that I had scraped off for him from the communion cup, at midnight to the strand, where he had to throw it into the sea with those words: "as little as this silver will come again to its cup as little may my soul come to God;" whereupon the *Amtshauptmann* that had also been there baptized him in the name of Satan, and called him Hans. Witnesses he had none excepting me, (that is to say, old Lise) alone. But when on the eve of St. John's, he was for the first time with them on the *Blocksberg*, (howbeit it was the *Herrenberg** their *Blocksberg*) they had been talking

* A hill near Coserow. In almost every trial of witchcraft hills of this kind are mentioned near the residence of the persons concerned in it, where the devil on the night of *Walpurgis*,† and St. John's day feasts, dances and carries on all manner of lewdness with them; the witch-priests also practising the Satanic Sacraments, being a mimicry of the Divine.

† Walpurgis is a female Saint to whom the 1st May is dedicated.

of my little daughter, and Satan himself had sworn unto the *Amtshauptmann* that he should have her. He would let the old one (by which the wretch meant God) see what he could do, and the carpenter's-lad's courage should sink into his hose for vexation, (fie, thou arch wicked one, to speak thus of my Redeemer!) Hereat the old man murmured, and as she had never rightly trusted him, the spirit *Dudaim* one day carried him through the air at the bidding of the *Amtshauptmann*, because her spirit, called *Stoffer*, had been too weak to carry him. The same *Dudaim* was the very wood-pecker that had attracted first my little daughter and then old *Paasch* with its cry for to ruin her. Howbeit the giant that appeared on the *Streckelberg* was no devil, but as her spirit, *Stoffer* said, the younker, of *Mellenthin* himself.

And all this, said she, was the perfect truth, whereupon she would live and die. Wherefore she entreated me for God's sake, that I would have compassion upon her, and on this her penitent confession, grant her absolution from her sins, and administer the sacrament unto her, for the spirit stood at the *oven* there and laughed like a knave now that it was all over with her. But I answered: "I would liever administer the sacrament to an old cow than to thee, thou accursed witch, who hast not only delivered up thine own wedded husband into the hands of Satan, but tortured me and my poor child to death with the pains of hell." But before that she could answer me, it came to pass, that a worm about a finger's length, and yellow at the tail, came crawling in at the prison-door. When she saw this, she raised a shriek, the like whereof I never before heard, neither wish to hear again. For, when in the

days of my youth I saw in Silesia how a hostile soldier speared a child in the presence of its mother, I thought that was a dreadful shriek that the mother raised; but this shriek was a mere nothing compared with the shriek of old Lise. All my hair stood on end, as also her red hair waxed as stiff as the brushwood of the besom she was lying on. *Item*, she roared in like manner: "that is the spirit *Dudaim*, which the accursed *Amtshauptmann* sendeth me—the sacrament!—for God's sake the sacrament—I have a great deal more that I wish to confess yet—I have been a witch these thirty years!—the sacrament, the sacrament!" Thus roaring she struck about her with hands and feet, because that the nasty worm raised itself, hummed and drummed about her where she lay, so that it was horrible to look upon and to hear. And this fiendish woman called upon God, then upon her spirit Stoffer, and soon upon me to come to her help, till the worm all at once ran down her open jaws, whereupon she instantly gave up the ghost, and became black and blue like unto a bramble-berry.

Thereupon I heard nothing more, than that the window jingled, albeit not very hard, but as if a pea had been thrown against it; whence I could readily conclude that Satan had passed through it with her soul. Oh, may the merciful God preserve every mother's child from such an end, for Jesus Christ our blessed Lord and Saviour's sake. Amen!

After I had come to myself again a little, which albeit was not till sometime after, forasmuch as my blood had chilled into ice and my feet were like stone, I began to call out for the rascally beadle, who, however, was no longer in the prison. Thereat I won-

dered, for that I had but shortly before seen him, ere the worm came, whence I instantly had forebodings of no good. And so verily it was. For when, on my calling, he at last came in, and I said: he should let the carcase be carried upon a barrow, that she had perished in the name of the devil, he feigned to be quite astounded; and when I gave him to understand that I should expect him to bear witness of my daughter's innocence, which the old hag had confessed upon her death-bed, he feigned to be yet the more astounded, and said: that he had not heard anything. This went into my heart like a sword, and I fell against a pillar outside, where methinks I must have stood a long while. But on coming to myself again I went to *Dn. Consul*, who was about departing for Usedom, and sat already in the carriage. On my humble supplication, however, he came again into the private court chamber with the *Camerario* and *Scriba*. Then recounted I unto them everything that had come to pass, and how that the wicked beadle denied having also heard it. In my warmth, however, I had spoken a good deal of confused stuff, and among other things said: that the little fishes had all come swimming to my little daughter into the cellar, for to deliver her. Nevertheless, *Dn. Consul*, who oftentimes shook his head, sent for the impudent beadle and asked him for his testimony. But the fellow said that he had gone away the moment he heard that old Lise wished to confess, that he might not be snarled at again; wherefore he had not heard anything. Hereupon I, as *Dn. Consul* afterwards told the Pastor of Benz, had clenched my fists and answered: "What! thou arch knave, didst thou not creep about the room like a worm?" Hence, regarding me as a

madman, he would not listen to me any longer, neither take an oath from the beadle, but left me standing in the room and stepped into his carriage again.

Neither wot I how I had come out; and on the morrow, when the sun arose, and I was laying in my bed, at Master Seep's, the tapster, the whole *casus*, seemed to me like a dream. Neither could I rise, but was constrained to lie still all the blessed Saturday and Sunday, when I talked and raved much in my sleep; and not until Sunday, toward the going down of the sun, when I had began to vomit, and brought up green gall, (no wonder!) did it get any better with me. About that time *Pastor Benzensis* came to my bed-side, and told me how wildly I had acted, but he so refreshed me, through the word of God, that I could pray rightly again from my heart, for which I hope the merciful God will reward him in the day of judgment. For prayer is almost as hearty a comforter as the Holy Ghost himself, from whom it cometh; and I am convinced, that so long as a man can pray, he cannot be in the uttermost distress, though even "his flesh and his heart should fail."—Psalm lxxiii. verse 25.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

How Satan sifteth me as wheat, but my little daughter firmly resisteth him.

On Monday, I arose in good time from my couch, and as I felt myself somewhat hearty again, I went into the castle, if haply I might get to see my little daughter. Howbeit I could not find any beadle, for whom I had taken a few *Schreckensbergers*,* as a *Biergeld*. All the folk that I met, would not tell me where she was, neither, *item*, the insolent beadle's wife, that stood in the kitchen, making match-threads. And when I asked her: when her husband would return? she thought, perchance, not before the morrow morn; neither, *item*, would the other beadle come back any sooner. Then bescught I her that she would herself lead me to my little daughter, shewing her the while the two *Schreckensbergers*; but she answered, that she had not the keys, neither did she know how to get them. In like manner she pretended not to know where my little daughter's ward now was, that I might have spoken to her through the door. *Item*, the cook, the forester, and whoever else I met in my trouble, said, they wist not in what hole the witch might be sitting.

Wherefore I went all round the castle, and laid my ear against every little window, that seemed to me

* An ancient Saxon silver coin with the effigy of an angel, in value about four-pence.

likely to be her window, and called : “ Maria, my dear daughter, where art thou ? ” *item*, wheresoever I found a lattice, I fell upon my knees, bowed down my head, and called in like manner into the cellars. Nevertheless all was in vain ; nowhere received I an answer. This the *Amtshauptmann* at last saw, and came up to me, with a very friendly mien, from out of the castle, and took hold of me by the hand, and asked me what I desired ? And when I answered him : that I had not seen my only child since the by-gone Thursday, and that he should be merciful unto me, and suffer me to be led to her, he said : that that was impossible, nevertheless I should come with him to his own room, to speak further on the matter. On the way, he said ; “ that the old hag, I trow, has told you some pretty things about me, but you see how the Almighty God hath taken her away in his righteous judgment. She has long since been ripe for the fire, but my great longsuffering, wherein a good magistrate must ever strive to imitate the example of the Lord, hath overlooked it hitherto ; and now, in thanks thereof, she clamoured against me, and spread such evil reports.” And when I rejoined : “ how knoweth his worship that that old witch hath spread such a rumour ? ” he first began to stammer, and then said : “ aye, verily, you yourself have informed the judge thereof, but, nevertheless, I am not angry against you, but God in heaven knoweth that my bowels are moved with compassion towards you, poor weak old man, and would willingly and gladly help you, if I could. Meanwhile he led me up four or five stairs, so that I, old man, at last could no longer follow him, and stood still gasping for breath. But he took me by the hand, and said :

"only come, I must first shew you how matters stand, for, otherwise, you will not after all accept of my help, as I fear, but plunge yourself into destruction."

And now we came upon the roof of the castle, whence one looketh over the water, when the villain proceeded to speak thus: "Rev. Abraham, can you see well at a distance?" and when I said: that "formerly I could, but that the many tears might have dimmed my eyes," he pointed to the Streckelberg and said: "See you nought there?"

Ego. Nought saving a little black spot, but what it is I cannot discern.

Ille. Then know of a surety that this is the pile whereon your child is to be burned the morrow at ten o'clock and which the beadles are now preparing!

When the hell-hound said this, I uttered a loud shriek, and fell as if lifeless to the ground. "Ah, thou blessed God, I wot not how I recovered from this shock with life, but thou thyself didst strengthen me beyond the power of nature, that after so much howling and weeping thou mightest overwhelm me again with joy; for hadst thou not vouchsafed unto me thy gracious succour, I verily believe it would have been impossible to surmount such tribulations; wherefore to thy name be ascribed everlasting praise and glory, () thou God of Israel. Amen!"

When I came to myself again, I lay upon a bed in a splendid apartment, and felt a taste in my mouth as of wine; but seeing only the *Amtshauptmann* near me with a pitcher in his hand, I shuddered and closed my eyes again to consider what I should do and say. Howbeit he soon perceived this and spake: "do not shudder so; my intents and purposes towards you are for good;

wherefore I will put a question to you, which ye shall answer me on your conscience as a priest. "Say **x** Father Abraham which is the greater sin: to commit fornication, or take the life of two men?" And when I answered him "to take the life of two men!" he continued, "aye, now see, this very thing will your stubborn child do! rather than give herself up to me, who was ever willing to save her, and can do it, even this very day, notwithstanding her funeral pile is already prepared, she will take her own life and not even save that of her unhappy father; for I verily believe that you will hardly overcome this affliction. Wherefore, for Heaven's sake, persuade her to come to a better consideration of the matter, as long as it is yet in my power to rescue her. "Behold, I have a little house about two miles hence, situate in the midst of the forest, whither no man can come; thither will I have her brought this very night, and there may you abide with her all the days of your life; if it pleaseth you, you shall have of the best of the land, and all things whatsoever your heart lusteth after, and on the morrow in the morning will I cause an outcry to be made: that the witch hath run away in the night with her father, and no man knew whither she had escaped."

Thus spake the serpent to me, as to our grandmother Eve of old, and to me wretched sinner it verily seemed as if the tree of death, which he shewed unto me, was tree of life, thus lovely and pleasant was it to look upon. Nevertheless I answered: "This my little daughter will never do, and give up the salvation of her soul to save her life." But even then again "the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field," understand—me, old fool, especially,) and said: "Aye,

who sayeth then, that she should give up the salvation of her soul? Rev. Abraham, must I teach you the scripture? Did not our Lord Christ graciously receive *Mariam Magdalenam*, who verily lived in open fornication, and proclaimed forgiveness of sins to the poor adulteress, who verily had committed a far greater *crimen*; yea, saith not St. Paul plainly, that Rahab the harlot was saved.—Heb. xi.; *item*, St. James ii., the same thing? But where do you read, that a man has been saved who hath taken his own life and that of his father wittingly? Wherefore, for God's sake, persuade your child, that in the hardness of her heart she may not willingly give herself up body and soul unto the devil, but consent to be delivered whiles there is yet time. Behold, you can remain with her, and by prayer obtain pardon for whatsoever sins she may commit, and be ready likewise with your counsel to me, who gladly confess, that I am a poor sinner, and have grievously afflicted you; howbeit, (by a long way) not so grievously, Rev. Abraham, as David did *Uriae*, who, notwithstanding, was saved though he had shamefully taken the life of the man and afterward lay with his wife. Wherefore, I, poor man, also hope to be saved, who, if it be possible, have a yet greater lust after your daughter than this David after Bathsheba, and gladly will I recompense you doubly for ail, when once only we get into the hut."

As the tempter spake this, his words seemed unto me sweeter than honey, and I answered: "Ah, your Worship, I am ashamed to appear before her with such a proposal;" whereupon he instantly said: "then write it to her; come, here is paper, pen, and ink!"

Then took I, like Eve, of the fruit, and did eat, and

gave it to my little daughter, that she also should eat; I would say I recapitulated everything on the paper that Satan suggested to me, albeit in Latin, for that I was ashamed to write it in German, and conjured her in conclusion not to sacrifice her own life and mine, but to submit to God's wondrous appointments. Neither were mine eyes open whiles I was eating, (i.e., writing), nor perceived I, that not honey, but gall was under the ink; moreover I translated the purport thereof to the *Amtshauptmann*, even smiling like a drunken man, (forasmuch as he understood not Latin) whereupon he tapped me on the shoulder, and after I had sealed the letter with his signet, he called his gamekeeper, and gave it to him to carry to my little daughter; *item*, he sent paper, pen, and ink, together with the signet, that she might answer me directly.

In the mean time he was very pleasant to talk with; commended me and my child, and ever and anon I was obliged to pledge him out of his great tankard, wherein he had a very delicious wine; then went he to a closet, and handed me some sweet cakes, to eat with the wine, saying: thus should I have it from henceforth, even all the days of my life. But when, after about half-an-hour, the gamekeeper returned with her answer, and I had read it, it came to pass that mine eyes were opened at once, and I knew how to discern between good and evil. Had I had a fig-leaf, surely I would in like manner have covered my shame therewith, but, as it was, I held my hand before me, and wept so bitterly, that the *Amtshauptmann's* wrath sorely kindled against me, and he commanded me, with an oath, to tell him what she had written. Wherefore I interpreted the letter to him; which I here insert, that

men may learn, therefore, my foolishness, and my little daughter's wisdom. The same runneth thus;*

IESVS!

Pater infelix!

Ego cras non magis pallebo rogum aspectura, et rogos non magis erubescet, me suscipiens, quam pallui et iterum erubescui, literas tuas legens. Quid? et te pium patrem, pium servum Domini, ita Satanas sollicitavit, ut communionem gacias cum inimicis meis et non intelligas: in tali vita esse mortem, et in tali morte vitam? Scilicet si clementissimus Deus Mariae Magdalenae aliisque ignovit, ignovit, quia resipiscerent ob carnis debilitatem, et non iterum peccarent. Et ego peccarem cum quavis destatione carnis et non semel, sed iterum atque iterum sine reversione usque ad mortem? Quomodo clementissimus Deus hoc sceleratissima ignoscere posset? infelix pater! recordare, quid mihi dixisti de sanctis Martyribus et virginibus Domini, quae omnes mallent vitam quam pudicitiam perdere. His et ego sequar, et sponsus meus, Jesus Christus, et mihi, miserae, ut spero, coranam aeternam dabit, quamvis cum non minus offendi ob debilitatem carnis ut Maria, et me sontem declaravi, cum insons sum. Fac igitur, ut valeas et ora pro me apud Deum et non apud

* It is evidently written by a female hand, and most probably the original hand-writing. But there seems to be no mark of any sealing-wax, or wafer, about it; whence I should suppose that it had been delivered open; which indeed might have been very safely done, on account of its foreign contents. Besides, I purposely leave the few grammatical errors that it contains standing as they are, as every correction of this gem would appear to me as an act of treason on the character of this incomparable woman.

Satanam, ut et ego mox coram Deo pro te orare possim.

MARIA S.,
Captiva.*

When the *Amtshauptmann* heard this, he threw down the pitcher that he yet held in his hand, with such force, that it broke, and cried out: that accursed devil! well, the beadle shall make her pipe for a whole hour for

*TRANSLATION.

JESU!

My unhappy father!

I shall not turn more pale to-morrow when at point to behold the pile, nor will the pile blush more fiery red on receiving me than did I, pale and then red again, on reading thy letter. What? thou—even thou—a loving father and loving servant of the Lord—so ensnared by Satan as to make common cause with mine enemies! not conceiving that there is death in such a life, and life in such a death? Of a truth, if God in his great pity did pardon Mary Magdalene and others, he pardoned them, for that they repented the weakness of the flesh, and sinned not again. And wouldest thou that I, howsoever detesting the flesh, should sin, and that not once only, but again and again, without return even until death? How should God—even the most pitiful—pardon mine utter wretchedness in this? Call to mind, O my unhappy father, remember what thou hast told me of the holy martyrs and virgins of the Lord—how they all had liefer forfeit life than purity. Them will I follow, and Jesus Christ, my Spouse, will vouchsafe, as I hope, an everlasting crown even to a wretch like me; albeit I have offended him through weakness of the flesh, no less than did Mary; and have avouched me guilty, when I am guiltless.

Take good heed to thy health, and pray for me, unto God and not unto the Evil One, that I soon may be likewise able in the presence of God to pray for thee.

MARIA S.
In bonds.

that! and many other things that he spake in wrath, and that I have forgotten. Howbeit, he soon seemed pleasant again, and said: "She is foolish, go yourself to her, if peradventure you may persuade her to your, and her own advantage; my forester shall let you in; and if the fellow should listen, then instantly give him a couple of boxes on the ear, in my name; do you hear, father Abraham! Go quickly, and bring me back an answer, as soon as possible!" So then I followed the forester, who lead me into a cellar, whereinto as much light fell from a hole, as about the size of a *Gulden*,* and where my little daughter sat upon her bed, and wept; and it may easily be supposed, that I too forthwith began, and could do nothing else. Thus lay we for a long while mute in each other's arms, till I at last asked her forgiveness, on account of my letter; but of the *Amtshauptmann's* proposal, I told her nothing, as was my purpose from the first. But it lasted not long, when we heard him calling down from the top of the cellar himself: "what (here he cursed and swore horribly) are you doing so long there? This moment come up Rev. Abraham!" so that I had scarcely time to give her a kiss, when the forester was already at hand with his keys, and we were obliged to separate, albeit we had not spoken of any thing, saving what I had briefly recounted to her of what had happened to old Lise. And scarcely could one believe with what furious wrath the *Amtshauptmann* was filled, when I told him: my little daughter remained steadfast and immoveable, and would give no ear unto him. He pushed me on the breast, and cried: "then go to the devil, thou infernal priest!" And, as I turned to go away, he dragged me back again, and said: "now mark, if thou sayest one

* Or an English Shilling.

word of all our doings, lo, then I'll have thee burnt likewise, thou gray old witch begetter, whereupon I took courage unto myself, and answered: "that, that would be a great pleasure to me, especially if that could be done on the morrow along with my little daughter!" howbeit he answered never a word, but clapped the door to after me. Aye, clap away; the righteous God, I fear, will one day also clap the door of the kingdom of heaven in thy face!

CHAPTER XXVI.

How I, with my little daughter, and the old maid, partake of the Holy Sacrament, and how she thereupon is taken, for the last time, with the drawn sword and loud outcries to the judgment seat, to receive her sentence.

Now methinks every one would judge, that in that grievous night of Tuesday I had not closed an eye; but, dear reader, here seest thou that "the Lord is able to do exceeding abundantly, above all that we can ask or think, and His mercies are new every morning." For about dawn I very quietly fell asleep, as if I had no care pressing on my heart. And when I awoke, I could again pray more heartily than I had been able to do for a long time, so that in all my tribulation I wept for joy at this grace of the Lord. Howbeit, I now prayed for nothing but that he would vouchsafe power and strength unto my little daughter to endure the martyrdom, that he had appointed unto her, with Christian patience, and at the same time give me, wretched man that I am, such a sting of pain in my heart by his angel, when I should see my dear little daughter burning, that it would thenceforth cease to beat, and I be able to follow her. While I was yet upon my knees praying, entered the maid in her black attire, with my little lamb's silken robe over her arm, and proclaimed with many tears: that the arme *Sunder-glocklien* of the castle tower had already tolled for the first time; also my little daughter had sent for her to

dress her; for that the judges had already arrived from Usedom, and that in two hours she would have to take her last farewell. In like manner she charged her by the messenger, saying: that she should bring with her some little flowers, of a blue and yellow colour, for a wreath; wherefore she asked what flowers she should take. Now as there was a pot of fire-lilies and blue forget-me-not's standing at the window, which she had put in yesterday, I said: "thou canst pluck no better flowers for her than these be; wherefore take them unto her, and tell her, that I will come after thee ere the clock striketh the half-hour, to partake of the sacrament with her." Hereupon the faithful old woman prayed that she might be allowed to go with me and be a partaker of the sacrament also, the which I promised her. And scarcely had I dressed myself and put on my surplice, when *Pastor Benzensis* also entered the door, and in silence fell on my neck and wept. On regaining his speech, he recounted a great *miraculum* (i. e. *Dæmonis*) that took place at the burial of old Lise. For when the bearers were about letting down the coffin into the grave, there arose such a loud noise in the same, as if a joiner was boring into a piece of fir timber. Whence they believed that the old witch was coming to life again, and opened the coffin. But she lay as before, brown and blue in colour, and cold as ice; nevertheless her eyes had opened, so that every man was affrighted, expecting a devil's-spectre, and verily soon after a living rat sprang out of the coffin, and ran into a dead man's skull that was lying by the side of the grave. Now all the people ran away, forasmuch as old Lise had ever been evil reported, until he himself went to the grave again,

whereupon the rat vanished, and then the rest took courage again. So did the man relate unto me, and one may readily guess that this was in troth Satan, that had run down the jaws of the old hag, and taken the form of a rat; albeit, I marvel what he could have been doing so long in the carcass, except it be that evil spirits love whatsoever things are filthy, as much as the angels of God whatsoever things are pure and lovely. Be this however as it may; *Summa*: I was not a little dismayed at his report, and enquired of him what he now thought of the *Amtshauptmann*? Hereat he shrugged his shoulders and said: "He, as long as he could remember, had ever been a vile fellow, neither had he received his dues from him for the last ten years; but that he was a wizard, as old Lise said, he did not believe. For albeit he had never yet joined the table of the Lord with him; he had nevertheless heard, that in Stettin he had oftentimes gone up with His princely Grace, the Duke, which the court-chaplain there himself had proved to him by his communion-book. Hence he could not possibly believe that he would plunge my little daughter innocently into destruction, as that hag said. Moreover my little daughter had even of her own will given herself out for a witch."— Hereupon I answered: that she had done it from fear of the torture: otherwise, as concerning her death, she dreadeth not the same; whereupon I informed him, with many sighs, how the *Amtshauptmann* had yesterday tempted me, miserable and unbelieving servant, to evil; that I was nigh minded to sell my only child to him and to Satan, and was not worthy to receive the sacrament this day; but how my dear little daughter had a much stronger faith than I.

which he might see from her letter, that I had yet in my pocket. Then I gave it into his hands, and after he had read it, he sighed, and said: "were it possible, I could sink into the earth for anguish!—but come, come, my brother, that I myself may behold her faith."

And now we went towards the castle; howbeit on the way upon the grassy hill before the forester's house; *item*, around the castle, all was full of people already, which as yet kept themselves quiet as we passed by. Then announced we ourselves again to the forester (his name I have never been able to remember for he was a Pole, albeit not the same man, that my little daughter was to have wedded, and whom the *Amtshauptmann* had driven away) who, troth, forthwith conducted us into a fine large apartment whither my little daughter had already been fetched from prison. The maid also had dressed her, and she was as fair to look upon as an angel. She had the golden chain with the miniature likeness of the King again about her neck; *item*, the wreath in her hair, and smiled as we entered, saying: "I am ready!"—Hereat, however, *Rev. Martinus* was affrighted and spake: "aye, thou godless woman; let no man henceforth speak unto me of thine innocence! Thou wilt go to the sacrament and afterward to death, and thou paradest about as a child of the world that trotteth about in the ball-room?"

Hereupon she answered: "Blame me not *Herr Pate* (godfather) that, in the same dress that I lately appeared before the kind Swedish King, I also wish to appear in the presence of my kind Heavenly King. This strengthens my weak and timorous flesh, seeing that I hope, that the faithful Saviour will also take me

to his heart and hang his image around me, when humbly I stretch forth my hands to him, and repeat my *carmen* to him, namely: "O Lamb of God, innocently slain upon the tree of the cross, give me thy peace, O Jesu!"

This moved my dear brother with compassion and he said: "ah, my daughter, my daughter, I would be angry with thee, and lo, thou constrainest me to weep with thee; art thou then innocent?"

"Yes!" answered she, "to you *Herr Pate* I may venture to say it; I am truly innocent, so God help me in my last anguish, through Jesus Christ. Amen."

When the maid heard this, she shrieked out so loud that I repented of having taken her with me, and we all had enough to do in comforting her out of the word of God, till she became somewhat quiet again. And when this was over, my dear brother said: "if thou so strongly avouchest thine innocence, I must first inform the court thereof on my priestly conscience:" and he would have rushed out of the door.

But she held him fast and fell to the ground and clung to his feet and said: "I implore you for Jesu's wounds' sake, that ye be silent. They will stretch me upon the rack and put me to shame, and I wretched weak woman, shall in such torture confess all that they list, especially if my father will be present at it, and thus shall I be tortured both in body and soul. Wherefore, stay, stay! Is it a misfortune then to die innocent, is it not better to die innocent, than guilty?"

This my dear brother at length promised, and after he had stood awhile and prayed to himself, he wiped off his tears and then began the exhortation for the confession from Isaiah xliii. 1, 2: "Fear not; for I have

redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine! when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee; for I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One in Israel, thy Saviour!"

And when he had ended his comforting address, and then asked her whether she would willingly bear the cross which the merciful God would lay upon her, according to his unsearchable wisdom, unto her last dying hour, she uttered such sweet words, whereof my brother afterwards said, that he should never forget them as long as he lived, forasmuch as he had never seen a countenance so full of faith and joy, and yet so truly sorrowful.

But she said: "O holy cross, which my Jesus hath sanctified with his sufferings; O blessed cross, awarded unto me by the hand of a gracious father; O glorious cross, by which I am conformed to the likeness of my Jesus, and an entrance is ministered unto me abundantly to the everlasting glory and felicity of the Kingdom of my Lord and Saviour!—wherefore should I not be willing to bear thee, thou sweet cross of my Bridegroom and Brother?"

Scarcely had *Rev. Johannes* thereupon absolved us and then administered unto us the Holy Sacrament, with many tears, when we already heard a great tumult in the porch; and immediately after, the insolent Beadle looked in at the door and asked: whether we were ready, as the honourable court was waiting for us. And when she heard this, my little daughter would first bid me farewell, which, however, I restrained her from, and said: "Nay, not so; thou knowest what thou hast promised me: 'whither thou goest, I will go; where

thou lodgest, I will lodge; where thou diest will I die,* if haply the Lord, as I hope, will hear the fervent groanings of my poor soul." Wherefore she let me go, and only embraced the old maid, and thanked her for all the good she had done to her from the time of her youth unto this day, and besought her that she would not go with her and embitter her death yet more by her cries. The faithful old woman could not for a long while utter a word, for the abundance of tears. At length, however, she asked my poor little daughter's forgiveness for having unwittingly also accused her, and said: that with her wages she had bought about five lis-pounds of flax for her, that she might soon be rid of her life. This the shepherd of Pudgla had already brought with him to Coserow, and she should lay it very thick about her body; forasmuch as she had seen that the old woman Schurn, that was burnt in Liepe, had endured great torments on account of the wet wood, before death released her.

But even before my little daughter could thank her, the dreadful cry for blood began in the judgment-hall; for a voice cried as loud as possible: "Death to the accursed witch, Maria Schweidler, for departing from the living God!" and all the people without cried after them: "Death to all accursed witches!" — When I heard this I fell against the wall, but my sweet child stroked my cheeks with her sweet little hands and said:

Father, father, remember I pray thee, that the multitude also cried, 'crucify! crucify him!' to the innocent Jesus; the cup which our heavenly father hath given us shall we not drink it?"

Moreover the door now opened and the beadle

* Ruth i. 16.

entered in, amid a great tumult of the people, bearing a glittering sharp sword in his hand, bowed it three times before my little daughter and cried: "Death to the accursed witch, Maria Schweidler, for departing from the living God!" and all the people in the hall and on the outside cried after him as loud as they could: "Death to the accursed witch!"

Hereupon he said: "Maria Schweidler, come before the high criminal court!" whereupon she followed him with us two wretched men (for *Pastor Benzensis* was no less stricken than I myself;) the old maid, however, remained lying on the ground like one dead.

And when with great trouble we had passed through the multitude, the beadle remained standing at the entrance of the public judgment-hall, again lowered his sword before my little daughter, and cried for the third time: "Death to the accursed witch, Maria Schweidler, for departing from the living God!" and all the people, as well as the cruel judges themselves, cried after them, as loud as they could, "Death to the accursed witch!"

As we then entered the court *Dn. Consul* first asked *Pastor Benzensis*, whether the witch had remained steadfast to her free-will confession in the *Beichte*;* whereupon after a short reflection he answered: "let her answer for herself, for there she is. The same, therefore, taking a paper into his hand that lay upon the table before him, spake:

"Maria Schweidler, after thou hast made thy *Beichte*, and received the high and holy Sacrament of the

* Confession to the priests; a practice maintained to this present day in the Lutheran churches, previous to the administration of the Sacrament.

Supper of the Lord, give me once more thy answer to the questions I am now about to put to thee.

1. Is it true that thou hast departed from the living God, and given thyself up unto Satan?

2. Is it true that thou hast had a spirit called *Disidaemonia*, who baptized thee anew, and with whom thou hast had unnatural contamination?

3. Is it true that thou hast wrought all manner of evil unto the cattle?

4. Is it true that Satan appeared unto thee, on the Streckelberg, as a hairy giant?—

When with many sighs she affirmed all this, he arose, took his staff in one hand, and a second paper in the other, also placed his spectacles upon his nose and spake: then hear now thy sentence:

(This sentence I have afterward copied; but the other *Acta* he would not let me have, but pretended that it was lying in Wolgast; the same then runneth thus, word for word:)

“We, the appointed Sheriffs and Judges of the High Criminal Court:

“After Maria Schweidler, daughter of *Pastor Abraham Schweidleri*, of Coserow, had, on an instituted inquisition repeatedly made the free-will confession; that she had a devil called *Disidaemonia*, who had baptized her anew in the sea, and with whom she had had unnatural contamination; *item*, that she had done injury to the cattle by means of the same, and he also appeared unto her on the Streckelberg as a hairy giant: just judge and pass sentence: that *Rea*, (as a well-merited punishment to her and a just example to others) branded with red-hot iron tongs on the breast, in places, and afterward put to death by fire. But a

in consideration of her age, are willing graciously to exempt her from being branded with hot irons, she shall only be put to death by the simple punishment of fire. Accordingly, then, she is hereby condemned and sentenced thereto by the penal laws.

*"Publicatum at the Castle of Pudgla, the 30th. mensis Augusti, anno salutis, 1630."**

As he pronounced the last words, he broke his staff, and threw the pieces at the feet of my innocent little lamb, saying to the beadles: "now do your duty!" But there was such a rush of folk, both of men and women, to pick up the pieces from the ground (for it was said to be good for the gout: *item*, for cattle troubled with vermin), that the beadle fell over a woman that was on her knees before him, and thus his near death was at the same time prefigured before him, by the God that judgeth righteously. This same also happened unto the *Amtshauptmann* a second time; for as the Court now broke up, and overthrew tables, chairs, and benches, a table, by reason of two boys that were sitting under it, and fighting for a piece of the staff, fell upon his foot, so that he waxed wrath ex-

* Readers, who are unacquainted with the abominable mal-administration of justice at that time will wonder at this hasty and arbitrary procedure. But there are authentic trials of witchcraft lying before me, in which a simple notary had, without any further ado, sentenced to the rack and to death; and it is already to be regarded as a mark of humanity whenever the acts are sent in to a University or any strange court of sheriffs for the settlement of the capital question of the rack. The sentence of death appears, on the contrary, almost always to have been pronounced by the inferior courts of judicature, at which the case of an appeal was never to be thought of; and it is almost incredible the haste and speed with which those gentlemen dispatched such matters.

ceedingly, and threatened the people with his fist, and that every one should have fifty lashes upon their *nodicis*, both men and women, if they were not quiet and left the Court that very instant. This put them in fear, and after the folk had run into the street, the beadle pulled a rope out of his pocket, wherewith he bound my poor little lamb's hands together behind her back, so that she began to scream aloud; but seeing how it pierced my heart again, she forthwith took courage, and said: "ah, father! remember, that even the blessed Saviour was no better treated!" But as my dear brother, who stood behind her, saw that her little hands, and specially her nails turned black and blue, he interceded for her with the honourable judges; whereupon, however, the hateful *Amtshauptmann* answered: "aye, only let her alone, she must feel what a grievous and bitter thing it is to depart from the living God!" Howbeit *Dn. Consul* was more moderate, forasmuch as he charged the beadle, after he himself had felt of the ropes, to bind her humanely, and to slacken a little, which now verily he was obliged to do. Herewith, however, my dear brother was not satisfied, but entreated that she might be placed in the carriage, so that she might be able to use her hymn-book, for he had ordered all the school children to assemble and sing a spiritual hymn on the way for her comfort, and, as he was minded to go with her, he would stand surety she should not escape from the carriage; besides, strong men were wont to encompass the carriage of the wretched malefactors with hay-forks, and specially when these were witches. But this the cruel *Ampts-hauptmann* would not suffer, whence it remained as it was, whiles the insolent beadle immediately seized her

by the arm and lead her out of the Court. In the porch, however, there was a great *Scandalum*, which again rent my heart; for the stewardess and the beadle's wife strove together for my little daughter's bed, as well as her every-day garments, which the stewardess had taken unto herself, but the other woman also wished to have them.

The same now instantly called her husband to help her, who forthwith let my little daughter go, and so smote the stewardess with his fist upon her mouth, that the blood gushed out of it, and she raised an awful shriek towards the *Amtshauptmann*, who followed us with the judges. The same threatened them both in vain, and said, that afterward when he should return, he would look into the matter and give each his portion. To this, however they would not hearken, till my little daughter asked *Dn. Consul* whether every one that dieth (even a poor malefactor), had power to leave all that he had to whatever person he listeth? and when he answered: "yea, all, saving the garments which pertain to the executioner!"—she said: "well, then, the beadle may take my garments, but my bed no one shall have, excepting my old faithful maid, called Ilse!"

Hereupon the stewardess raised aloud her voice, cursing and swearing at my child, who, however, took no notice of it, but went forth out of the door unto the waggon, where there was such a concourse of people that one could see nothing but their heads. And soon the multitude thronged together about us with such tumult, that the *Amtshauptmann*, who meanwhile had mounted a grey horse, began to cut at the people's faces with his whip right and left, and notwithstanding they would scarcely give way. And when at length I

availed, and about ten stout fellows with long hay-forks, who for the most part also had thrusting swords hanging to their sides, posted themselves around our waggon, the beadle lifted up my little daughter, and bound her fast to the rail. I myself was lifted up by old Paasch, who was standing by, and even my dear brother was obliged to be lifted up, so weak had he become for very grief. The same now beckoned unto his sacristan, Master Krekow, that he would go forward with the school-children before the carriage, and every now and then sing a verse from that sweet little hymn : "To God my cause have I committed," which also he promised to do. And I would note yet one thing, to wit, that I might myself sit me down upon the straw by the side of my little daughter and our dear *Beicht-vater* (father confessor), *Rev. Martinus*, sat behind. The beadle, however, climbed up at the back, and stood with his sword unsheathed. All this being done ; *item*, the judges gotten into another carriage, the *Amtshauptmann* gave orders to depart.

CHAPTER XXVII.

What had befallen us on the way : item, of the fearful death of the Amtshauptmann, near the mill.

We had many wonders by the way, and also great sorrow of heart; for directly we came to the bridge that leadeth over the brook which floweth into the *Schmollen**, stood the stewardess's hateful lad again, drummed and cried as loud as he could: "Now for the goose roasting, now for the goose roasting!" whereat the people immediately raised a great laugh, and called after him: "Yea verily, away to the goose-roasting, away to the goose roasting!"

Howbeit when Master Krekow began to sing the second verse they were somewhat quiet again, for the most helped him to sing out of their hymn-books, which they had brought with them. But when he thereafter pausec a little, the noise broke forth afresh. Some cried, "the devil had given her the clothes, and arrayed her thus;" whence, and because the *Amtshauptmann* had been riding foremost, came they around our waggon and felt of her garments, especially the women and young maidens; others again cried after the lad: "to the goose roasting, to the goose roasting!" whereupon one fellow answered: "she'll not let herself be roasted yet, mark me if she does not p—the fire out." This and many other profligate words, but which for shame I will not note, were we obliged to hearken to,

* A lake near Pudgla.

and it cut me to the heart when one fellow swore that he would have some of her ashes, as he had not gotten any of the staff, for there was scarcely anything better for fever and the gout than witch-ash. Wherefore I beckoned to the *custodi* to begin again, and they kept quiet for a time, i. e. as long as the verse lasted, but afterwards went on much worse than before. But as we were now near the fields, and my little daughter beheld the pretty little flowers that grew about the dikes, she fell into profound thought, and began again to recite part of the splendid hymn of *St. Augustini*, as follows:

flos perpetuus rosarum ver agit perpetuum,
candent lilia, rubescit crocus, sudat balsamum,
virent prata, vernant sata, rivi mellis influunt,
pigmentorum spirat odor liquor et aromatum,
pendent poma floridorum non lapsura nemorum
non alternat luna vices, sol vel cursus syderum
agnus est foelicis urbis lumen inocciduum.*

By this *Casus* we gained the advantage that all the people ran away cursing from the waggon, and trotted

* There the ever-blooming roses everlasting spring bestow,
There the snow-white lilies glisten with the saffron's ruddy glow;

Ev'ry shrub with balm distilleth—em'rald meadows softly gleam—

Richly wave the golden harvests—honey flows in luscious stream—

Od'rous essence there exhaleth—fragrant spices scent the breeze—

Clusters of eternal fruitage breed the never-fading trees,
There the sun by day they need not—stars nor changing moon by night;

For the Lamb on that blest city pours his own unceasing light.

on behind about a furlong from us, for as much as they believed that my little daughter was calling upon that hateful Satan for help. One fellow only *circa* twenty-five years, but whom I did not know, kept a few paces behind the waggon, till his father came, and as he would not go away with good words he pushed him into the dike, so that he sank down to his waist in the water. Hereat even my poor little daughter was constrained to smile, and asked me, if I did not know more Latin hymns, to keep the rude and stupid folk further from us. But how, at such a time could I have recited any Latin hymns, even had I known them; Howbeit my *Confrater Rev. Martinus* remembered one, though in troth it was an heretical one; notwithstanding seeing that it pleased my little daughter above measure, he repeated many verses to her three or four times, till she could say them after him, I said nothing, though I have ever been very rigid against heresies, for I comforted myself with the thought, that our gracious Lord God would forgive her simplicity; the first line thereof ran thus: *dies irae, dies ille.** More especially was she pleased with these two verses, which she often repeated greatly to her edification, and which I therefore will here insert:—

judex ergo, cum sedebit,
quidquid latet, apparebit
nil inultum remanebit.†

* “Day of wrath, that dreadful day,” etc.—one of the most sublime of catholic hymns.

† When the Judge ascends His throne
Every secret shall be known;
All shall reap as they have sown.

P

Item :

rex tremendæ majestatis
qui salvandos salvas gratis
salva me, fons pietatis!—*

But when the men that guarded the waggon heard this and at the same time a great tempest arose over the Achter-gulf they thought nothing less than that my little daughter had wrought this, and as the people that were following at a distance also cried: "that's the witch's doing, that the accursed witch hath done!" all the ten, unto one man, leaped over the dike and ran away. But this *Dn Consul*, who was riding with the honourable justices behind us, no sooner saw, than he called unto the beadle asking: "what was the meaning of all this?" and the beadle called out to the *Amtshauptmann*, who was a little way before, who forthwith turned round, and after he had learned the cause, shouted after the men, that he would hang them all upon the very first tree they came to, and feed his falcons with their flesh, if they did not instantly return to their post and duty. This prevailed with them, and when they came back, he gave to every man of them about six lashes with his whip, whereupon they remained, albeit they kept as far off the waggon as they could for the dike.

In the meantime, however, the tempest from the South came nearer, with thunder, lightning, hail, and storm-winds, as if the righteous God would manifest his wrath against those ruthless murderers; and the tops of the high beech trees were snapped off like rotten wood, so that our waggon was quite covered with leaves as with hail, and no one could hear himself

* King of awful Majesty,
Of thy saints the Saviour free,
Fount of love! deliver me.

speaking for noise. This happened just at the time that we were going down from the cloister-dam into the wood. The *Amtshauptmann* now rode behind us by the side of the carriage wherein *Dn. Consul* sat. But presently, when we would have gone over the bridge before the water-mill, the storm-wind, that was blowing hitherward, from the *Achter-water*, caught us in such a manner that we thought it would drive us into the abyss, which was, *circa*, thirty feet deep and more; and as the horses went as if they were upon slippery ice, and could not stand, the coachman halted till the storm was overpast. But the *Amtshauptmann* no sooner saw this than he came up and commanded the driver to proceed forthwith. The same therefore lashed the horses to make them go on, but they stumbled, so that it was awful to look upon. Our guardsmen, with their forks, kept back, and my little daughter uttered a loud shriek of terror, and just as we came where the great wheel ran under the bridge, our driver fell with his horse, and the same broke one of its legs. The beadle now sprang from the waggon, but instantly fell also, upon this slippery ground; *item*, the driver had no sooner raised himself up than he fell down again. Then the *Amtshauptmann*, with a curse, set spurs to his grey steed, which, however, also began to reel and stagger as our horses had done. Howbeit, he rode up to us, and seeing that the horse with the broken leg ever and anon tried to get up, but fell again with the slipperiness of the ground, he roared out and beckoned to the men with the forks to come and take out the mare; *item*, drag the carriage over the bridge that it might not be driven into the gulf. In the meantime however, a long flash of lightning came darting down

before us into the water, which was followed by a clap of thunder so sudden and awful, that the whole bridge shook therewith: and the *Amtshauptmann's* horse (our horses became quiet) recoiled, and plunging a few paces, lost its footing, and with its rider darted head-long down upon the great mill-wheel. A fearful cry arose from all the folk that stood behind us on the bridge, and for a time there was nothing to be seen for the white foam, until the *Amtshauptmann's* legs came on high with the wheel, and then also the trunk; but the head stuck betwixt the paddles of the wheel, and, terrible to behold, he was whirling round and round with the same. His steed, however, ailed nothing; but swam behind in the mill-pond. When I saw this I took the hand of my little lamb, and cried: "seest thou now, Maria, our Lord God liveth and rideth upon the cherub, unto this day, and flieth; yea, He flieth upon the wings of the wind. He will beat our enemies small as the dust before the wind, and cast them out as the dirt in the streets!* Look down now, and behold what the Almighty hath done." As she hereupon lifted up her eyes, sighing towards heaven, we heard *Dn. Consul* behind us crying as loud as he could; but as no one could understand him for the awful tempest, and the noise of the water, he sprang from the carriage and would go over the bridge on foot, but he also fell upon his face, so that the blood gushed out; he then crept back again upon his hands and knees, and presently held a long consultation with *Dn. Camerario*, who, however, never moved in the carriage. In the meantime the beadle and the driver having taken out the horse, dragged it away from the bridge and tied it up; they

* Psalm xviii., 10, 42.

then came back to the carriage and bade us step out and cross the bridge on foot, which also we did; while the beadle with many cursings and railings unloosed my little daughter, threatening at the same time to repay her for her maliciousness by roasting her till late in the evening. (Nor could I altogether blame him, for verily and in troth it was a strange thing!) Albeit, she herself came well over it; we both fell, to wit, *Rev. Martinus* and I, as did all the rest to the ground about three times, but at length, through God's mercy, we reached the miller's house in safety, where the beadle committing my little daughter to the charge of the miller, not to let her escape at the peril of his life, and ran down to the mill-pool to save the *Amtshauptmann's* horse. He charged the driver in the meantime to remove the carriage and the other horses away from the bewitched bridge.

But we had not been standing long under a tall oak tree before the miller's house, when *Dn. Consul* with the honourable justices, and all the people, came riding over the little bridge, which was only a few yards from the first, and scarcely could he restrain the people from seizing my child and worrying her alive, seeing that all, even *Dn. Consul* himself, believed that no other than she had raised the storm, also bewitched the bridge, (especially as she herself had not fallen thereon,) and caused the death of the *Amtshauptmann*, which, however, was altogether false, as we shall hear presently. He then called her an accursed fiend, who after having made a confession and partaken of the Holy Sacrament, had not yet renounced that hateful Satan. But none of these things should at all avail her; she should soon receive her reward. Seeing that she held her peace,

I hereupon asked : whether he did not see that the righteous God had so ordained it, that the *Amtshauptmann*, who thought to deprive my innocent child of honour and of life had, as a terrible example to others, lost his own life. Howbeit it had no effect ; for he thought : any child could clearly perceive that God had not caused this tempest, or bewitched the bridge ? wherefore then he prayed, I would leave off justifying my wicked child, and the rather admonish her ; forasmuch as this was the second time that she had raised a storm, and what reasonable man would believe what I said, etc.

In the meantime, however, the miller had stopped the mill ; *item*, stemmed the water, and about four or five men with the beadle stepped down upon the great wheel to draw the *Amtshauptmann*, who had until then continued to whirl round, out of the paddles. This, however, they could not do till they had first sawed off one paddle, and when they at length brought him to land, it was found that his neck was broken, and he was as blue as a blue-bottle. His neck also was flayed, and the blood yet ran out of his mouth and nose. But if the people had never reviled my little daughter before, they did so now, and would have cast dirt and stones at her, if the honourable judges had not restrained them with all their might, saying : wherefore should they do so now, seeing that she would soon receive her well-merited punishment.

My dear *Confrater*, *Rev. Martinus*, now also came into the carriage again, as the storm had somewhat abated, so that his voice could be heard, and exhorted the people not to anticipate the authorities. And, as they were quieted a little, *Dn. Consul* delivered the dead

body of the *Amtshauptmann* to the miller, until he should return; *item*, he ordered the grey steed to be tied the while to the oak, forasmuch as the miller swore that he had no room in the mill for it, and his stable being full of straw; howbeit, he would give the horse some hay, and have an eye to it. And now we, wretched men, after the unsearchable God had again frustrated our hopes, were obliged to get into the waggon again, and the beadle gnashed his teeth with rage, as he drew the chords from his pocket, to bind my poor little daughter once more to the rail. Wherefore, as I could easily perceive his thoughts, I took two *Schreckensbergers* out of my pocket, and whispered into his ear: "seeing that she cannot possibly run away from you, deal mercifully with her, and afterward help her to a speedy death, then shalt thou receive other ten *Schreckensbergers* from me!" This proved availing; and, albeit he feigned unto the people as if he pulled tightly, forasmuch as the people cried with all their might: "pull away, pull hard!" he, nevertheless, did not bind her little hands so tight as before, nor fasten her to the rail. He then again got up behind us with his naked glittering sword, and, after *Dn. Consul* had loudly sung the hymn, "God the Father, with us be;" also the *Custos* had started a fresh hymn (I no longer remember what he sung, neither knoweth my little daughter), we, according to the will of the unsearchable God, went forward, and the honorable judges proceeded before us, but all the people, to our joy, remained behind; the *Amtshauptmann* being dead, the men also with hayforks now followed us at a distance.

CHAPTER XXVIII

How my little daughter was at length delivered through the help of the all-merciful, yea, the all-merciful God.

In the meantime, however, I had become so weak by reason of the unbelief wherewith Satan again tempted me, that I was constrained to support my back against the beadle's knees, and never thought I should live to see the end, or arrive at the mount. For now even the last hope that I had vanished, and I saw that this was the case also with my poor innocent little lamb. Added to this, *Rev. Martinus* rebuked her, as *Dn. Consul* had done, and said: now he himself saw that all her protestations had been lies, for she in verity and troth could raise storms. Hereat she answered even smiling (albeit she was as white as a sheet to look upon): "Aye, *Herr Pate*, do you think that God no longer sendeth storms? Are tempests, then, about this season of the year of so rare occurrence, that the wicked enemy only could produce them? No, I have not broken that covenant of baptism, which ye once made for me, and never will, so may God be merciful to me in my last short hour, which is now at hand!" But *Rev. Martinus* shook his head in unbelief, and said: "The Devil must have promised thee much, that thou remainest thus hardened unto thy last end, and blasphemest the Lord thy God, but wait! thou wilt soon find out with fearful certainty, that he is the father of lies." As he finished speaking, we arrived in Uckeritz.

where all the people, great and small, again rushed out of their houses, and among the rest also Jacob Schwarten's wife, who (as we understood) had been delivered only the night before. In vain her good man came running out to prevent her ; she said : he was a fool, for it was such a long time since, for her to have recovered strength, that if she should even have to creep up the mount upon her knees, she was determined to see the end of that priest-witch too. She had long rejoiced in expectation thereof, and if he would not let her go, she would give him a slap on the face, etc.

Thus the rude and barbarous people demeaned themselves around our carriage, and as they wist not what had happened to us by the way, they ran so close up to us that one of the carriage wheels went over a lad's leg ; then came they, and especially the young girls, near to us again, and felt of my little daughter's clothes, and would even see her shoes and stockings, and asked her how she felt at heart ; *item*, one fellow : if she would have a glass ? and they used all manner of mockery, so that at last, when some came and asked for her wreath and the golden chain, she turned her head to me smiling, and said : " Father, I see I shall have to speak Latin again, or else I shall have no peace from the people !" But at this time it was not necessary ; for when our guards, with their hay forks, came up to the hindmost of them, and doubtless related what had happened, we presently heard a great calling out behind us : " that for God's sake they would come away, ere the witch did something to them, and as Jacob Schwarten's wife took no heed thereunto, but continued plaguing my little daughter , that she should give her her apron for a little christening garment for

her child, as it would only be burnt; her man smote her at last with a cudgel that he got out of a fence, in such a manner, across her nape, that she fell down with a great cry, and as he was lifting her up again, she dragged him down by his hair, and, as Rev. Martinus said, now after all fulfilled what she had promised him, seeing that she even smote him with her fist with all her might upon his nose, till the other folk came running up and parted them. Meanwhile, however, the storm had almost passed over, and moved toward the sea.

When we had passed the little wood, we suddenly saw the Streckelberg before us, with a multitude of people, and the pile on its summit: whereupon the tall beadle, beholding our arrival, sprang up and waved his cap. Hereat, however, my senses forsook me, and my little lamb was no better; for she reeled to and fro like a reed, and stretching forth her little hands toward heaven, she again exclaimed:—

● *Rex tremendæ majestatis!—
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me fons pietatis.—**

And lo! scarcely had she uttered those words, when the blessed sun again shone forth, forming a rainbow in the vault of heaven, right over the mount, so that it was lovely to look upon. This was evidently a token from the merciful God, such as he is oftentimes wont to give us; though we, blind and unbelieving creatures, give no heed thereto. Neither did she regard it:

★ *King of awful majesty!
Of thy saints the Saviour free
Fount of love! deliver me.*

for albeit she thought of the first rainbow that prefigured to us our tribulation ; it nevertheless appeared impossible to her as yet that she could be rescued, and she grew so faint and weary, that she took no further heed of the blessed token of mercy, and her head (as she could no longer rest it on me seeing that I lay all my length in the waggon) drooped down so low that her wreath almost touched the knee of my *Confrater*.

The same now bid the driver to halt a moment, and took out a small flask of wine, that he always carried with him in his pocket, whensoever witches were to be burnt,* to succour them in their anguish, (henceforth I will do so likewise, as this fashion of my dear *Confrater* pleaseth me well). Of this wine he first poured some down my throat, and afterward my little daughter's ; and scarcely had we come to ourselves again, when an awful uproar and tumult arose behind us among the multitude ; the same in their deadly fear called out : " The *Amtshauptmann* is coming again ! " and as they neither dared to go forward nor backward, (for behind they dreaded the ghost and before my little daughter), they ran aside, some leaping into the hedge and the rest into the *Achter-water* up to the neck. *Item, Dom. Camerarius*, as soon as he saw the ghost upon the grey steed come out of the bush, having even on his head a grey hat with a grey feather, such as the *Amtshauptmann* wore, crept down under a bundle of straw in the waggon, while *Dn. Consul* again poured out his wrathful curses on the head of my child, and com-

* This happened at that time so frequently, that in many parishes of Pomerania, probably from six to seven such women annually had been obliged to mount the pile.

manded the driver to go on at full speed, though the horses should perish. But the villainous beadle behind us cried to him : " it's not the *Amtshauptmann* but the youngker of Neinkerken, who assuredly will rescue the witch—shall I therefore strike off her head at once with the sword ?" It was only at these frightful words that my little daughter and myself came fully to ourselves again, and as *Dn. Consul* gave him a sign, and the fellow already lifted up his glittering naked sword, aiming to strike at her, when my dear *Confrater*, who perceived it, (God reward him for it in that day, for I never can), dragged my little daughter backward with all his might upon his lap. And now would the wretch have stabbed her even there ; but the youngker was already at hand, and when he saw this, he ran the javelin that he held in his hand into him betwixt his shoulders, so that he instantly fell head foremost to the ground, while his own sword, directed by the righteous God, pierced his side and came out at the other. There he lay and groaned, and the youngker never heeding him, said to my little daughter : " Young maid, my dear young maid, God be thanked that thou art saved !" But seeing her little hands were bound, he gnashed with his teeth, and cursing her judges, sprang from his horse, and with his sword cut through the cord ; then took he hold of her hand and said : " Ah, dear maid, how greatly have I been grieved and sorrowed about thee, but I could not save thee, forasmuch as I myself, like thee, have lain bound in fetters, as thou thyself mayest see."

My little daughter could not answer him a word, but fainted for joy ; howbeit she soon came to herself again, as my dear *Confrater* had yet a little wine

left. Meanwhile, however, the dear younker did me an injustice, but which I gladly forgave him, for he rebuked me and called me an old woman, that could do nothing but howl and wail. Wherefore, said he, did I not instantly follow the Swedish King? or come to Mellen-thin myself for his testimony, seeing that I knew what he thought of witches?

(Good God in heaven, how could I do otherwise than believe the judge who had been there. Yea, methinks other folk beside old women would have done the same; *item*, but of the Swedish king I never once thought, and how could I have gone to him and left my own dear child behind! But these things young folks never consider, as they wist not what a father's feelings are).

But now *Dn. Camerarius*, when he heard that it was, the younker, crept forth again from under the straw; *item*, *Dn. Consul* leaped from the waggon, and came running up, loudly rebuking the younker, and asking him: by what power and authority he did these things, seeing he himself had condemned this wicked witch? But the younker pointed with his sword at the men who, about eighteen in number, now came riding forth with swords, javelins, and muskets out of the bush, and said: behold there is my power, and I would here instantly give thee something on thy *podex*, wist I not that thou art a stupid ass. At what time didst thou ever receive testimony from me touching this righteous maiden?—Thou liest, if thou maintainest this!" And when *Dn. Consul* now stood and forswore himself, the younker recounted, to the amazement of all, as follows:

After he had heard of the calamity that had befallen me and my child, he forthwith ordered his horse to be

saddled, to ride off toward Pudgla, and bear witness of our innocence. Howbeit, this his father would no consent to, forasmuch as he thought he should thereby lose his high reputation, if it should come to light, that his son had conversed in the night-time with a witch on the Streckelberg. Whence, seeing that he could not effect anything by entreaties and threats, he had him bound hand and foot, and thrown into the keep of the castle, where unto this day an old servant watched over him, who would not have let him go, even for a great sum of money; whence he fell into great anguish and despair, that innocent blood should be shed on his account.

But the righteous God had, in his mercy, graciously prevented it; for as his father had from vexation fallen seriously ill, and lain throughout the whole time upon his bed, it happened this morning about the time of the prayer-bell, that the huntsman had shot at a drake in the castle-pond, and unawares sorely wounded his father's favourite hound called Pákan. The same crept howling to his father's bed-side and died there, whereat the old man in his weak state so vexed himself, that he had a paralytic stroke, and gave up the ghost.

His people now released him, and after he had closed his father's eyes and said a *Paternoster* over him, he set forth with all the men that he could muster in the castle, to save the innocent young maid. And he here testified before all men, and on his word and honour as a knight, yea, by his hope of the salvation of his soul, that he was that devil that appeared unto the maid as a hairy giant upon the mount. For as he had heard it rumoured that she oftentimes resorted thither, he was very eager to know what she was doing there, and fearing his father's anger if any man should discover him, he had

guised himself in a wolf's pelt. But he had spent 20 nights there before the maiden came, and in the end he saw that she was only digging for amber in the count, not calling upon Satan, but repeating to herself Latin *Carmen*. This verily he was desirous to testify at Pudgla, but could not for the aforesaid reason; but his father had caused his cousin *Claas von Nienkerken*, who was visiting him, to be put to bed in his stead, and false testimony to be given. For, as *Dn. Consul* had not seen him (to wit, the youngster) for many years, inasmuch as he had studied at foreign universities, his father thought that he might easily be deceived, and in troth was the case.

When the righteous youngster testified these things in the presence of *Dn. Consul*, and before all the people, who again came flocking together in crowds, on hearing that the youngster was no ghost, it was as if a mill-stone had been removed from my heart, and having dragged forth the beadle from under the waggon, the people crowded around him like a swarm of bees, and called out to me that he was dying, and wished to reveal something to me. I sprang as light as a youngster from the waggon, and forthwith called *Dn. Consul* and the youngster to come with me, as I could easily guess what he had upon his mind. He sate upon a stone, and the blood spouted in a stream from his side, for they had drawn out the sword): he whimpered when he saw me, and said: that he had in troth heard every thing behind the door whatsoever old Lise confessed to me, to wit, that she herself with the *Amts-aupmann*, had wrought all the witchcraft on men and beasts, to frighten my poor child, and thus to make her out to be an harlot. Howbeit he had been silent about

live and die with this confession, he again s
verily," then fell on his side to the ground,
up the ghost.

In the meantime, however, the people on
that had flocked together there from Coser
Gnize, etc. to see my dear little daughter b
weary of waiting, and now came running
Berg like geese, one after another, all in a
what had happened. Among these there w
servant lad Claus Neela. Howbeit the sam
saw and heard what had happened, the ge
began to cry aloud for joy, and then also
what he had heard the *Amtshauptmann* say t
in the garden, and how he had promised he
for bewitching her own little pig to death to
little daughter to be evil spoken of, ~~summa~~: e
that I have already recorded above, but whi
kept silent unto this day for fear of the rack. I
the people marvelled, and a great lamentation
~~that some some and among them also old Da~~

Volkes Gunst:
Ein blauer Dunst!*

dear *Confrater* also continued caressing my little
er, holding her upon his knee, and weeping
ather (for I could not weep more than he did.)
myself, however, wept not, but besought the
r, who had come up to the waggon again, to
rider to her old faithful maid toward Pudgla to
what had happened, which he forthwith did to
her. Howbeit the worthy justices (for now
merarius and the *Scriba* had taken courage again
ne down from the waggon) were not yet satis-
fying that *Da. Consul* began to tell the youngker
he bewitched bridge, which none other could
switched excepting my little daughter. Here-
se youngker answered: "that this in truth was a
ous thing, inasmuch as his own horse had
its leg upon it, and he had, therefore, taken the
optmann's stead, that he had seen tied to a tree
mill. But he did not believe that this was to be
d to the maid, but that it was quite a natural
nce, as he had already in part perceived, but
t had time to search into it. Wherefore he
beg that the worthy sheriffs, and all the people,
as my little daughter herself, would return again
her with God's help clean from this suspicion,
testify of her perfect innocence before all the

his proposal the honourable judges consented,

* The people's face
's a cloudy ke,
The people's of your
More false than ke

and as the younker had given the *Amtshauptmann's* grey stead to my servant-lad to convey the dead body, that they laid across its back towards Coserow, the younker got into our waggon, but did not sit down by the side of my little daughter but behind with my dear *Confrater*, and commanded that not the old coachman, but one of his own people should drive our waggon, and thus we turned back in God's name. *Custos Benzensis*, who had also ran with the children among the vetches that were growing by the way side, (my former *Custos* would not have been such a coward), came forward again with his young flock, and at the bidding of his pastor, began to sing the Ambrosian Hymn of praise, which mightily melted our hearts, especially my little daughters, so that her book was wet with tears, and she at length laid it aside and said: "How shall I thank God and you, for what you have done for me?" whereupon the younker replied: "I have more reason to thank God than you dear maid, seeing that you have suffered innocently in prison, but I have suffered being guilty, inasmuch as by my thoughtlessness I have caused your misfortune. Believe me, when I heard this morning for the first time the *arme Sunder-bell* toll in my dungeon I verily should have gone mad with anguish, had not the Almighty God so ordained it, that almost on that self-same moment my strange father should be deprived of life that you might be saved by me. Wherefore I have vowed in my mind to build a new tower to the blessed house of God, and whatsoever things more that may be desirable; for nothing more bitter upon earth could have happened unto me than your death, dearest maiden, and nothing sweeter than your life!"

But my little daughter only wept and sighed at these

swords, and when he looked at her she looked down rembling upon her lap, so that I soon argued my sorrows were not yet ended, but only another source of tears was about to be opened, as verily it came to pass. For that ass of a Custos, after he had finished the *Te Deum* and we had not reached our goal, forthwith began the following hymn, which was a funeral hymn, to wit: "Now let us the body bury," (God be thanked that this hath betokened no evil yet,) my dear *Confrater* snarled at him not a little, and as a punishment for his stupidity, said he should not have the money for the shoes that he had already promised him out of the church collections. But my little daughter comforted him, and promised him a pair of shoes from her own purse, seeing that it would peradventure be better, if he sung first a funeral and then a joyous hymn.

This displeased the youngker, and he said: "aye dearest maiden, you wist not how to thank God and me for your deliverance, and yet speak you thus?" she answered with a sad smile; she had only said so to pacify the poor *Custodem*. Howbeit I soon perceived that she was in earnest, for as much as she had now felt within herself, that albeit she had been saved out of one fire she had nevertheless fallen into another.

In the meantime we arrived at the bridge again, and all the people stared with their mouths wide open, as the youngker sprang from the carriage, and after he had first stabbed his own horse that was yet lying upon the bridge kicking, fell upon his knee and felt to and fro upon the ground, then called to the worthy justices to come hither for that he had found out the witchcraft. But no one would follow him, save *Dn. Consul*, and two or three churls out of the crowd, among whom was old

Parach; *Item*, I and my dear *Confrater*, and now the youngker showed us a little piece of tallow of the size of a nut, that lay upon the ground, and wherewith the whole bridge was daubed over, so that it was almost white, but which in the fright every one took for flour dust from the mill; *Item*, with another *material* the which however we could not find out what it was. Soon thereafter one man found another piece of tallow and showed it to the people, whereupon I exclaimed: "aha! this no other man hath done than that godless miller's man in return for the flogging the *Antschauptmann* gave him for reviling my little daughter; and I now recounted the occurrence, whereof *Dr. Consul* had also heard, and therefore forthwith sent for the miller.

Howbeit the same believed as if he knew nothing of it, and only stated, that his miller's-man had left him an hour ago. Nevertheless, a little maid, the miller's servant, said that when she arose this morning, before the break of day, to let out the cattle, she saw the man lying upon the bridge rubbing and scouring it. She took no further notice of it, but went and lay down to sleep again for an hour. But whither the wicked rascal had wandered, she knew as little as the miller. When the youngker heard these things he stepped into the carriage, and began to exhort the people no longer to believe in witchcraft, forasmuch as they saw how much of truth there was in witchcraft. When I heard this I waxed wrath, as in my priestly conscience seemed right to me, and got up upon the carriage wheel and whispered to him that he should for God's sake cease from speaking unto the people of this matter, for the people, if they no longer feared the devil, would no longer fear God!*

* Perhaps a profound truth!

Thereunto the dear younker then instantly consented to oblige me, and the people only asked this one thing: whether they now declared my little daughter as perfectly innocent? And after they had said "Yea!" he besought them now to go home quietly and to thank God for having saved innocent blood. He himself also would now return, and he hoped that no man would molest me and my little daughter, if he should afterwards let them ride home to Coserow alone. Hereupon he turned himself hastily to her, gave her his hand and said: "Farewell, dear maid, I hope soon also to clear your character before the world, and for this thank not me, but God!" Thus did he also to me, and the same to my dear *Confrater*, whereupon he sprang from the waggon and went in to sit with *Dn. Consul* in his carriage. The same had already said something to the people, also called upon me and my child for our forgiveness (and to his honour be it spoken, his tears the while rolled down his cheeks), but was so greatly urged by the younker that he was constrained to break off, and both, without ever once looking round, drove off over the little bridge. *Dn. Consul* only looked round once more, and called to me: that in his haste he had forgotten to inform the executioner that there would be *no burning to day*; wherefore he desired that I would send my warden in his name to Ukeritz unto the mount and make this known to him; the which also I did. And that bloodhound had in troth yet remained on the mount; albeit he had long since heard what had happened, he had nevertheless began to curse so dreadfully when the sheriff's-officer delivered unto him the message from the worthy judges, as that it would have moved a stone; also he tore off his cap, and

trampled on it, from which one may guess what sort of a man he is.

But to return again to us, my little daughter sat as still and pale as marble after the younker had thus suddenly left her, but was presently again somewhat comforted, when the old maid came running along with her garment tucked up to her knee and carrying her stockings and shoes in her hand. We heard her already a long way off screaming for joy, the while the mill stood still, and she fell two or three times on the bridge, but at last got over it safely, and soon kissed my little daughter's hands and feet, entreating only: that we would not reject her, but keep her until her blessed end, the which we also promised to do. And she got up behind, where the knavish beadle had stood with my dear *Confrater* who would not leave me until I had come into my parochial estate. And as the younker's man had got up behind the other carriage, old Paasch drove us back, and all the people that had waited until then now trotted along with our carriage again, blessing and pitying us, as much as they had before scorned and reviled us. But scarcely had we arrived in Ukeritz, when another cry arose: "The younker is coming; the younker is coming!" so that my little daughter started up for joy and waxed as red as a strawberry; some of the people already began again to run into the buck-wheat that stood by the way, since they again trowed it was some Ghost. But it was in troth the younker again, who came galloping along upon a black steed, and on coming near to us exclaimed: "Howsoever great my haste may be, dear maid, I must nevertheless turn round and accompany you to your own house, seeing that I have just heard that the rude

people reviled you on the way, and I wot not, whether you would be safe from them at present." Hereupon he bid old Paasch to make haste, and as the kicking that he tried would not bring the horses into a good trot, he ever and anon struck the saddle horse with the flat sword across the back, so that in a very short time we got into the village and before the parsonage. But when I asked him to dismount for a while, he would not, but excused himself, having this very day to journey towards Anclam, *via* Usedom, but charged old Paasch, who was a *Schulze** among us, to protect my little daughter at the peril of his head, and as soon soever anything particular should occur, he had nothing else to do but forth with report it to the exchequer in Pudgla or *Dn. Consul* in Usedom, whereupon, as the man promised to do this, he waved his hand to us and rode off again as fast as he could.

But scarcely had he got round the corner by Pagel's than he turned back a third time, and when we wondered thereat, he said: we must forgive him for being so short of memory to-day.

I had at some former occasion told him that I had my patent of nobility yet, wherefore he besought me to lend him the same for a time. Hereupon I answered: that I should have to seek it up first, wherefore he had better dismount from his horse a little. Yet he would not, but excused himself again, saying that he had not time. He therefore halted at the door till I brought him the letter, whereupon he thanked me and said "Marvel not hereat, you shall soon see what I purpose in my mind!" Saying this, he set spurs to his horse, and returned not again.

* Petty magistrates, in most villages of Germany.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Of our great repeated tribulation and ultimate joy.

Well might we now have been at rest, and praising God upon our knees day and night; for, even setting aside the consideration of His having delivered us from so great a tribulation; He also turned the hearts of my dear *Beicht* children,* so that they did not know what to do to serve and benefit us. Every day they brought fish, flesh, eggs, sausages, and many other things, which they presented to me, more than I can remember. Likewise on the Sunday following, they all, both great and small, save the woman Khen, in Zempin, who meanwhile had had a male child, and kept her bed as yet) came to church, where I delivered a thanksgiving-sermon on Job v., 17, 18, 19:—*Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth: therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty: for he maketh sore and bindeth up, he woundeth and his hands make whole. He shall deliver thee in six troubles, yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee:*—during which they wept so much that I had oftentimes to pause a little, that they might recover themselves. And verily I might well have now compared myself unto Job, after the Lord had graciously delivered him out of his tribulation, had it not been for my little daughter, who again afflicted my soul.

She cried when the younker would not dismount from

* Penitents.

his horse, and at length as he came not again she became from day to day ever more and more disquieted. Now she sat reading in the bible, then in the hymn-book ; *item*, in the history of Dido, of *Virgilii*, or ran to the mount to gather flowers (looked there again for the amber vein, but found nothing, from which every one may perceive the subtlety and malice of the Wicked One.) All this I beheld for a time with sorrow of heart, yet without uttering a word, (for what could I say) till it grew worse and worse, and as she now more than ever recited her *carmina*, at home and in the field, I feared that the people would again spread abroad an evil report, and went after her one day, as she again was running up the mount. God 'a'mercy, she sat upon her funeral pyre, that was yet standing there, with her face turned toward the sea, and recited those verses where Dido mounts the pyre to stab herself, in her passion for Aeneas, to wit :

“ At trepida et coeptis immanibus effera Dido
Sanguineam volvens aciem, maculisque trementes
Interfusa genas, et pallida morte futura
Interlora domus irrumpit limina, et altos
Concendit furibunda rogos — — — ” *

When I saw and heard this, to what a pitch she had arrived, I became sorely affrighted, and cried “ Maria, my dear daughter, what art thou doing ? ” She startled when she heard my voice, but continued to sit upon her pyre, and answered, covering her face with her

* But Dido maddened by her dark design
Rolling her bloodshot eyes, with livid spots
Upon her quiv’ring cheek, and pale with thoughts
Of death impending, seeks the inner court
With haste, and furious climbs the lofty pyre !

apron: "Father, I am burning my heart!" I then went nearer to her, drew aside her apron, and said: "Wilt thou again grieve me to death?" Whereupon she covered her eyes with her hands and lamented: "Ah, Father, wherefore was I not burnt here? for then would my torments have endured but a while, but now shall I be miserable all the days of my life!" I then continued as if I understood it not, and said: "why art thou so unhappy, my dear child?" Whereupon she answered: "I have so long been ashamed to tell thee—it is the youngker, the youngker, my father, who is the cause of all this pain to me! He is no longer mindful of me, and albeit he has saved me, he despises me; or surely he would have dismounted for a moment from his horse, and come in, but we are of much too low degree for him!"

And now, forsooth, I tried to console her and to divert her thoughts from the youngker, but the more I tried the worse she grew. Howbeit, I saw that she secretly had a strong hope on account of the patent of nobility, the which he constrained me to give him. Neither would I rob her of this hope, forasmuch as I myself cherished the same, but to pacify her, I at length encouraged her to this hope, whereupon she became more quiet for a few days, and as I had forbidden her, went not again unto the mount. She likewise took her little godchild, Paasch, to examine her in the catechism, seeing that that hateful Satan had now, with the righteous God's help, entirely left her again. Howbeit, she yet fretted and moaned, and looked as pale as a sheet. But when, soon afterward, the rumour went abroad: no man in the castle wist what had become of the youngker, and it was thought that he must have

been slain, her grief again overwhelmed her, so that I had to send my servant-lad to Mellenthin, to get some tidings about him. And well unto twenty times after he went did she look out at the door, and over the hedges for his return, and even ran to the corner against Pagel's to meet him, when at last she saw him coming. But ah, thou blessed God, he brought more evil tidings than the rumour that reached our ears before, saying: the castle folk had told him that their young lord had ridden off, even that self-same day whereon he had saved the young maiden; and albeit, he had returned after three days to the burial of his father, yet he immediately after rode off again, and now five weeks had passed and they had not heard anything of him, neither wist they whither he had gone, and thought, some wicked highwaymen must have slain him.

And now my sorrow waxed greater than ever; for, patient and resigned to God as she had heretofore shewn herself, (so that no female martyr could have gone to meet her death with stronger faith in God and Christ,) so much the more impatient and despairing was she now. Giving up all hope, she firmly maintained that in this perilous time of war, the robbers had slain the youngker. Nothing would avail, nay, not even prayer; for when kneeling with her I called upon the Lord, she always began to wail and lament so dreadfully, that the Lord had rejected her, and that she was only to be writhed upon earth, so that it ran through my heart like a knife, and my thoughts and speech forsook me. Also in the night-season, she lay and whined like a crane or a swallow, and mourned like a dove, and her eyes faded, her mouth looking up-

ward,* for no sleep would visit them. If then I called unto her from my bed: "my dear little daughter, wilt thou not yet cease—oh, I beseech thee, close thine eyes and sleep!" she answered. "only sleep thou my dearest father;—I shall never sleep till I sleep the sleep of death; ah, my father, wherefore was I not burnt?" But how could I sleep when she could not; albeit, not to disquiet her, I every morning said: that I had slept a little: but it was not so, in troth, but like David, "All the night made I my bed to swim, I watered my couch with my tears.† I also again fell into great unbelief, so that I neither could nor would pray. Howbeit the Lord "dealt not with me after my sins, nor rewarded me according to mine iniquities;" for as the heaven is high above the earth, so great was his mercy soon to be toward me, his unworthy servant!

For what happened on the coming Saturday? Behold our old maid came rushing in at the door, breathless, crying out: that a rider was galloping over the Herrenberg, having a great plume waving on his hat, and she verily believed it was the young lord. When my little daughter, who sat upon the bench dressing her hair, heard this, she uttered such a shriek of joy, as would have moved a stone under the ground, and ran immediately out of the room to look over the hedge. Then quickly she came running back again, fell upon my neck, and cried all in a breath: "the younker, the younker!" She then would have rushed out again, but I prevented her, saying she had better finish dressing her hair, which she also perceived to be right, and laughing, weeping, and praying, forthwith put up

* Isaiah xxviii., 14.

† Psalm vi., 6.

her long hair. But by this time the young lord already came gallopping round the corner, having a green velvet doublet, with red silken sleeves, and a grey hat with a heron feather: *samma*,—was festively arrayed as becometh a bridegroom. And as we now run out of doors, he, though at a distance, called out to my little daughter, in Latin :

"*Quo modo stat ducissima virgo ?*" Whereupon she answered :

"*Bene, te aspecto.*"†

Then smiling he sprang from his horse, and giving it to my servant-lad, who had come up with the maid, to take care of it, he was greatly alarmed on beholding my little daughter so pale, and taking her by the hand, said, in German : "My God ! what aileth thee dear maiden ! Verily thou lookest paler than when about to go to the stake !" Whereupon she answered :

"I have in troth gone to it every day, since thou hast left us, dear lord, without either turning in to us or sending us any tidings of the place whither thou wast gone, or where abiding."

This pleased him, and he said : "First let us go into the room and then shalt thou know all." And after he had wiped the sweat from his brow and seated himself upon the bench by the side of my little daughter, he related as follows : According to the promise he had from the very first given her, that he would before all things see her reputation cleared from reproach before all the world, he had that very day when he had left us, made the court furnish him with a brief testimony of all the circumstances and occurrences of the case, but especially of the confession of the wicked headle & stem,

† Thus says the Latin text. — I. W. W. when I got sight of thee

that of my servant-lad, Claus Neels, wherewith he, that very night rode off to Anclam, and the day after to Stettin to our gracious lord, the Duke Bogislav. The same was astonished and indignant at what he had heard of the wickedness of the *Amtshauptmann*, and how he had behaved towards my little daughter : *item*, asked : whether she was the Pastor's daughter, that had once found the signet ring of his princely highness *Philippi Julii*, (the same being a Christian keep-sake,) in the palace garden in Wolgast, and as he knew not of this, further asked him : whether she understood Latin ? And when he, the younker, assented to this and said : she understood Latin better than he did himself, his princely Highness answered : there seemeth enough of evidence that it is she, and forthwith he put on his spectacles and took up the *acta*. Hereupon, and after his princely Highness had read the testimonial of the worthy court, all the while shaking his head, he merely asked for a vindication of my little daughter's character, also implored his princely Highness to give him a *litteras commendatis** to our most gracious Emperor at Vienna, to renew my Patent of nobility, seeing that he was purposed to wed no other damsel in the world than my little daughter.

When she heard this she uttered a shriek of joy and fell down fainting with her head against the wall. But the younker caught her in his arms, gave her three kisses, (which I could not now forbid him, since I saw with joy what would be the end thereof,) and when she came to herself again, he asked : if she would not have him, seeing that she shrieked so at his words ? Where-she said ? " Would I not have you, my lord ? Ah, next

* A letter of recommendation.

to my God and Saviour, you are the most dear to me; not only now have you saved my life, but snatched my heart from the pyre, upon which, without you, it would have burnt all the days of my life!" Hereupon she wept for joy, and when he drew her down upon his lap she put both her little hands round his neck.

Thus then they sate and caressed awhile, till the young lord got sight of me again and said: "What say you to this, I suppose it is your will too, Rev. Abraham?"

Aye, pray what could I say to it than all that was good? For verily I myself wept for joy, like my child, and therefore answered.

"Wherefore should it not be my will, seeing that it is God's will? but have you, my worthy young lord, considered also that you would stain your nobility, by taking my little daughter unto yourself for a wife, who has been reputed as a witch, and nigh being burnt at the stake?"

Hereupon he said: Not at all; all this he was aware of and provided against, and then proceeded to tell us, how he had gone about the matter, to wit: His princely Highness had promised to have all the *scripta*, that he desired ready within four days, by which time he hoped to return from the burial of his father; wherefore he had immediately set out again toward Mellenthin, and after he had paid unto his father the last respect, he had also forthwith arisen again and found his princely Highness had in the meantime kept his word. With these *Scripta* he had departed toward Vienna, and albeit, he had suffered much affliction, trouble, and danger on the way (that he promised to tell us another time) he had after all at length happily

arrived in that city. But there ne had perchance met with a Jesuit, with whom he had once as *Studiosus*, lodged a few days in Prague, and the same answered him on his request: to be of good courage, seeing that his Majesty needed money in these grievous times of war, and he, the Jesuit, would do all the business. This verily was done, and his imperial Majesty had not only renewed my Patent of Nobility, but also confirmed the *amend honourable* of his princely Highness the Duke, so that he could now maintain the honour of his bride, as afterwards that of his wife. And then drawing out the *Acta* of his breast pocket and giving the same into my hand he said: "but now you also must do me a favour, Rev. Abraham, namely to publish the banns of matrimony between me and your little daughter once for all to-morrow, when I hope to go to the supper of the Lord, and then to wed us already the day after to-morrow. Do not say *nay* to this, for my pastor *Rev. Philippus* saith, that this is not unusual among the nobility of Pomerania; whence I have already announced the wedding to take place the day after to-morrow in my castle whither we will all go, and where I purpose holding my nuptials. Against this request I had many objections to make, especially that in honour of the Holy Trinity, he would have himself called out three times at church, and yet wait awhile with his wedding, but as I could see in the countenance of my little daughter that she also was very anxious to be speedily wedded, forasmuch as she sighed and looked as red as scarlet, I could not deny it them, but promised to do all that they desired. Hereupon I exhorted them unto prayer, and after I had laid my hands upon their heads I thanked the Lord as fervently

as I had never yet thanked him, so that at the last I could not go on for the abundance of tears which drowned my voice.

In the mean time however the youngker's carriage had arrived before the door laden with chests and coffers, and he said: "Now dear maid you shall see what I have bought you," and ordered every thing to be carried into the room. Aye—dear, what pretty things did they contain, such as I had never in all my life seen before! All things whichsoever are used by women were found there, especially of clothes, to wit, boddices, plaited coats, long mantles partly trimmed with fur, veils, aprons; *item*, the bridal-dress trimmed with gold lace, and whereupon the merry youngker laid before her six or seven bunches of myrtle to make herself a wreath withal. *Item*, there was no end of rings, necklaces, earrings, etc, which I have in part forgotten. Neither would the youngker leave me unremembered, forasmuch as he had brought me a new surplice (as the enemies had stolen the old one) also shirts, hoses and shoes; *summa*, all things which pertain unto a man's apparel; wherefore I called silently unto the Lord that he would not chastise me again in his anger for such pomp and vanities. When my little daughter beheld all these things, she was grieved that she could bestow upon him nought save her heart alone, and the chain of the Swedish King, the which she hung round his neck and begged him weeping to take it as a bridal gift. This he at length promised to do, and that he would carry it with him into the grave; howbeit my little daughter must first be wedded therewith, as also with the blue silken vesture, for this and no other should be her bridal-robe, the which also he made her promise to do.

And now a strange thing came to pass with the maid, the which I will yet note here. For when the faithful old soul had heard what had taken place, she was beside herself for joy; danced and clapped her hands, and at last said to my child: "Henceforth assuredly you will no longer weep, seeing that the younker would lie in your bed!" whereat she blushed for shame and ran out of the room, and when the younker would know what she meant therewith, she told him that he had already once slept in my little daughter's bed, as we came together from Gutzkow, whereupon he had much mirth with her for the whole of the evening after that she was come back again. Unto the maid, however, he promised that as she had already once made my little daughter's bed for him, she should make it also again, and that on the day after to-morrow she and my servant-lad should go with us to Mellenthin, so that masters and servants might all rejoice together after so many trials and tribulations.

And as the dear younker would tarry with us over the night, I made him sleep with me in the little chamber toward the river (for in troth I could not know what might happen.) He soon slept like a top, but no sleep came into my eyes for joy, and I continued in prayer all the livelong blessed night, or meditated on my sermon. Not until the break of day began I to slumber a little, and when I rose the younker already sate in the front-room with my little daughter, who moreover had the black silken vesture on, that he had brought her, and, strange to say, looked fresher even than when the Swedish king came, so that in all my life I never saw her look fresher or fairer. Item, the younker had already his black waist on and picked out

for her the best myrtle twigs for the wreath she was entwining. Howbeit as soon as she saw me coming, she straightway laid the wreath beside her on the bench, folded her little hands, and offered up (as she was ever wont to do) the morning prayers, which humility rejoiced the younker greatly, and he prayed that furthermore she would also do the like with him, the which she also promised to do.

Soon afterward we went to the blessed church to confession, and seeing that the younker had led my little daughter on his arm, all the folk stood still wondering, and gaping, and staring with their mouths wide open. But they wondered still more, when after the sermon I read to them the honourable amends to my little daughter from his princely Highness, together with the confirmation of the same by his Imperial Majesty: after that my patent of nobility; and lastly began to publish the banns between my dear child and the young lord. Then, oh what a murmur arose in the church—like unto the buzzing of a swarm of bees. (N.B.—Howbeit these *Scripta* were burnt in the fire that a year ago broke out in the castle, as I shall afterward record, wherefore I cannot insert them here *in origine*.)

Hereupon my dear children went together with much people to the Lord's table, and after church nearly all the folks crowded around, and wished them luck. *Item*, old Paasch came to our house again that afternoon, and once more besought my dear daughter's forgiveness, for having unwittingly offended her; that he would gladly have given her a wedding gift, but that he now had nothing wherewithal to present her; howbeit his wife should set one of her hens

in the spring, and he would then take the chickens to her toward Mellenthin himself. This saying constrained us all to laugh, more especially the younker, who at last said: "Seeing thou wilt make me a wedding present, thou must also be asked to the wedding, wherefore thou mayest come to-morrow with the rest."

Whereupon my little daughter said: "And your little Marie, my god-child, shall come too, and be my bridesmaid, if my lord allows it." Hereupon she began to recount to the young lord all that had befallen the same by the subtilty and malice of Satan, and how they laid it to her charge, until such time as the righteous God had brought her innocence to the light of day, and prayed, that, forasmuch as her dear lord had commanded her to put on the same garments at her wedding wherewith she was arrayed when she went to salute the Swedish King, and afterwards to the pyre, he would in like manner suffer her to take for her bride-maiden her little god-child, as *indicium secundum* of her sorrows.

And when he had promised her this, she bade old Paasch to bring hither her damsel to her, that she might fit a new garment on her, which she had cut out for her already eight days hence, and which the maid shall finish for her this very day. All this so moved the heart of the good old man, that he began to weep aloud, and at last said: "she shall not have done all this for nothing, for instead of the one hen his wife should set three for her in the spring.

When he was gone, and the younker did nought but talk with his espoused bride, both in German and in Latin, I did better, forasmuch as I went unto the

mount to pray; whereby I followed her example, and mounted the pyre, there in loneliness to offer up my whole heart as a sacrifice of thanksgiving unto the Lord, wherewith he is well pleased.—Psalm li, 19.

That night the young lord again lay in my room, but in the morning, when the sun had scarce arisen—

Herewith end these interesting communications, which I do not intend to dilute with any additions of my own. My readers, and especially those of the fair sex, can picture to themselves at pleasure the future happiness of this excellent pair.

All further historical traces of their existence, as well as that of the Pastor, have disappeared; and nothing remains but a tablet attached to the wall of the church at Mellenthin, on which the incomparable lord, and his yet more incomparable wife, are represented. On his faithful breast still hangs "the golden chain, with the effigy of the Swedish King." They both seemed to have died within a short time of each other, and to have been buried in one and the same coffin, for in the church vault there is still a large double coffin, in which, according to tradition, lies a

golden chain of inestimable value. Some twenty years ago the proprietor of Mellenthin, who by his love of extravagance had reduced himself to the state of a beggary, attempted to open the coffin, in order to get away this precious jewel, but he was not able; and some powerful magic influence its joints held together, and has remained unopened even to the present day. May it remain so even unto the great day, and may the wanton hand of avaricious curiosity never desecrate these holy ashes of holy

FINIS.

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